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THE MINSTRELSY OF WALES

STANDARD WELSH SONGS.

Alfred Moffat.

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THE

MINSTRELSY OF WALES

A COLLECTION OF WELSH SONGS,

ADAPTED TO THEIR TRADITIONAL AIRS,

AND

ARRANGED FOR VOICE WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT,

BY

ALFRED MOFFAT.

"Oh! Land of my fathers, the land of the free,
The home of the *telyn*, so soothing to me;
Thy noble defenders were gallant and brave
For freedom their heart's life they gave."

EVAN JAMES.

LONDON: AUGENER LIMITED,
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PREFACE.

I HAVE much pleasure in acknowledging the kindness and courtesy of those gentlemen who have permitted me to make use of many copyright numbers occurring in this volume of Welsh Songs. My thanks are especially due to Professor Rowland, Brecon; Mr. W. J. Roberts, Llanrwst; and Messrs. J. C. & E. C. Jack, Edinburgh, publishers of "Cambrian Minstrelsie."

February, 1906. ALFRED MOFFAT.

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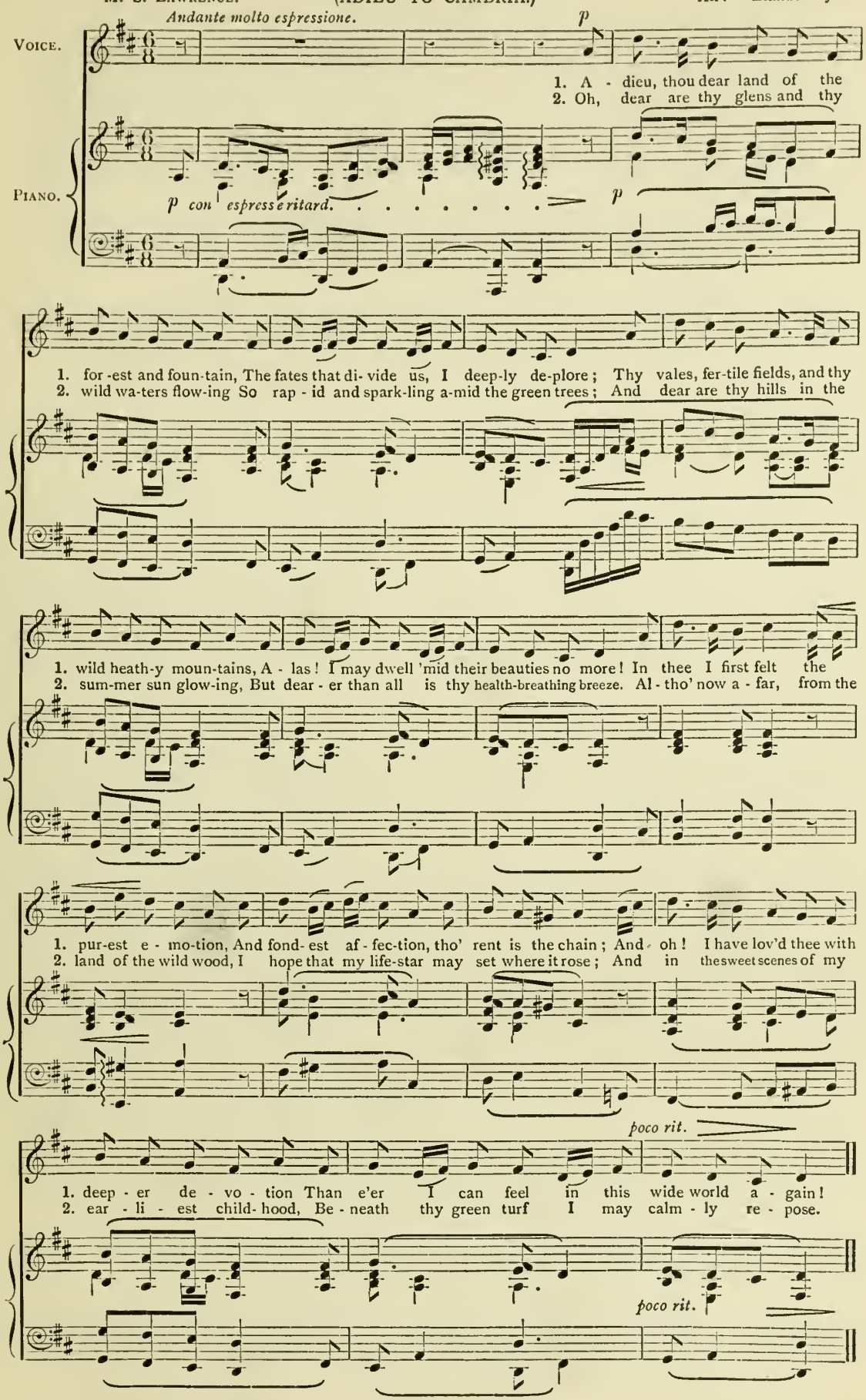
Adieu, thou dear land.

M. S. Lawrence. (ADIEU TO CAMBRIA.) Air: "Llandovery."



All hail to thee, Cambria!

TALHAIARN. Air: "Llwyn On" (The Ash Grove).

Allegro moderato.

VOICE. PIANO.

mf

1. All hail to thee, Cambria! the land of my
2. All hail to the country where na-ture dis -

mf *f* *mf*

cresc.

1. fathers, I would I could make thee im-mor-tal in song; Thy vir-tues the muse of thy his- to - ry
2. clos-es Her charms in each val-ley and heath-cover'd hill; 'Mid scenes where the spi-rit of beau-ty re

cresc.

più f

1. gathers, Thou cra-dle of gen-ius and home of the strong! The strains of thy min-strels are pure as thy
2. pos-es, In dell, rock, or fountain, lake, river and rill. Shall thy children dis-own thee and leave thee to

più f

1. fountains, They hallow'd thy glo-ry, joy, sorrow and strife, Thy proud-hearted war-riors have roam'd o'er thy
2. per-ish, Or tar-nish the glo-ry that cir-cles thy fame? No, no! in their hearts thy bright forms they will

cresc.

1. mountains, And fought in thy val-leys for free-dom and life.
2. cher-ish, And truth and af - fec-tion will cling to thy name.

cresc. *f*

All padded and muffled.

(THE THATCHER.)

From the Welsh by Ieuan Dhu. Air: "As I came home."

Molto andante. *mf*

Voice. Piano.

1. All
2. In
3. I
4. O

mf *poco rit.*

1. pad - ded and muf - fled up - on the thatch'd roof, I see an old fel - low that's
2. si - lence he la - bours, and scarce thro' the day Save *skelps*, *straw*, or *rush - es*, a
3. trust, as he shifts, the.... wind will shift... side, For blasts he hath wea - ther'd would
4. far - mer, when sup - per is placed on thy board, His place to the thatch - er who

mf

1. deem'd.. wea - ther proof; Rheu - ma - - tic and a - géd al -
2. word.... doth he say; And when he looks.... down - ward, 'tis
3. pierce a bul - lock's hide; The tear..... from his eye - lid 'tis
4. will..... not ac - cord? The scent.... that hath reach'd him when

rit.

1. though his limbs are, 'Tis oth - ers he shel - ters from bites he must bear.
2. just.... for a peep To see if his ten - der hath fal - len a - sleep.
3. use - less to wipe, How - ev - er it threat - ens to quench his short pipe.
4. on the high roof Should tell.. what sub-stan - tials shall make him frost-proof.

rit.

All the live-long night.

(I THINK ON THEE.)

J. M. E. Dovaston. Air: "Ar hyd y nos."

Andante espressivo.

Voice. Piano.

mf

1. All the live - long
2. Where the moun-tain
3. Tho' with maids the

mf *rit.* *mf*

1. night re - clin - ing, I think on thee; While the si - lent moon is shin - ing,
2. brook - let rip - ples, I think on thee; Where the noon sunn'd wa - ter dim - ples,
3. dance I mea-sure, I think on thee; At the so - cial board of plea-sure,

1. I think on thee. Plans of plea-sure fond - ly fram - ing, Or in love's e -
2. I think on thee. Where the ver - nal birds are sing - ing, And am - bro - sial
3. I think on thee. Heartsome healths our glass - es gleam-ing, Beau - ty, art, and

rit.

1. lys - ium dream-ing Till the glo - rious morn is gleam-ing, I think on thee!
2. blos-soms spring-ing, Full their eve - ning fra-grance fling - ing, I think on thee!
3. worth ac - claim - ing, Tho' an - o - ther's prais - es nam - ing, I think on thee!

rit.

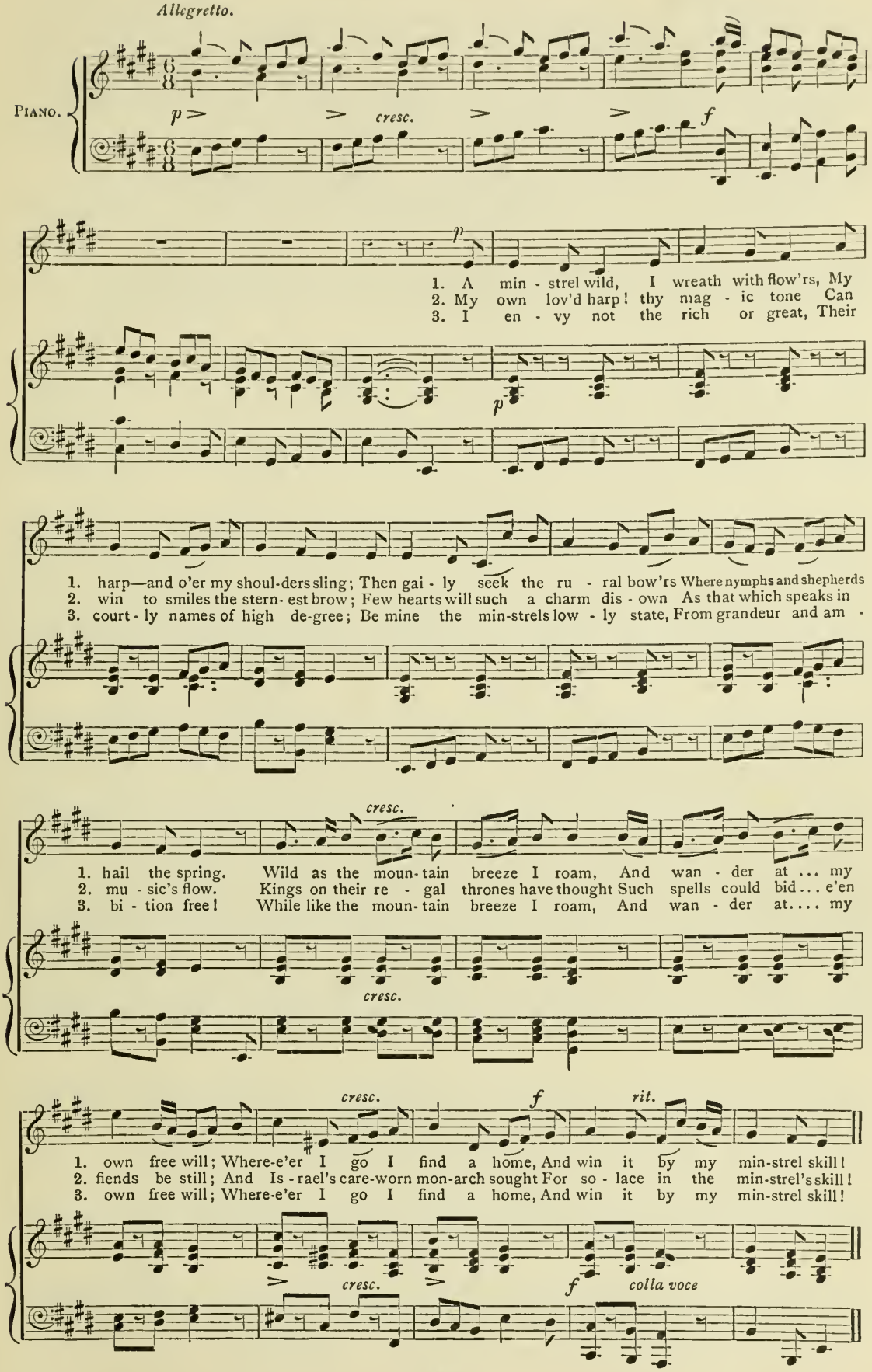
A minstrel wild, I wreath with flowers.

(THE MOUNTAIN MINSTREL.)

C. B. Wilson.

Allegretto.

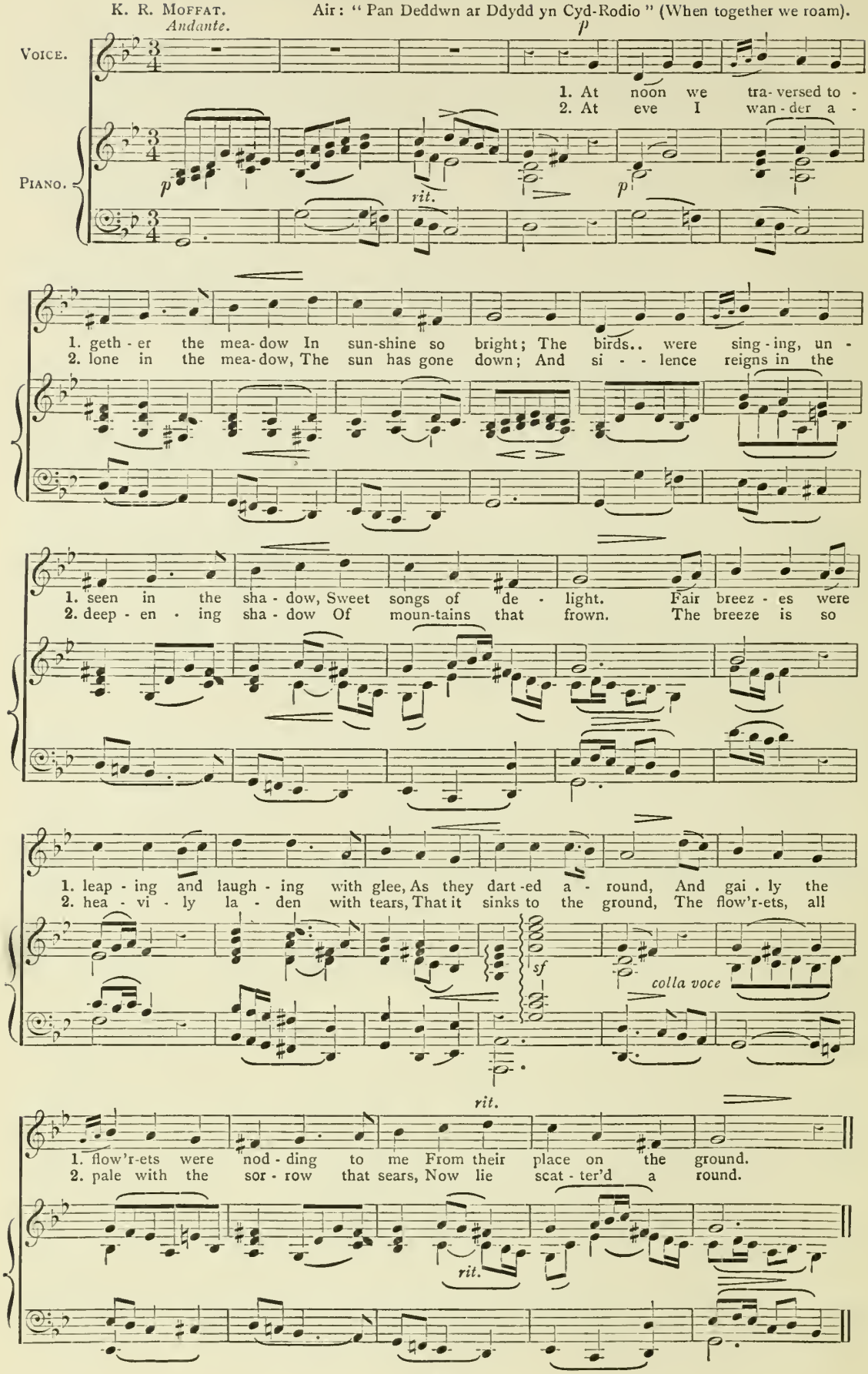
Air: "The Dairy House."



At noon we traversed together.

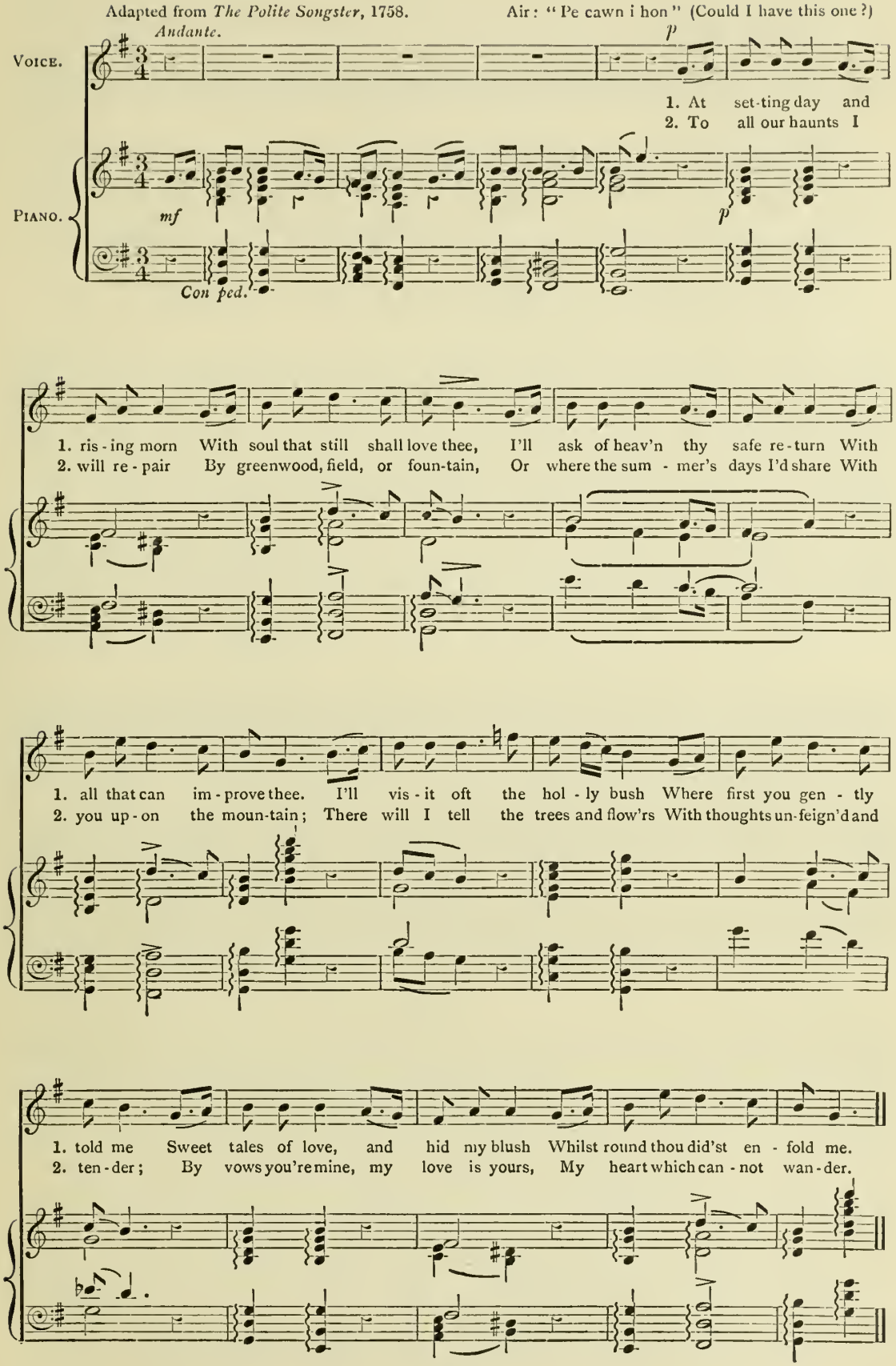
(NOON AND EVE.)

K. R. Moffat. Air: "Pan Deddwn ar Ddydd yn Cyd-Rodio" (When together we roam).



At setting day and rising morn.

Adapted from *The Polite Songster*, 1758. Air: "Pe cawn i hon" (Could I have this one?)

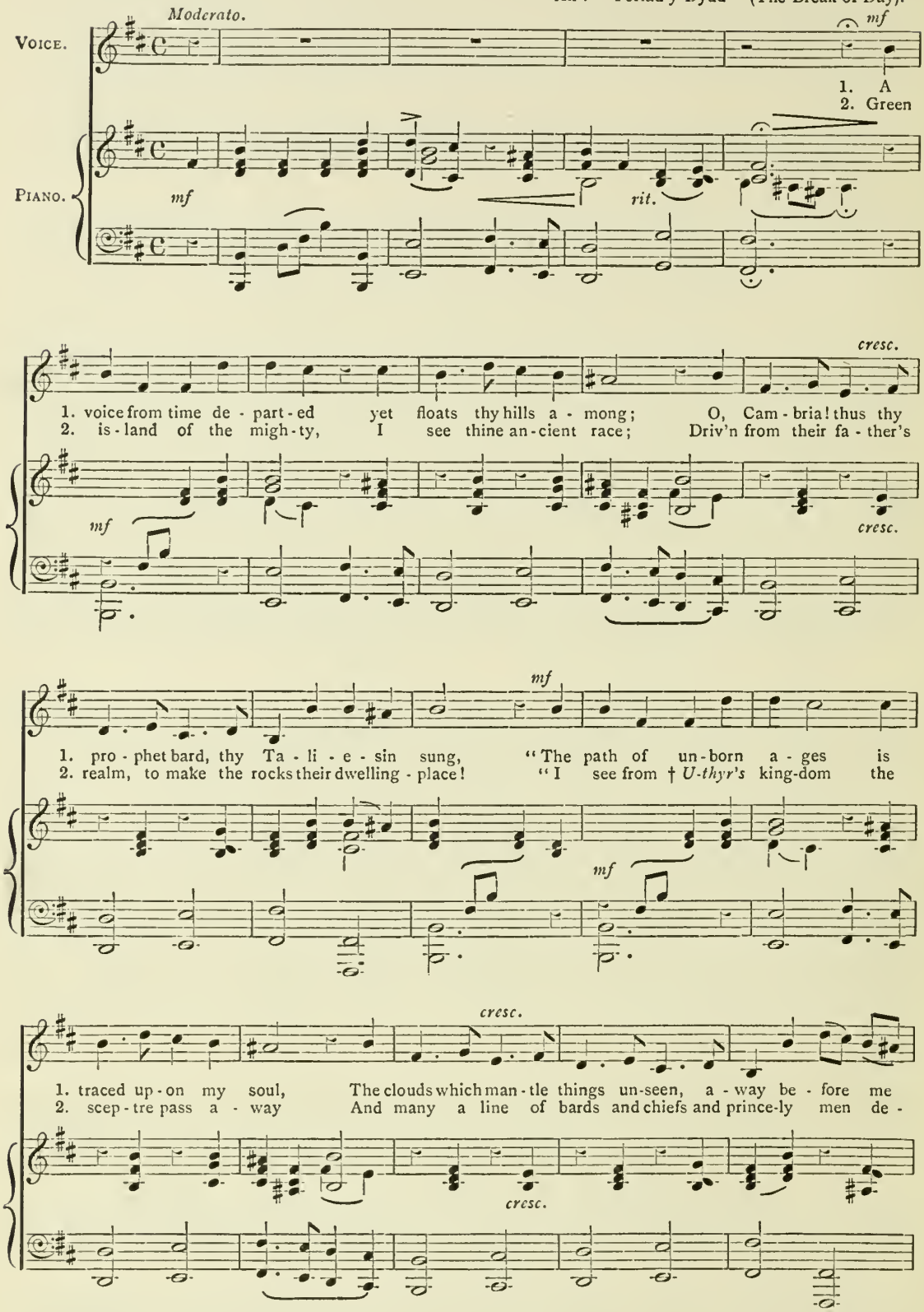


A voice from time departed.

(* TALIESIN'S PROPHECY.)

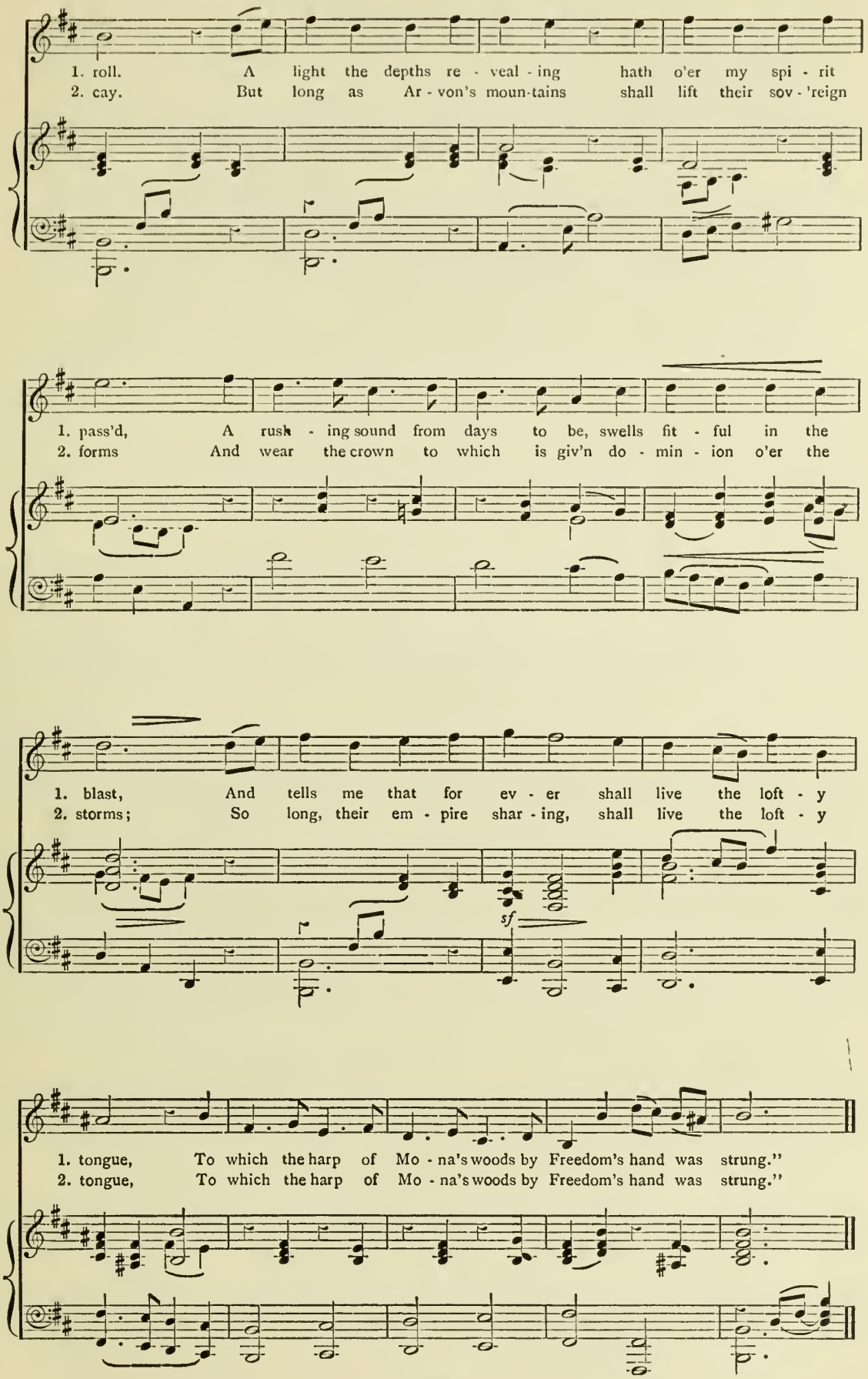
FELICIA HEMANS. Air: "Toriad y Dydd" (The Break of Day).

Moderato.



* A prophecy of Taliesin relating to the ancient Britons has been strikingly verified. It is to the following effect—"Their God they shall worship; their language they shall retain; their land they shall lose, except wild Wales."

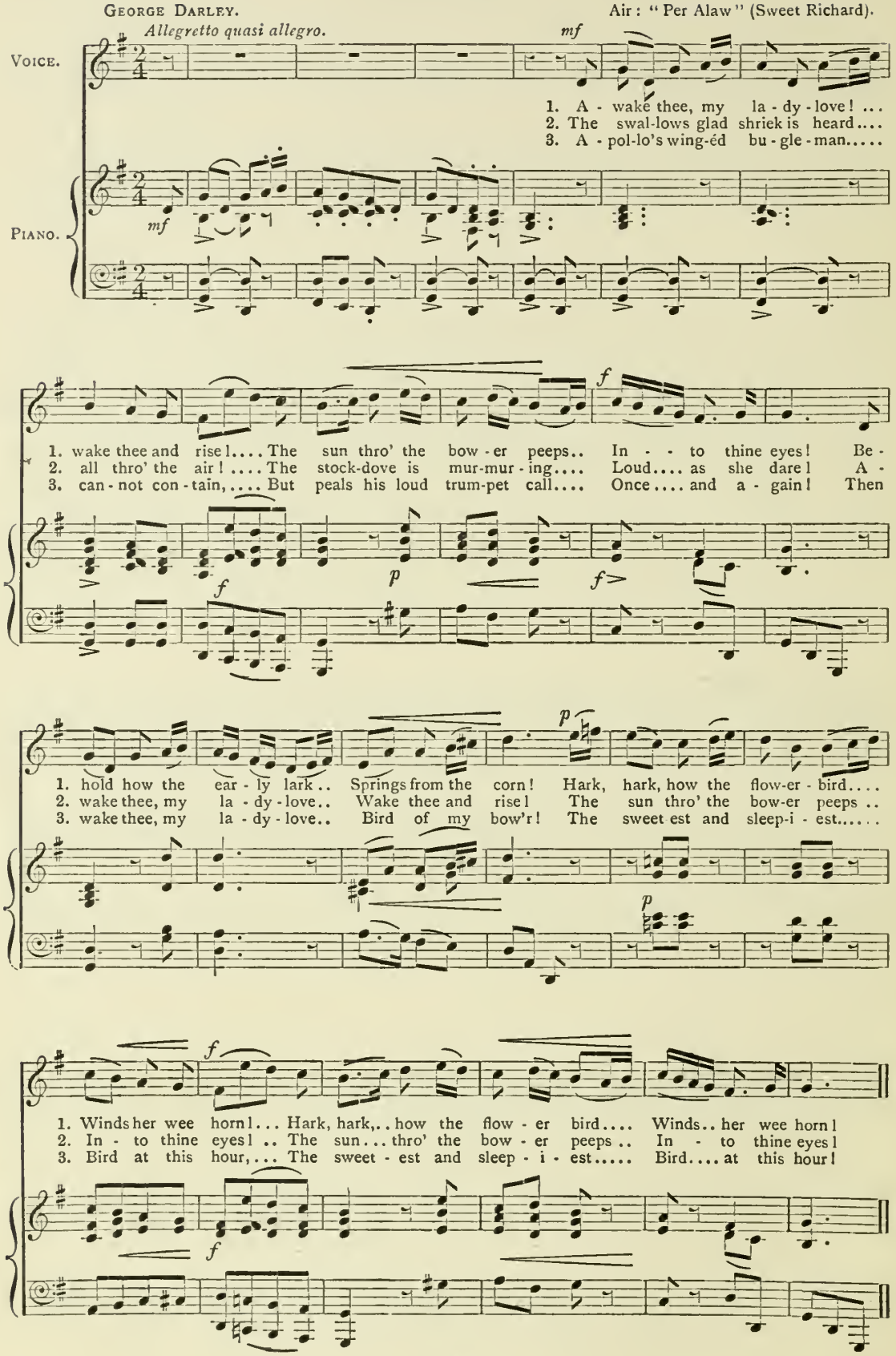
† Uthyr Pendragon, King of Britain, supposed to have been the father of Arthur.


1. roll. A light the depths re - veal - ing hath o'er my spi - rit
2. cay. But long as Ar - von's moun-tains shall lift their sov - 'reign
1. pass'd, A rush - ing sound from days to be, swells fit - ful in the
2. forms And wear the crown to which is giv'n do - min - ion o'er the
1. blast, And tells me that for ev - er shall live the loft - y
2. storms; So long, their em - pire shar - ing, shall live the loft - y
sf
1. tongue, To which the harp of Mo - na's woods by Freedom's hand was strung."
2. tongue, To which the harp of Mo - na's woods by Freedom's hand was strung."

Awake thee, my lady-love.

(THE CALL.)

GEORGE DARLEY. Air: "Per Alaw" (Sweet Richard).



A welcome, sweet summer, is waiting for thee.

K. R. Moffat.

Air: "Coroesaw'r Wenyncn."

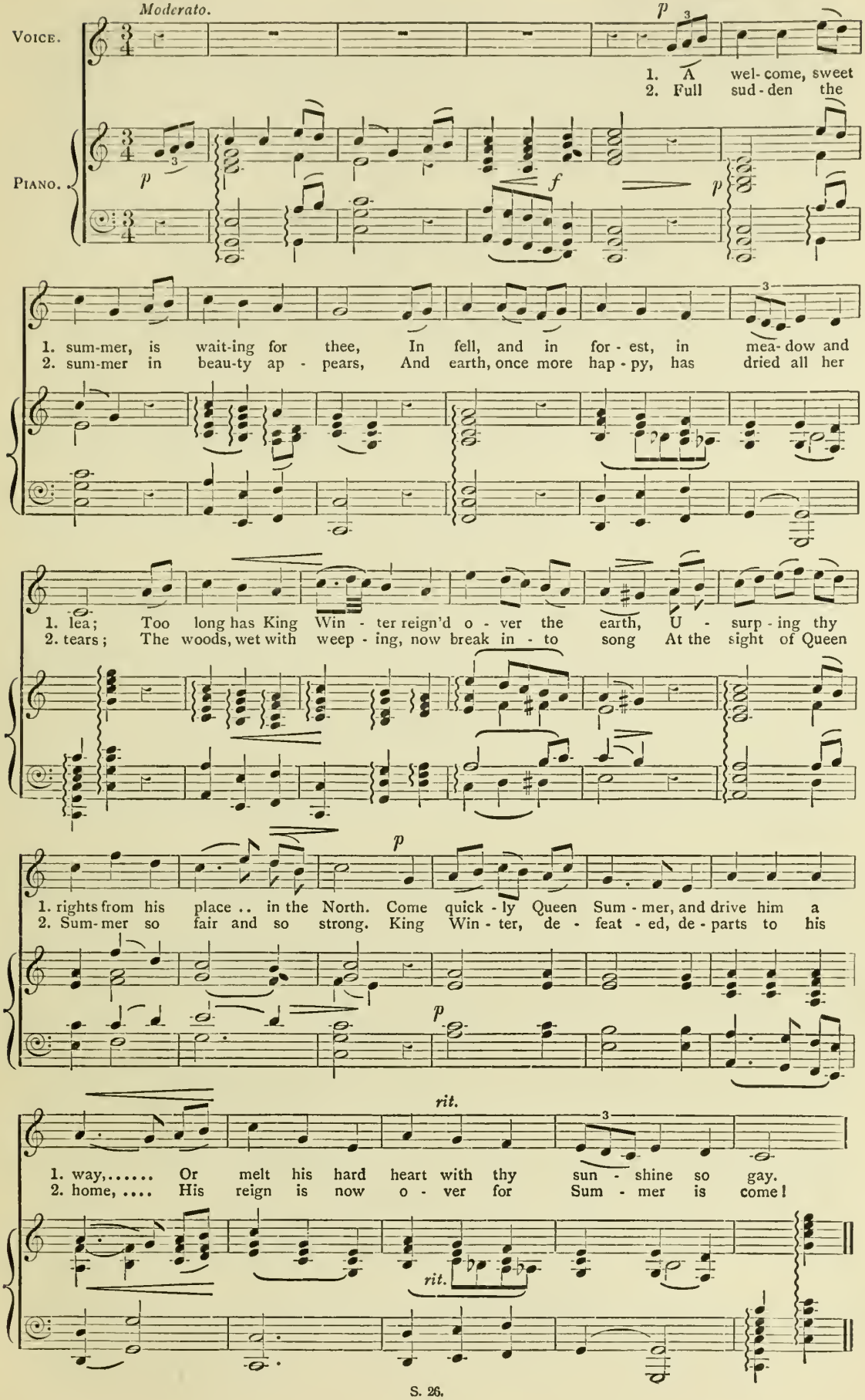
Moderato.

Voice.

Piano.

1. A wel-come, sweet sum-mer, is wait-ing for thee, In fell, and in for-est, in mea-dow and lea; Too long has King Win-ter reign'd o-ver the earth, U-surp-ing thy rights from his place .. in the North. Come quick-ly Queen Sum-mer, and drive him a way,..... Or melt his hard heart with thy sun-shine so gay.

2. Full sud-den the sum-mer in beau-ty ap-pears, And earth, once more hap-py, has dried all her tears; The woods, wet with weep-ing, now break in-to song At the sight of Queen Sum-mer so fair and so strong. King Win-ter, de-feat-ed, de-parts to his home, ... His reign is now o-ver for Sum-mer is come!

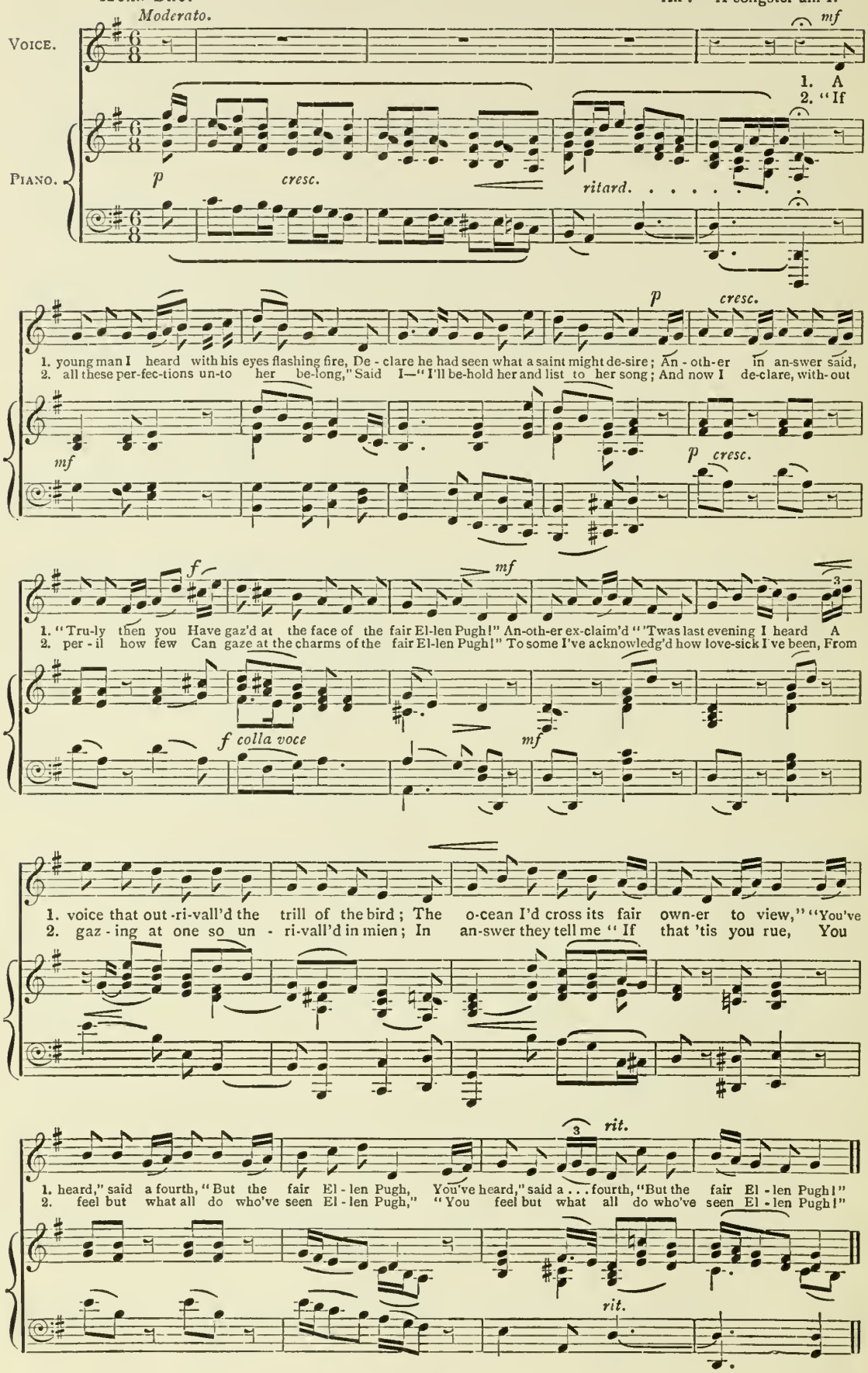


p *f* *p* *p* *p* *rit.* *rit.*

A young man I heard.

(FAIR ELLEN PUGH.)

IEUAN DHU. Air: "A songster am I."



Bedwas hills, the voice of sorrow.

(LAMENT.)

JOHN THOMAS (IEUAN DHU). Air: "Britain's Lament."

Molto adagio e maestoso. *mf*

VOICE. PIANO.

1. Bed - was hills, the
2. Hath my tongue been
3. Fair to view the

p con espress. *f* *sf* *p* *mf*

Con ped.

1. voice of sor-row On you calls with man to mourn— Man, who knows not what the mor-row
2. giv'n to slan-der, Hath my heart des - pised the poor, Or 'gainst him that's driv'n to wan-der
3. sun that's set-ting O'er the heights of Gel - ly - ga'r, Hills and dales their toil for-get-ting,

f

1. May bring forth his hopes to spurn; Steep and rough's the path I'm tread-ing, Sharp and ven- om'd
2. Did I ev - er close my door? Why, O why, am I se - lect-ed Thus to drag a
3. Sink to rest, and so does care; Stars be-nign, your light a-wak-en, Mild and weak, like

f

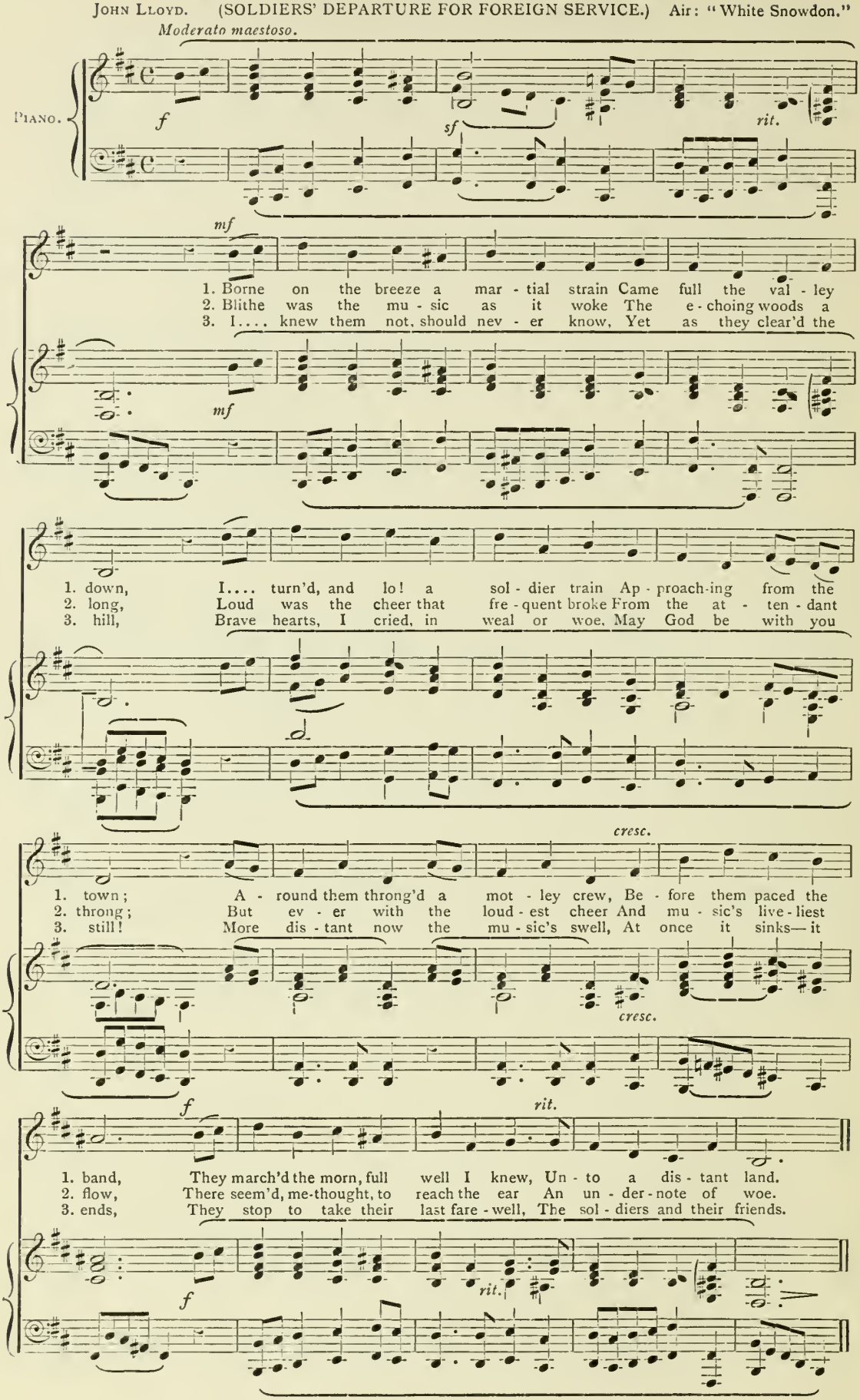
cresc. *p* *ritard.*

1. is the thorn That re- minds me, when I'm bleeding, Man was ev - er made to mourn!
2. load of woe, While the proud, that ne'er re-flect-ed, Like a ce - dar tall doth grow?
3. sor - row's eye, Shine on him whose heart is stricken, And his thoughts at - tract on high!

cresc. *p* *ritard.*

Borne on the breeze a martial strain.

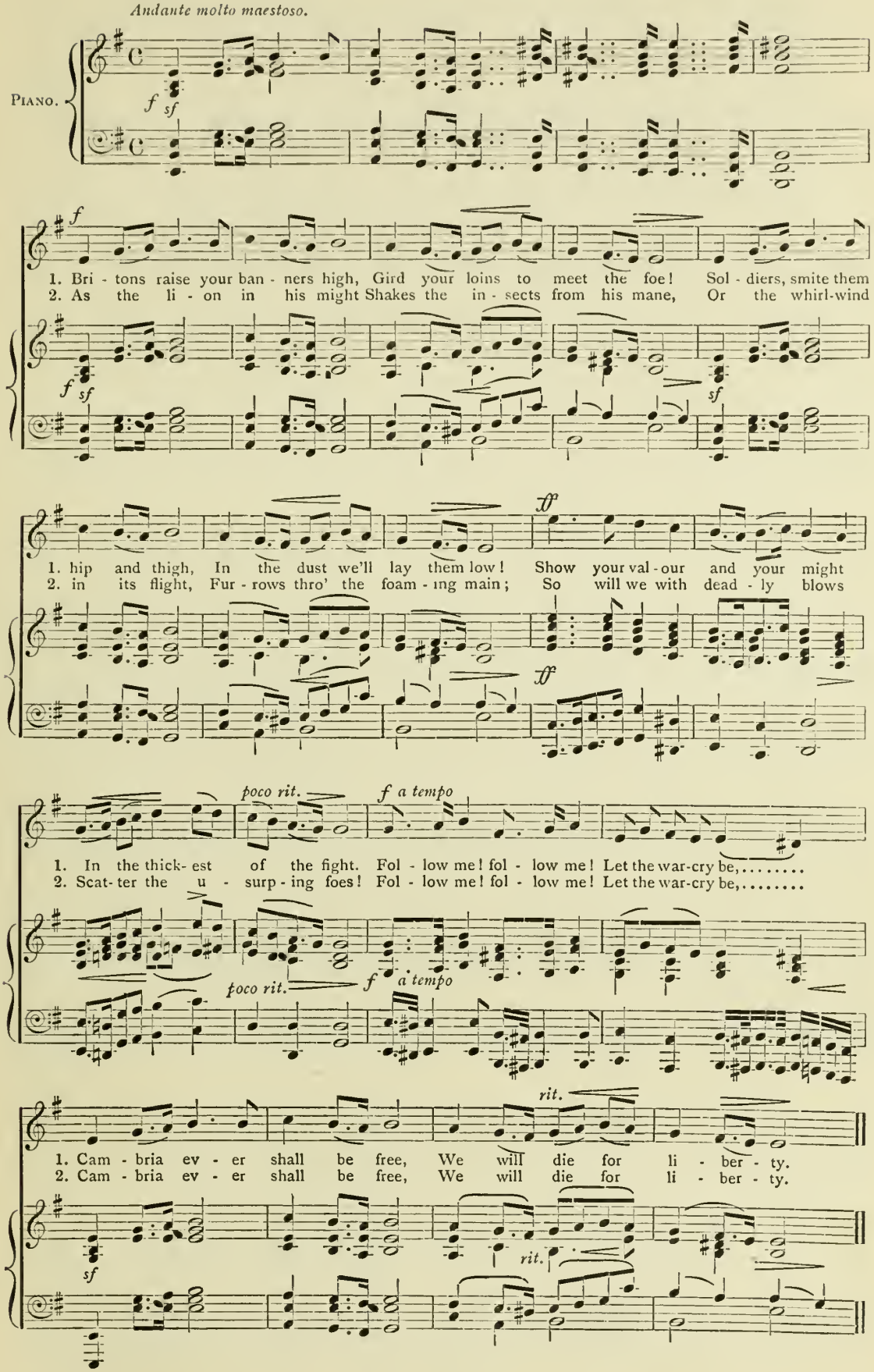
JOHN LLOYD. (SOLDIERS' DEPARTURE FOR FOREIGN SERVICE.) Air: "White Snowdon."



Britons raise your banners high.

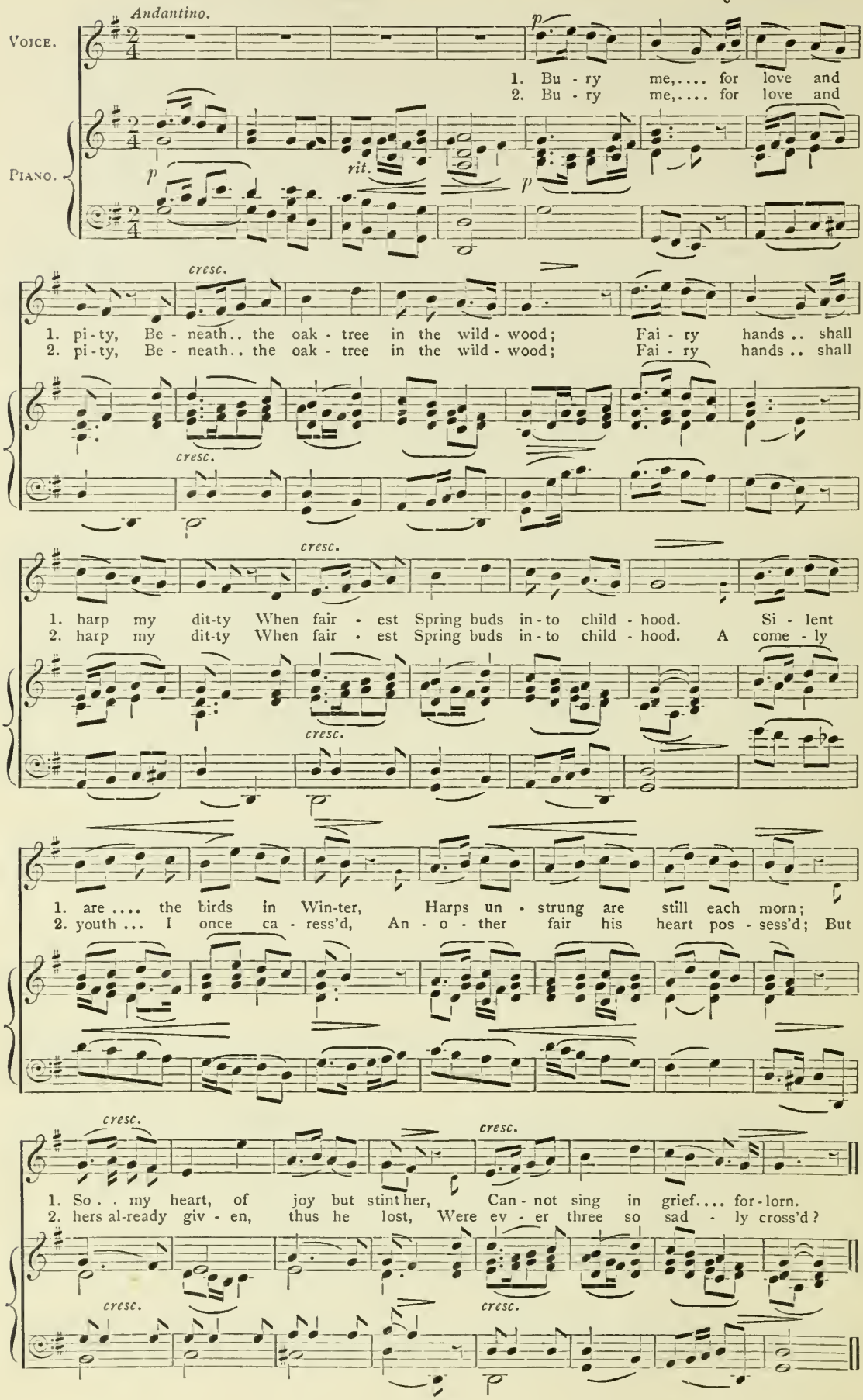
TALHAIARN. Air: "Ymdawiad y Brenin" (The departure of the King).

Andante molto maestoso.



Bury me, for love and pity.

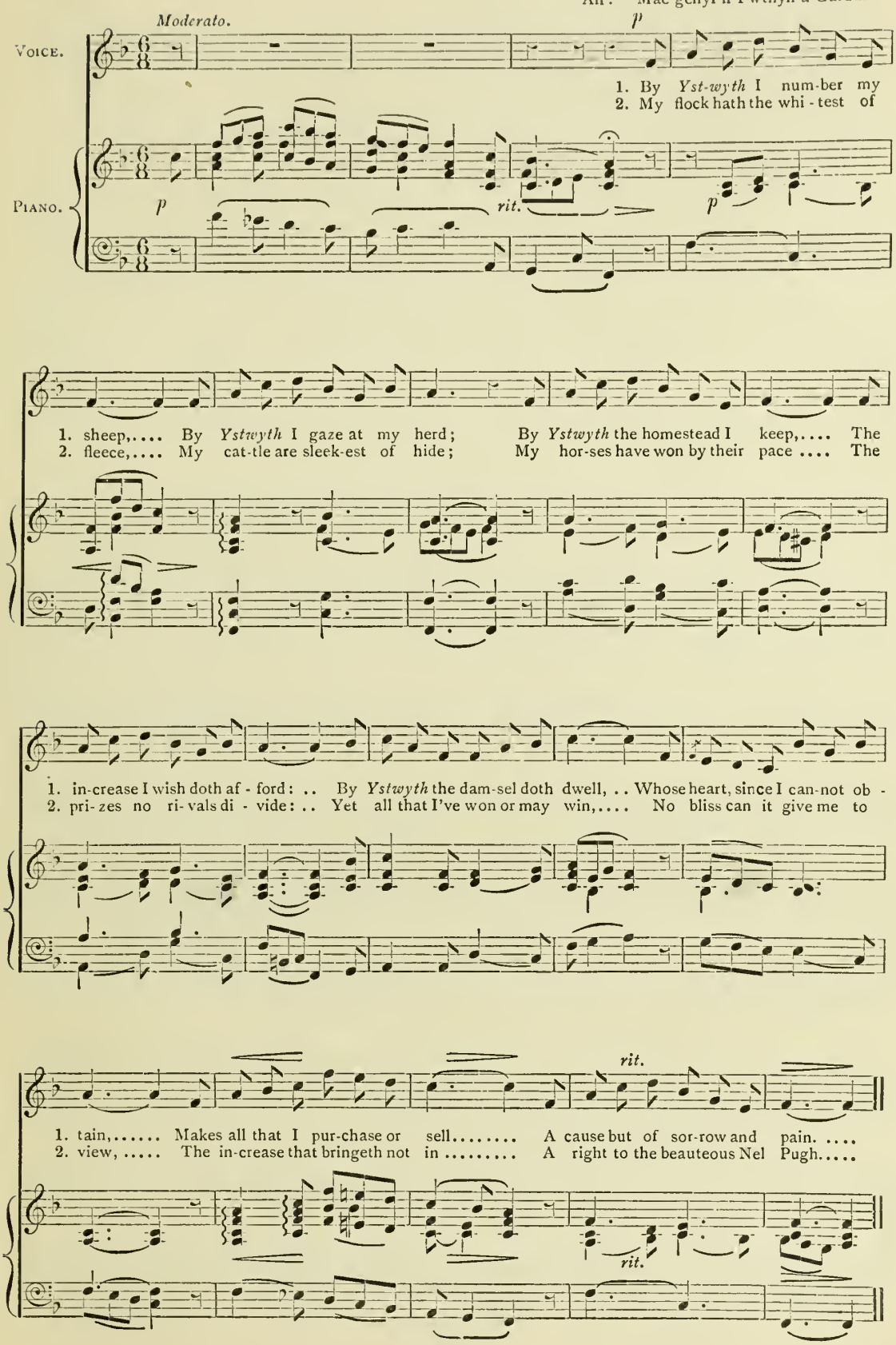
Translated from old Welsh *Pennillion.* Air: "The Queen's Dream."



By Ystwyth I number my sheep.

(NEL PUGH.)

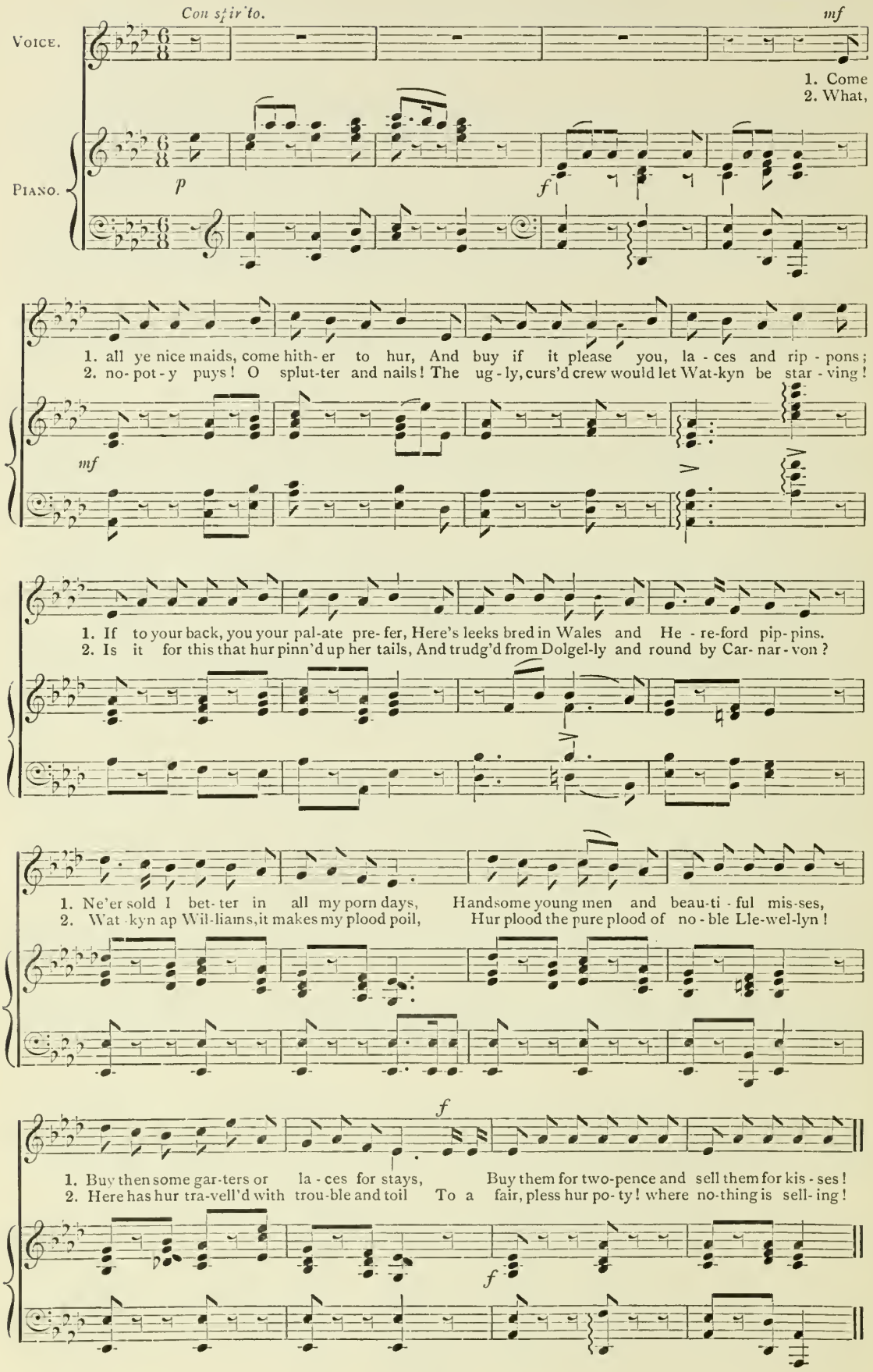
Air: "Mae genyf fi Fwthyn a Gardd."



Come all ye nice maids.

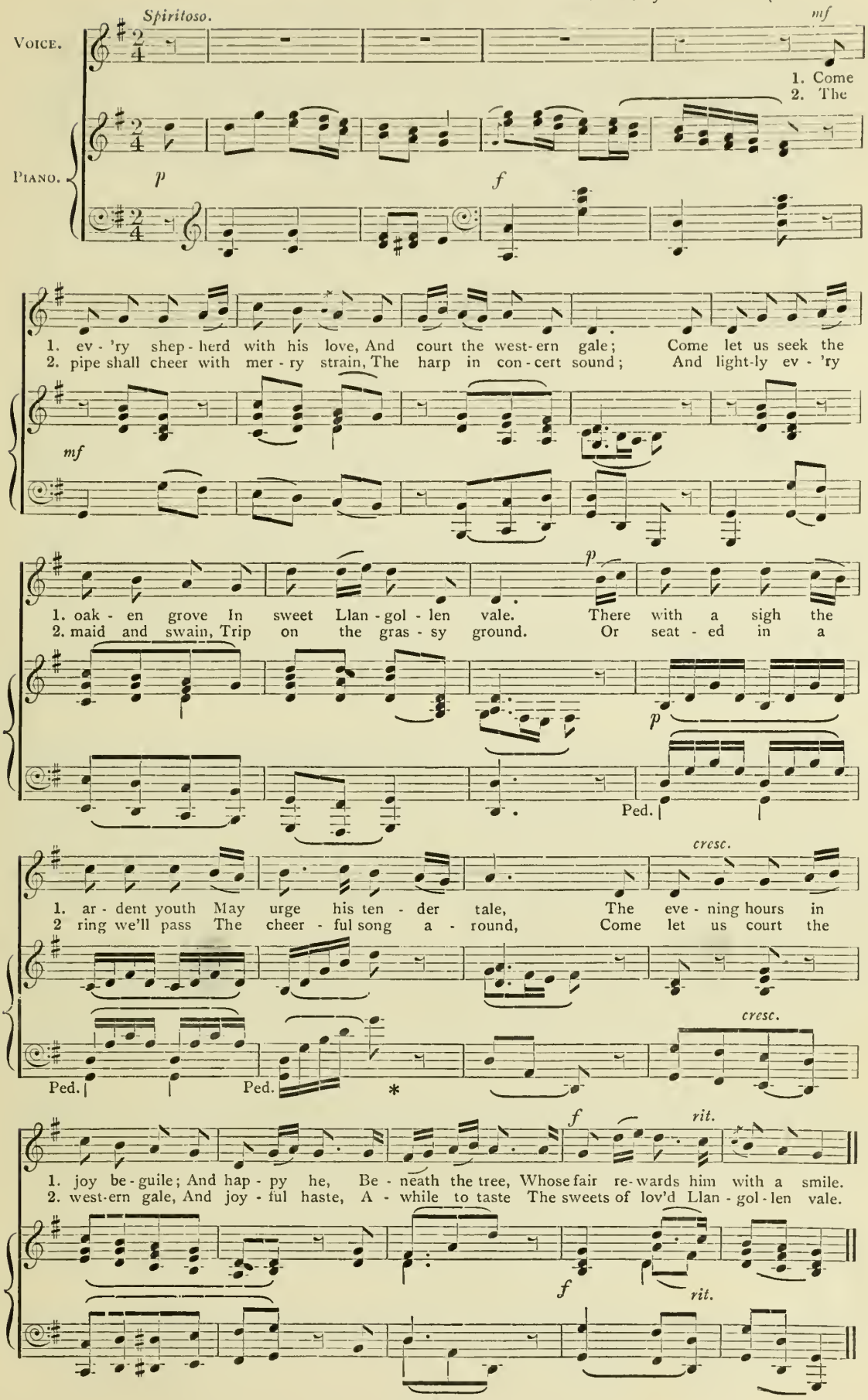
(THE PEDLAR.)

Air: "Y Maelerwr."



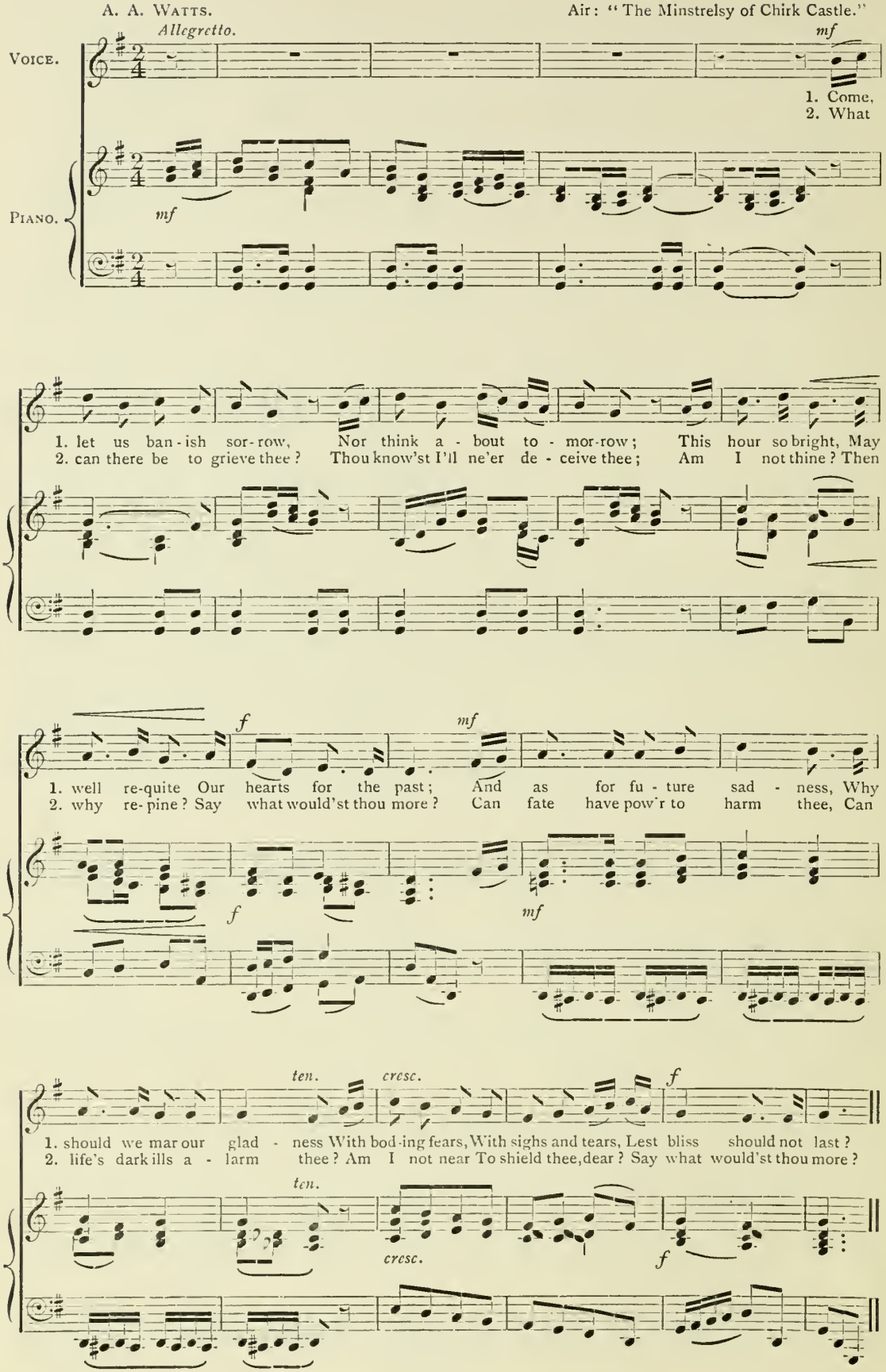
Come every shepherd with his love.

Air: "Hob y derri dando" (Version 1.



Come, let us banish sorrow.

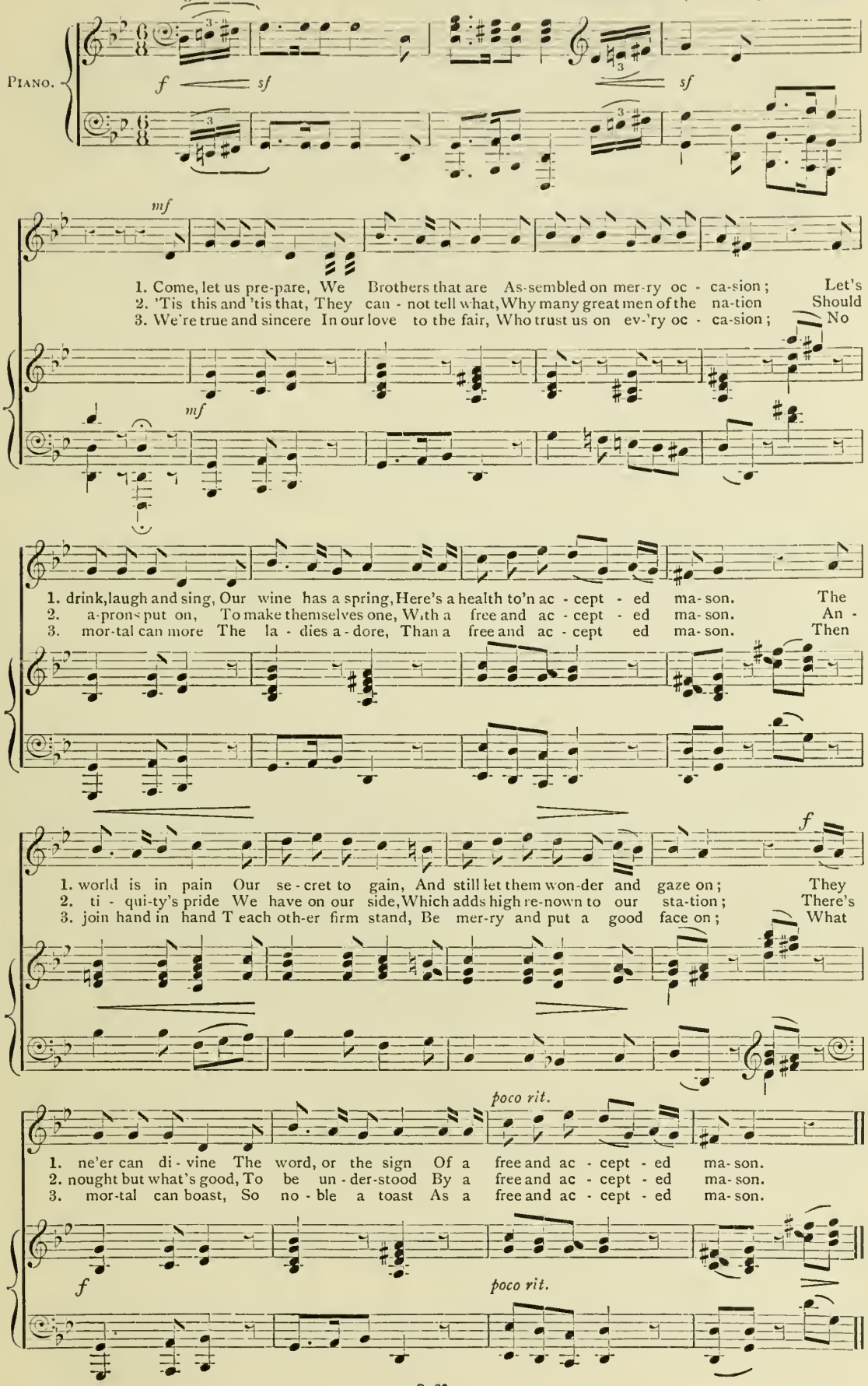
A. A. Watts. Air: "The Minstrelsy of Chirk Castle."



Come, let us prepare.

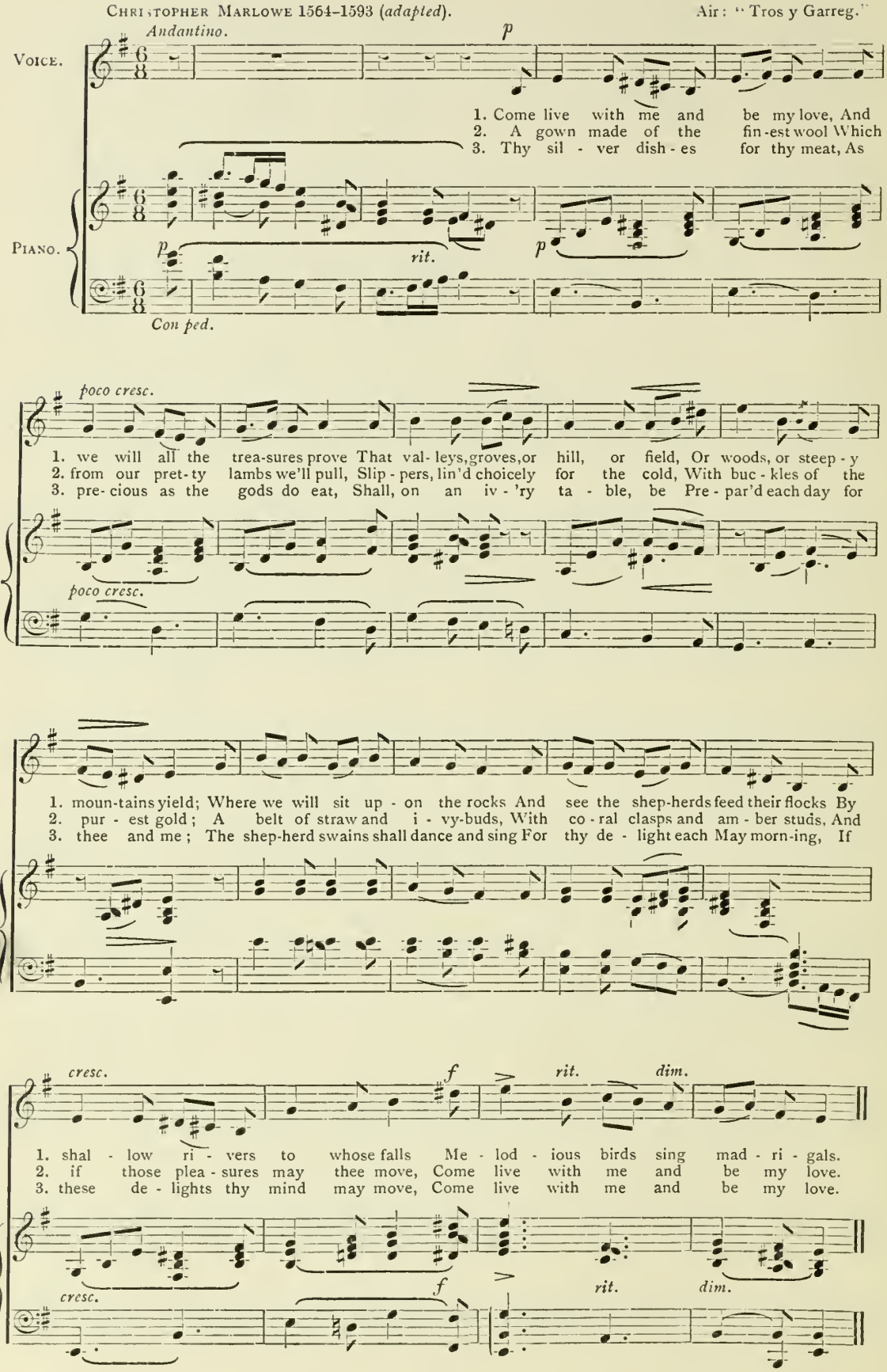
(THE FREEMASON.)

Con energia. Air: "Saith Nos Olau" (Seven Light Nights).



Come live with me and be my love.

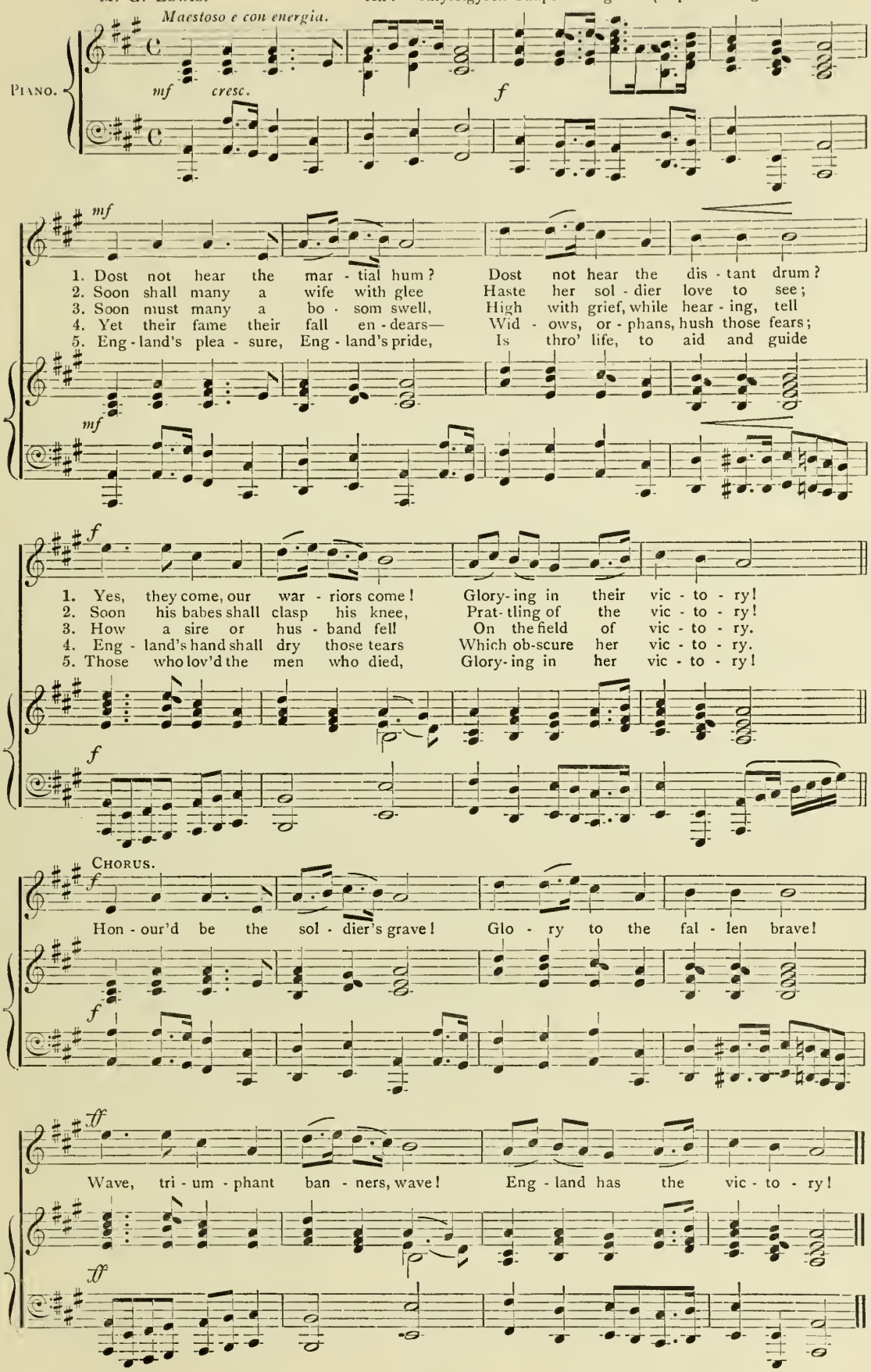
CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE 1564–1593 (*adapted*). Air: "Tros y Garreg."



Dost not hear the martial hum?

(THE SOLDIERS' RETURN.)

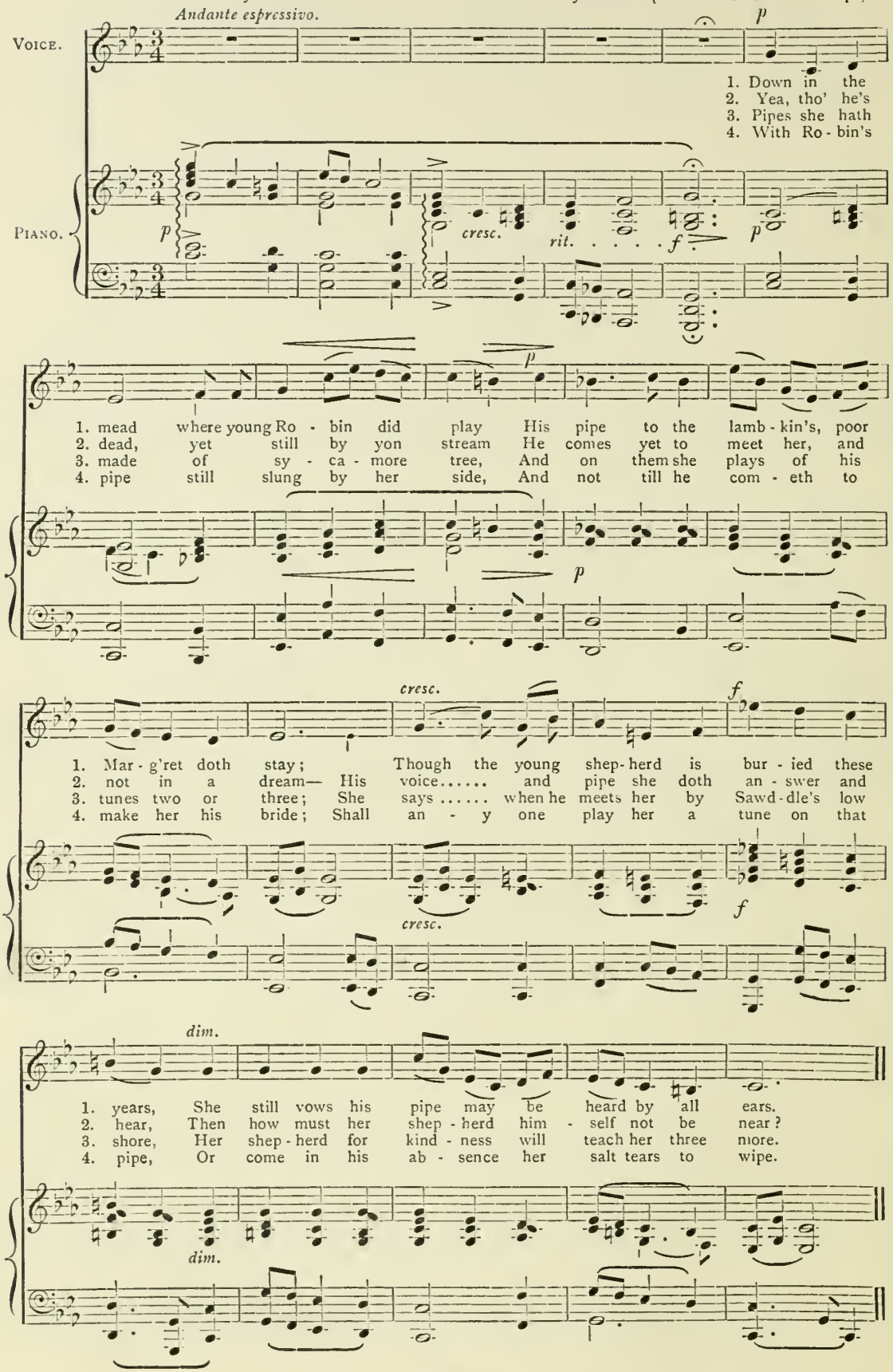
M. G. Lewis. Air: "Rhyfelgyrch Cadpen Morgan" (Captain Morgan's March).



Down in the Mead.

(YOUNG ROBIN.)

From the Welsh by Ieuan Dhu. Air: "Hud y Bibell" (The Allurement of the Pipe).

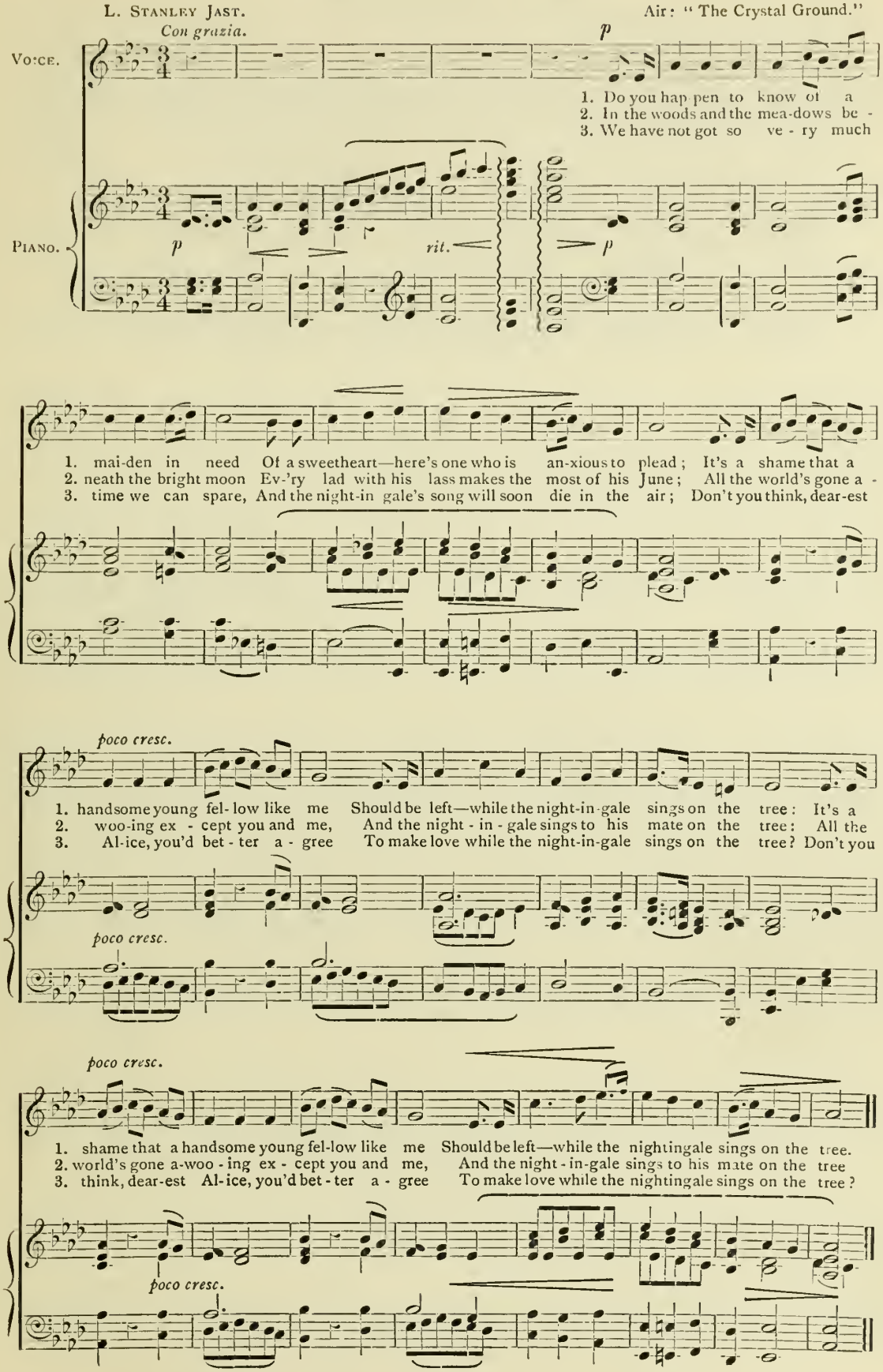


Do you happen to know of a maiden.

L. Stanley Jast.

Air: "The Crystal Ground."

Con grazia.

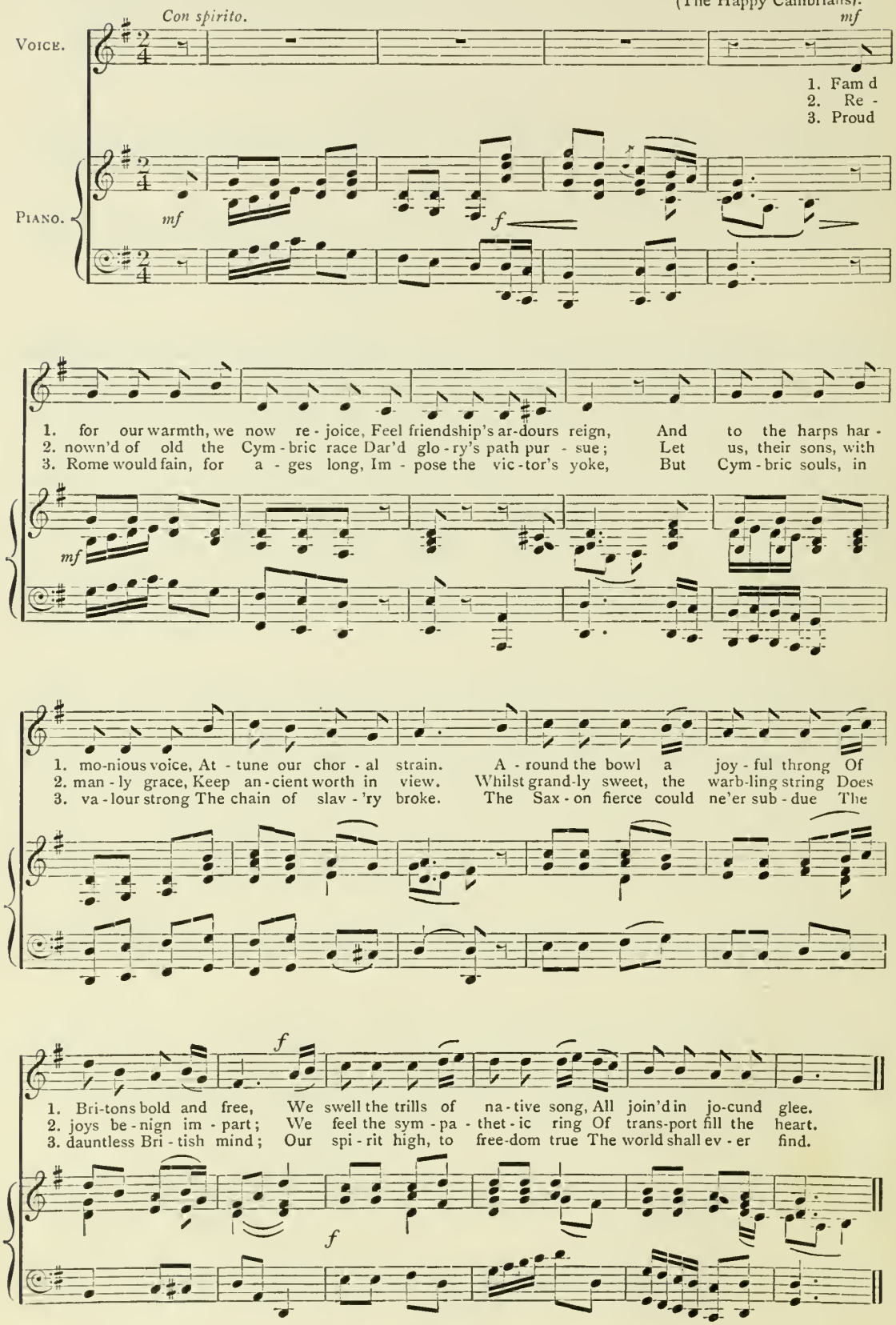


Fam'd for our warmth, we now rejoice.

(THE HAPPY CAMBRIANS.)

EDWARD WILLIAMS (from the Welsh of RICE JONES).

Air "Y Cymry Dedwydd"
(The Happy Cambrians).

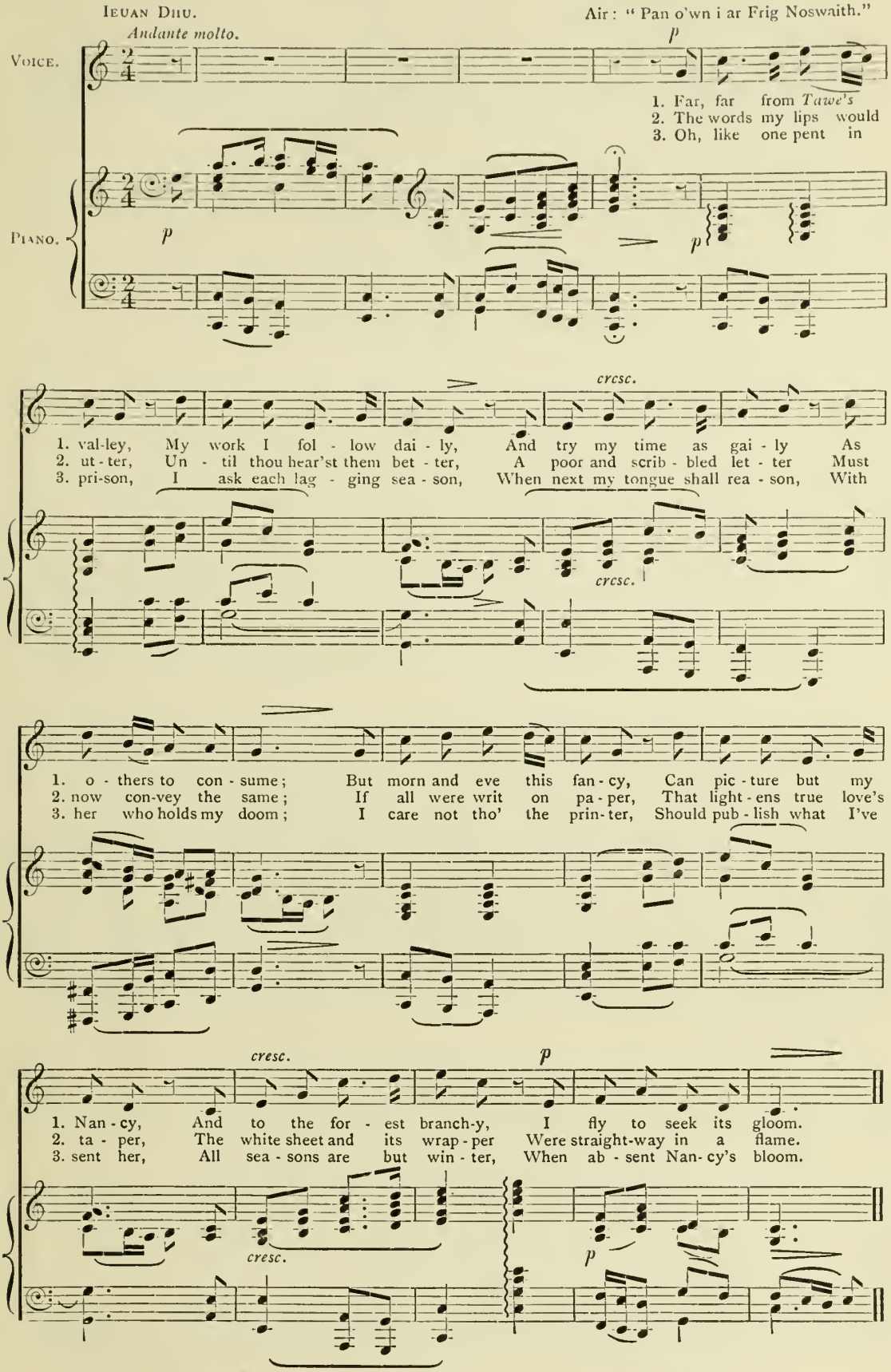


Far, far from Tawe's valley.

(NANCY).

IEUAN DHU. Air: "Pan o'wn i ar Frig Noswaith."

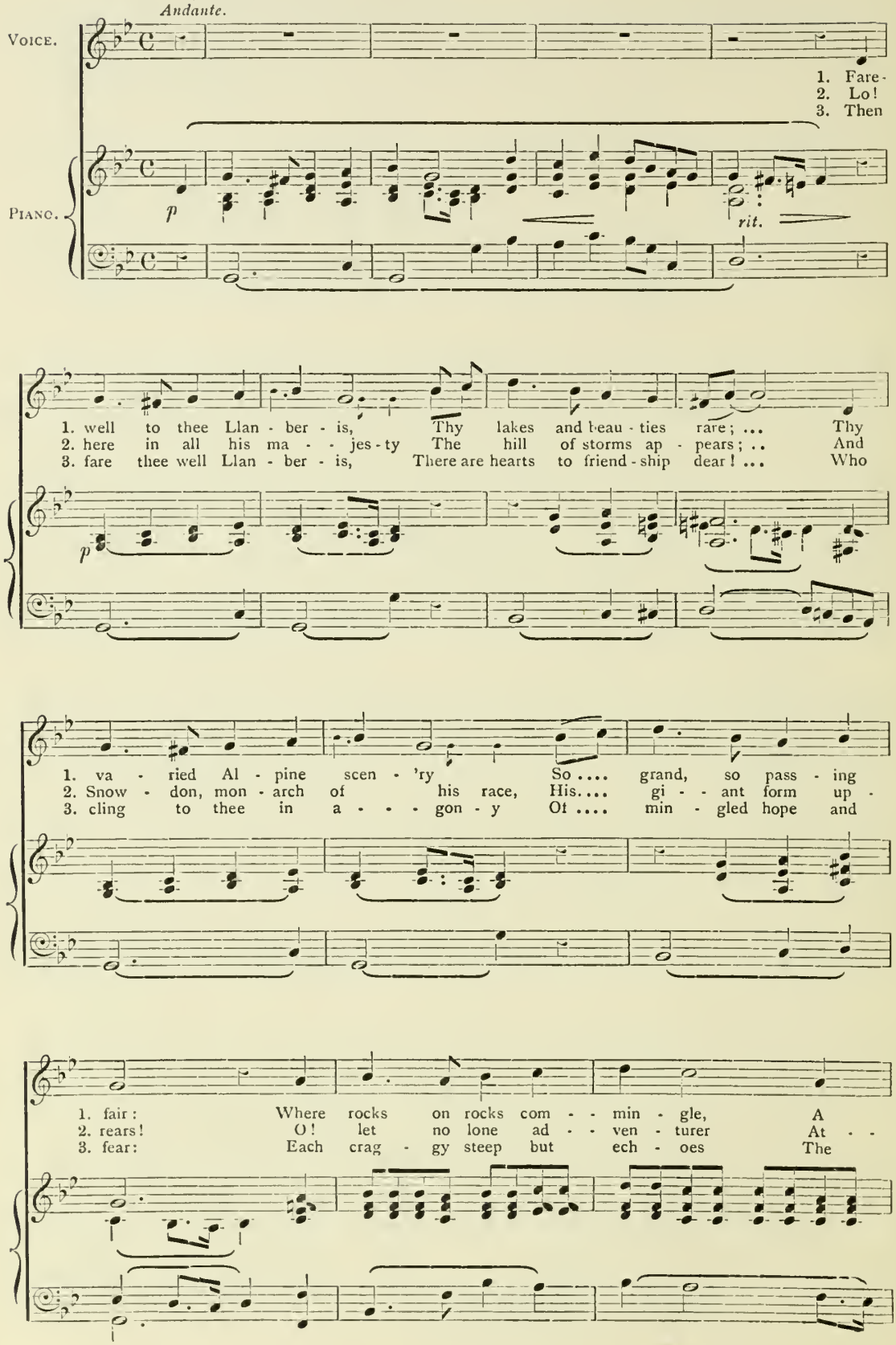
Andante molto.

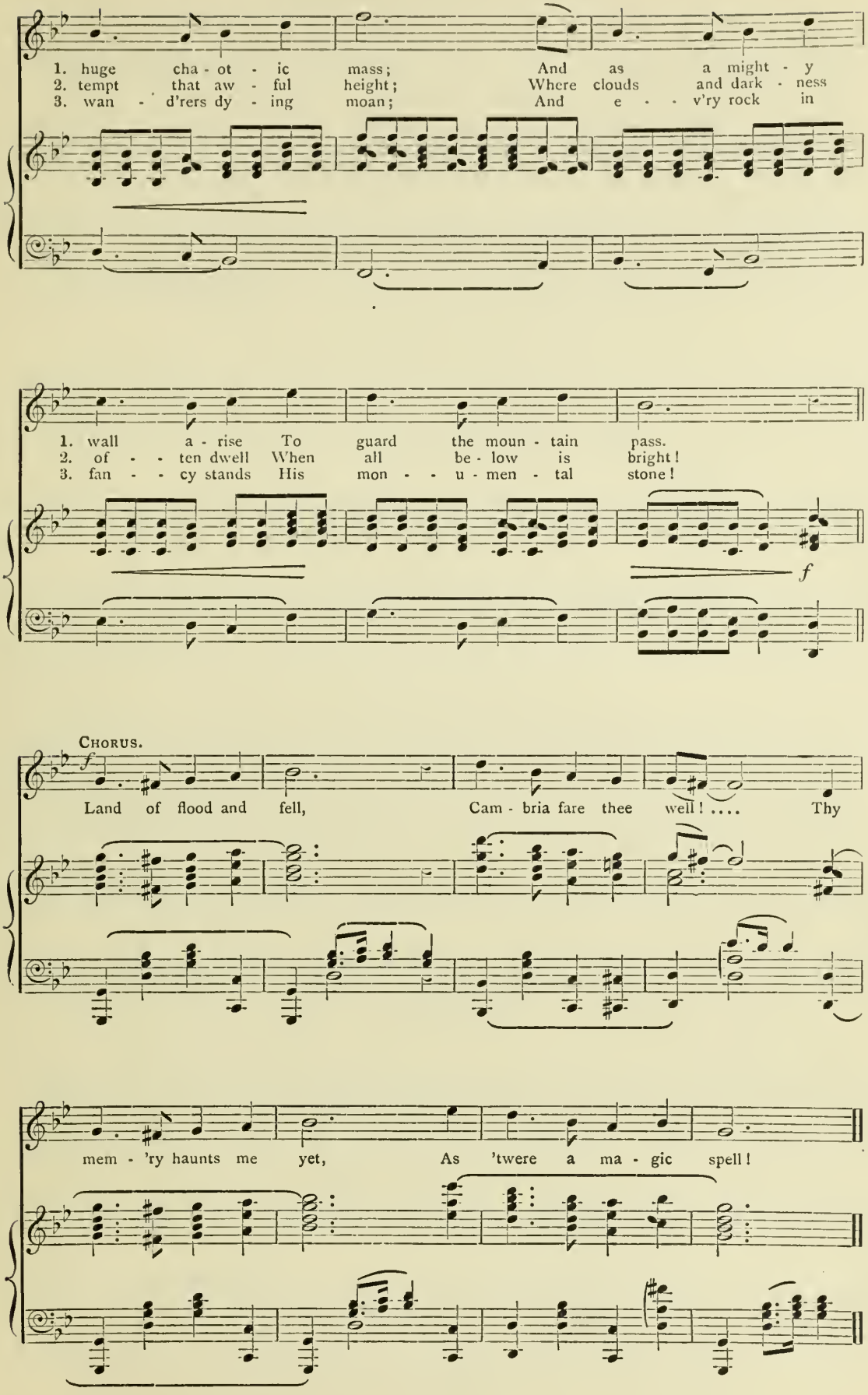


Farewell to Llanberis.

S. Taylor (Adapted to the air by John Parry).

Andante.



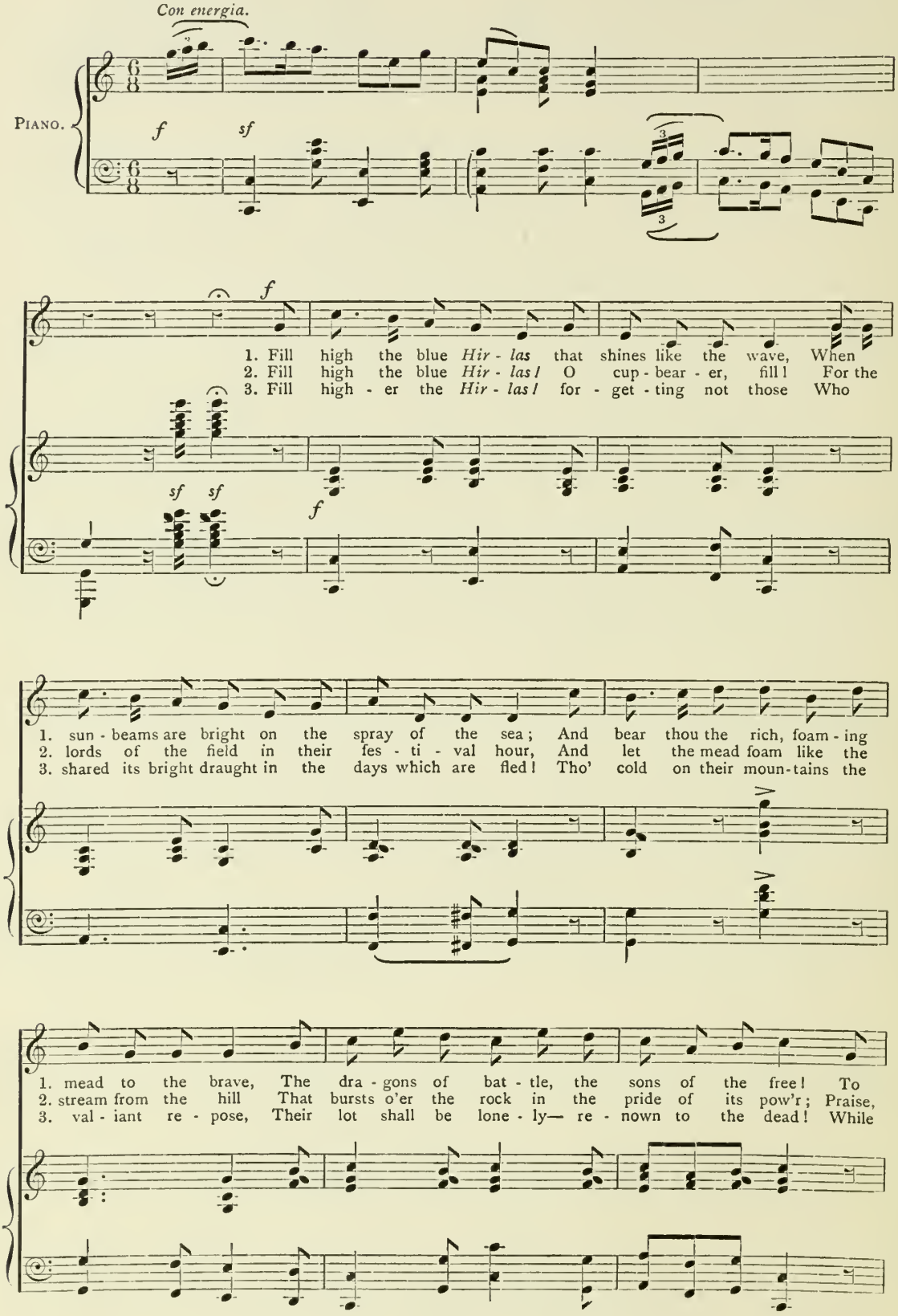

1. huge cha - ot - ic mass; And as a might - y
2. tempt that aw - ful height; Where clouds and dark - ness
3. wan - d'rers dy - ing moan; And e - - v'ry rock in
1. wall a - rise To guard the moun - tain pass.
2. of - - ten dwell When all be - low is bright!
3. fan - - cy stands His mon - - u - men - tal stone!
f
Chorus.
f
Land of flood and fell, Cam - bria fare thee well! .... Thy
mem - 'ry haunts me yet, As 'twere a ma - gic spell!

Fill high the blue Hirlas.*

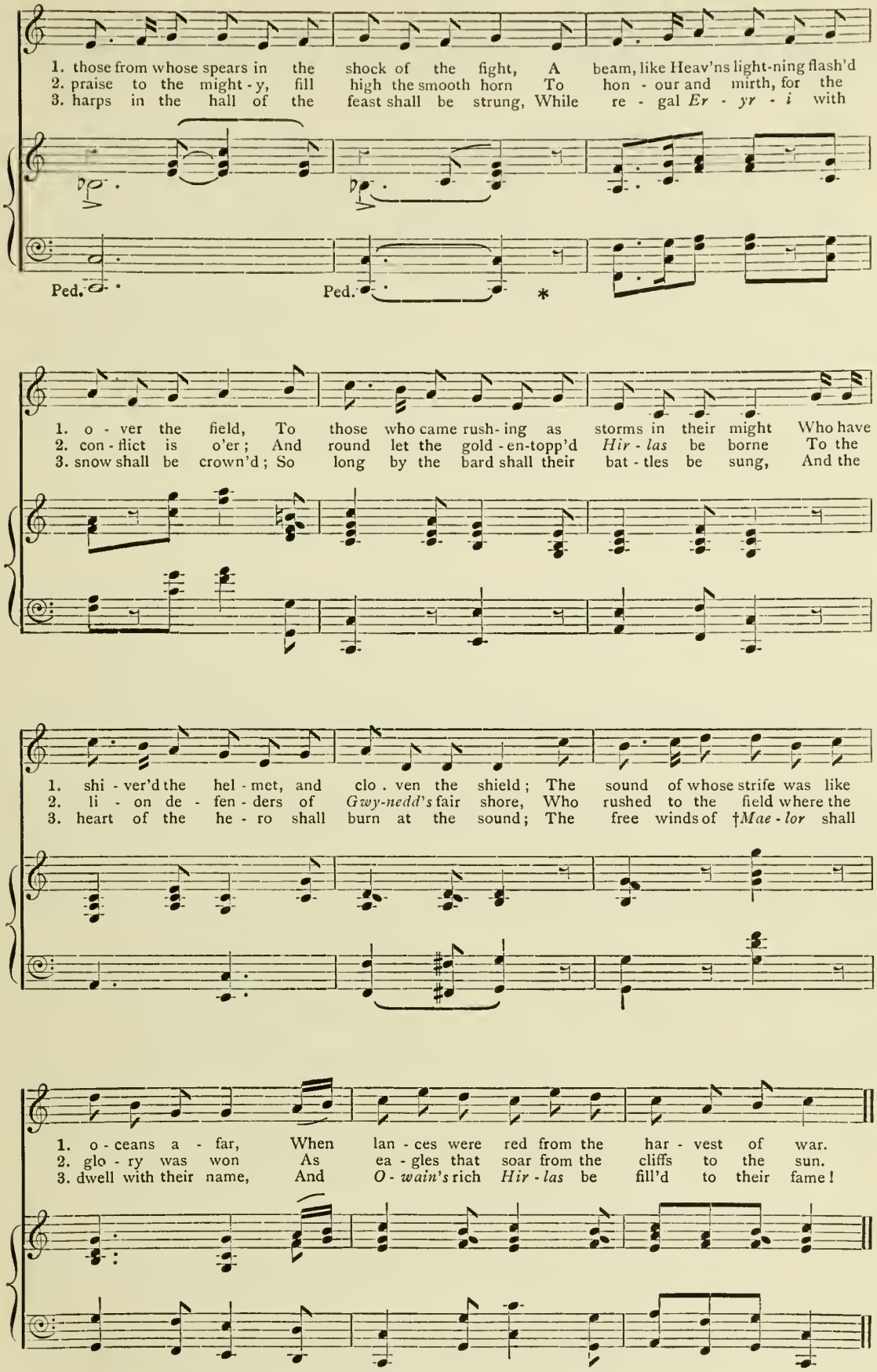
(THE HIRLAS HORN).

FELICIA HEMANS. Air: "Three Hundred Pounds."

Con energia.



* *Hirlas*, a drinking horn; from *hir* long, and *glas* blue or azure.



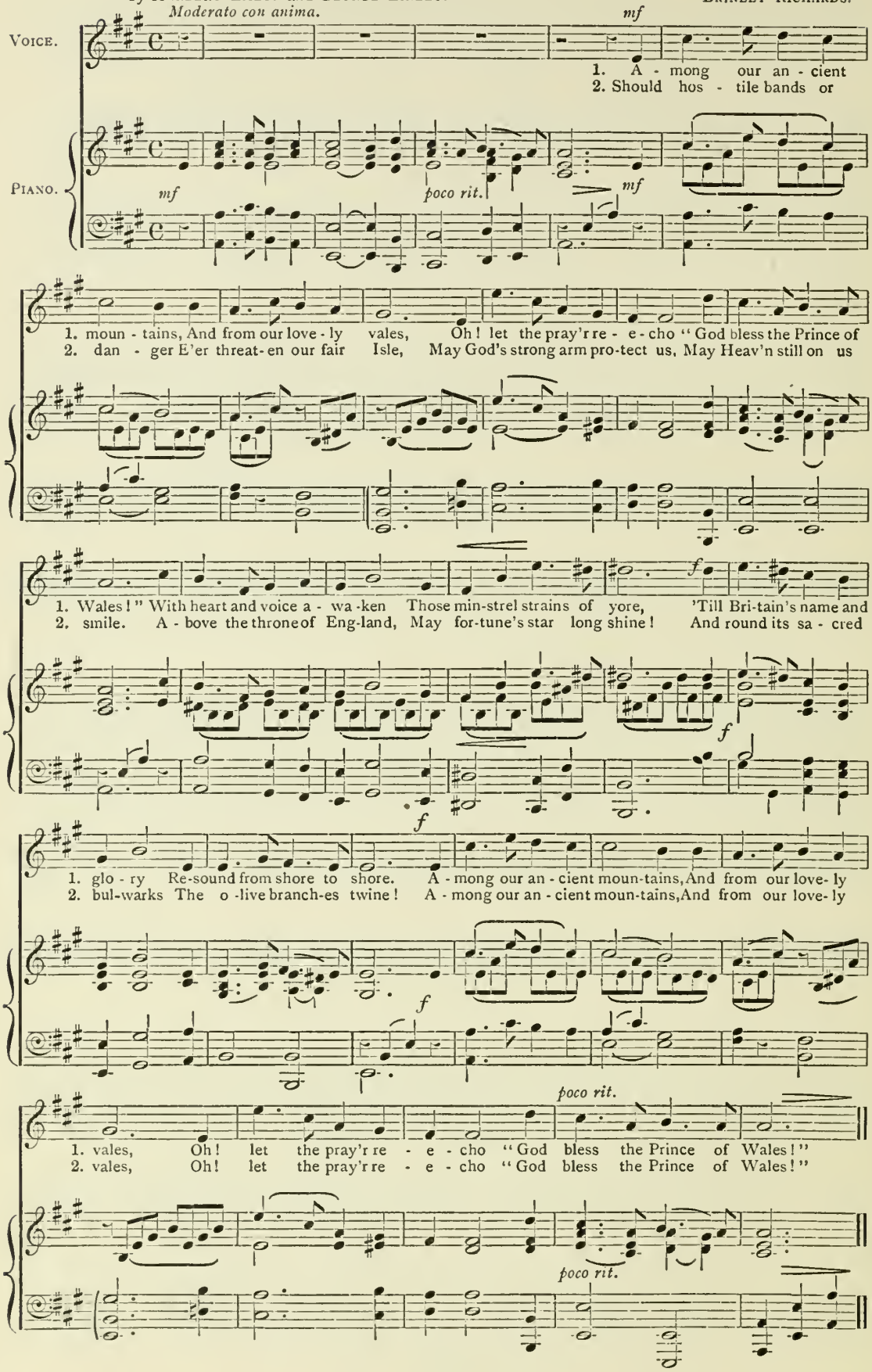
† *Maelor*, part of Denbigh and Flint.

God bless the Prince of Wales!

(AMONG OUR ANCIENT MOUNTAINS.)

Translated from the Welsh of J. Ceiriog Hughes
by Herbert Emlyn and George Linley.

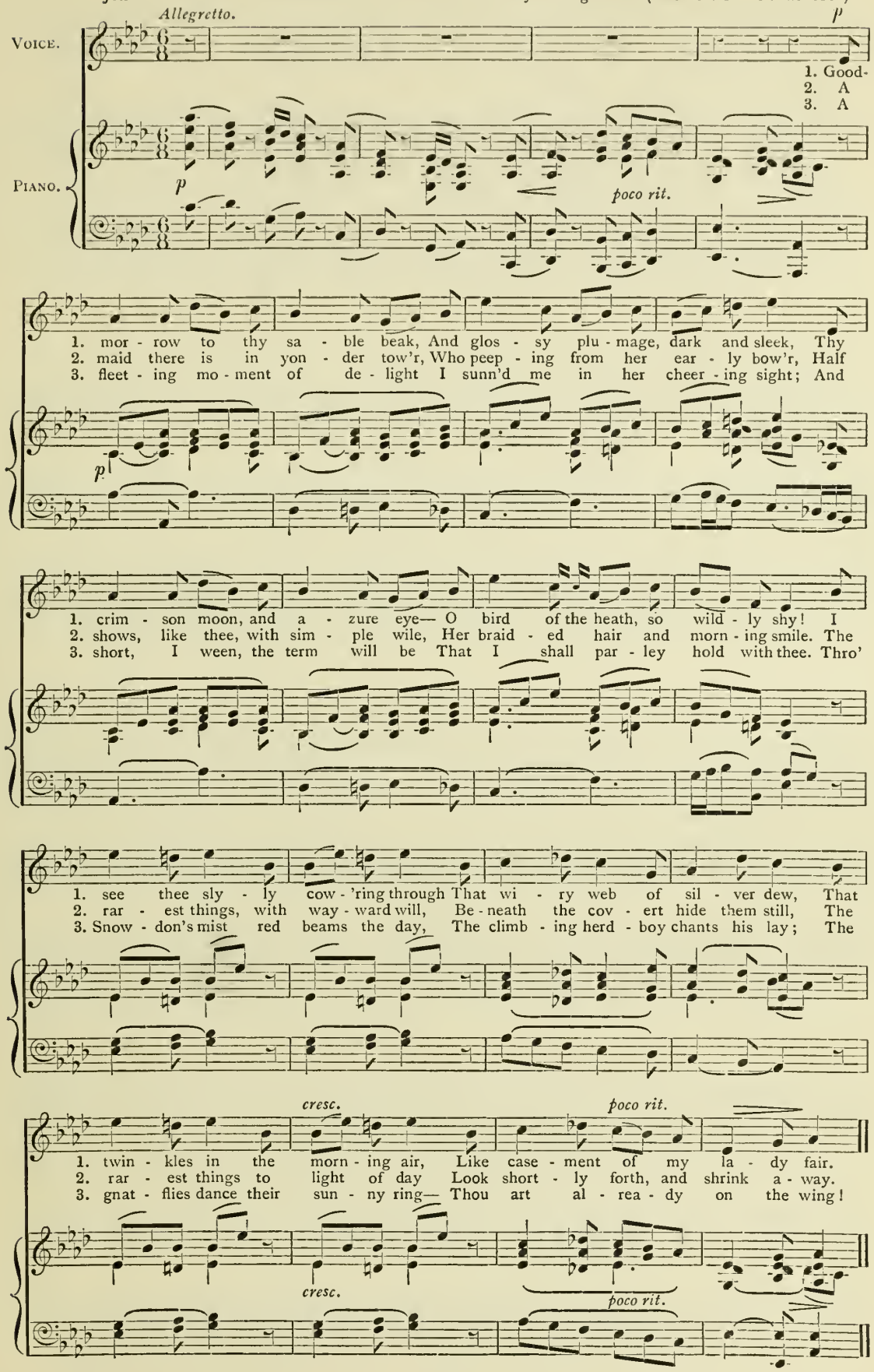
Brinley Richards.



Good-morrow to thy sable beak.

(THE BLACKCOCK.)

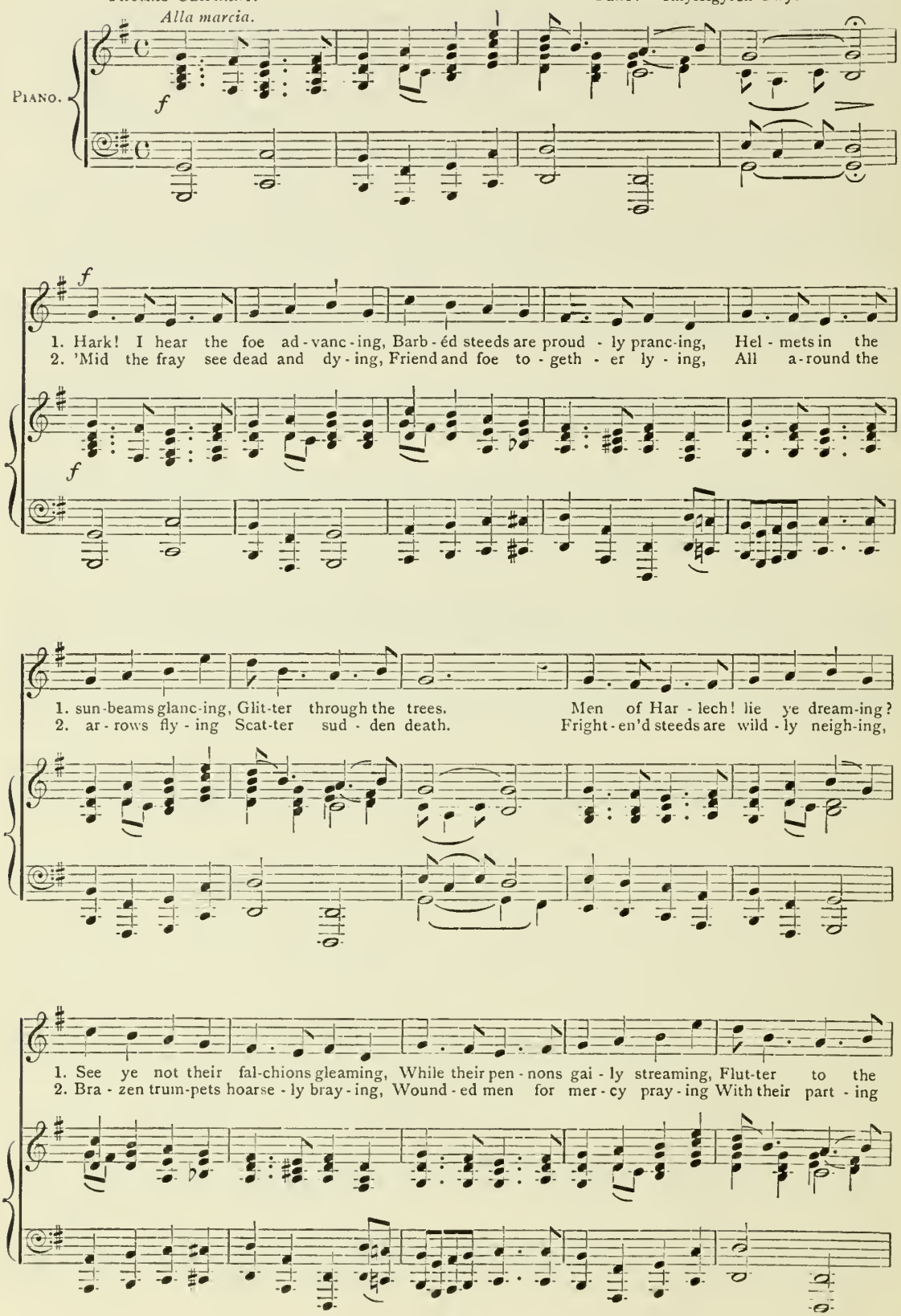
JOANNA BAILLIE. Air: "Ton y Ceiliog Dhu" (The note of the Blackcock).

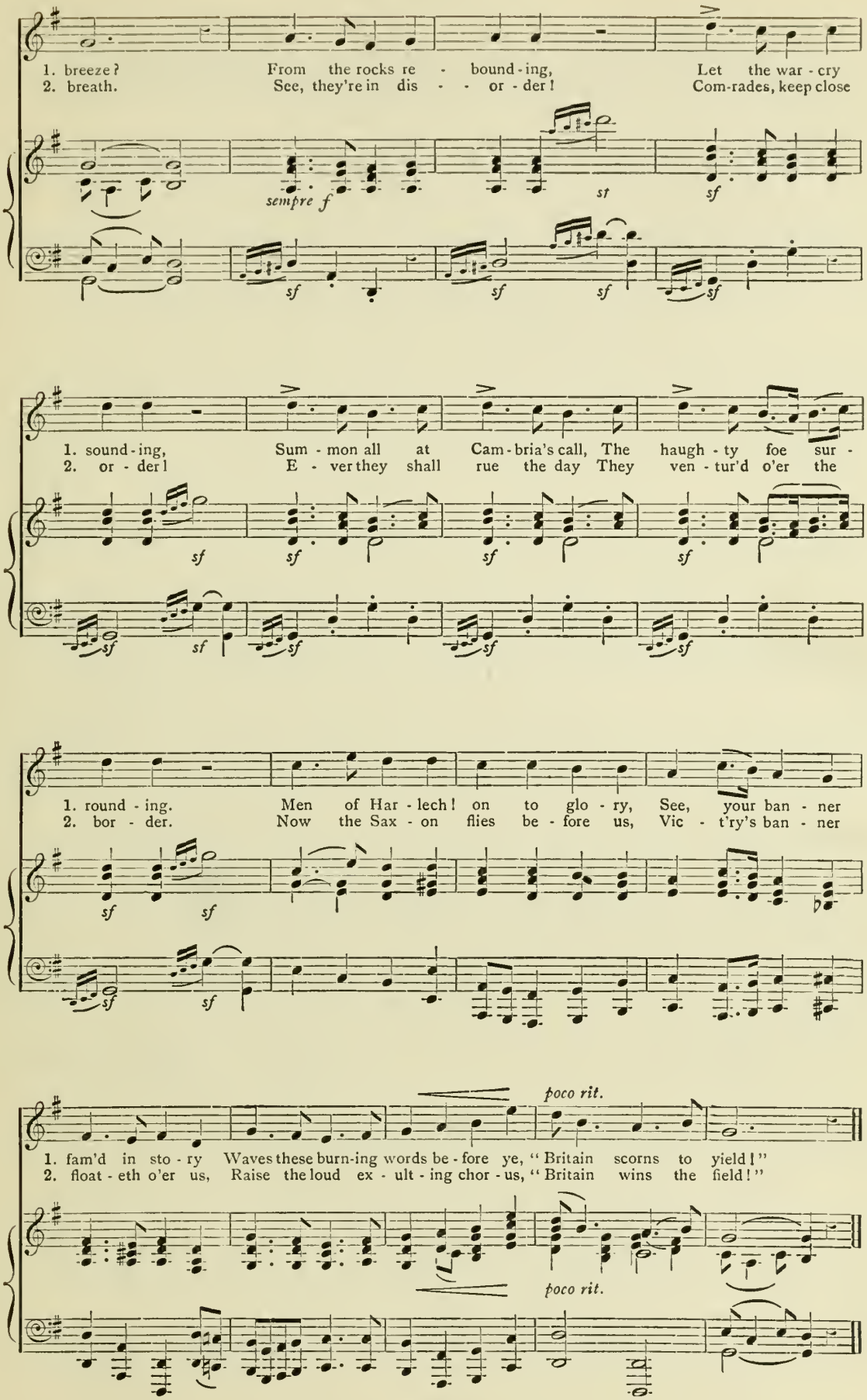


Hark! I hear the foe advancing.

(MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH.)

THOMAS OLIPHANT. Tune: "Rhyfelgyrch Gwyr Harlech."

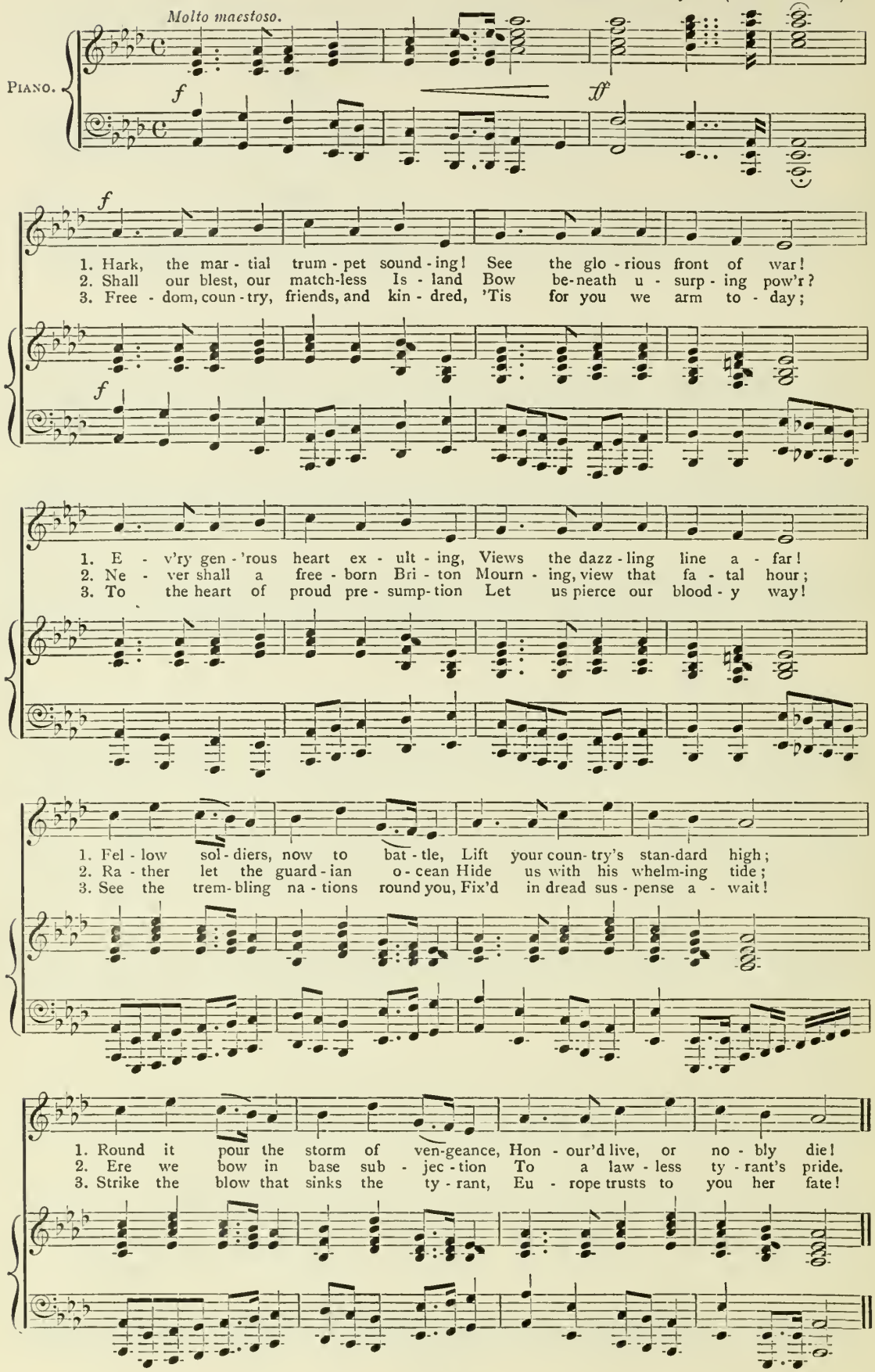



1. breeze? From the rocks re - bound - ing, Let the war - cry
2. breath. See, they're in dis - - or - der! Com-rades, keep close
sempre f
st
sf
1. sound - ing, Sum - mon all at Cam - bria's call, The haugh - ty foe sur -
2. or - der! E - ver they shall rue the day They ven - tur'd o'er the
1. round - ing. Men of Har - lech! on to glo - ry, See, your ban - ner
2. bor - der. Now the Sax - on flies be - fore us, Vic - t'ry's ban - ner
poco rit.
1. fam'd in sto - ry Waves these burn-ing words be - fore ye, "Britain scorns to yield!"
2. float - eth o'er us, Raise the loud ex - ult - ing chor - us, "Britain wins the field!"
poco rit.

Hark, the martial trumpet sounding!

(COME TO BATTLE.)

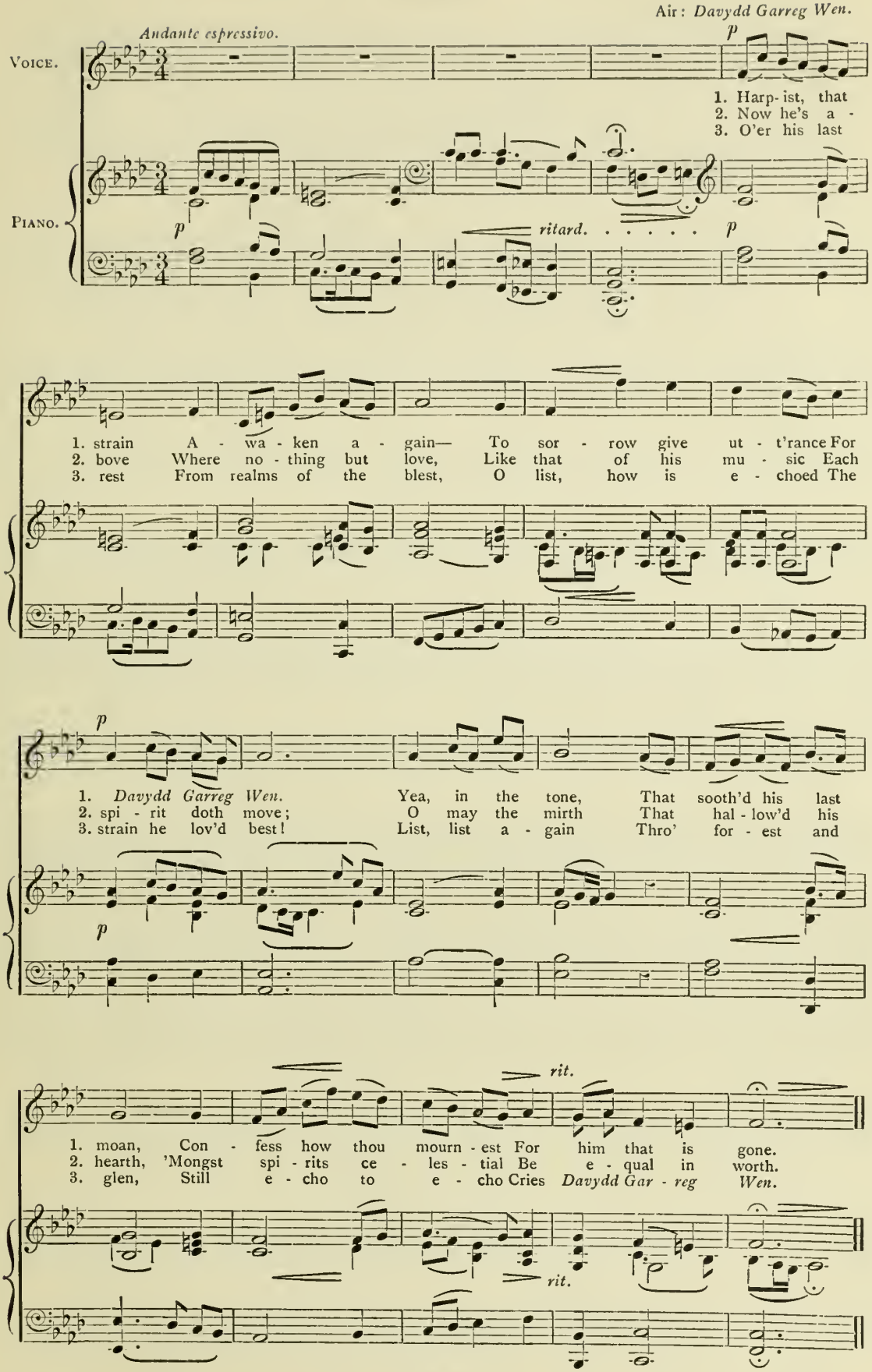
Air: "Dowch i'r Ffrwydr" (Come to Battle).



Harpist, that strain.

(LAMENT.)

Air: *Davydd Garreg Wen.*



Haste to the greenwood.

John Thomas (Ieuan Dhu). Air: "On a fair morning."

Andante.

Piano. *p con espress.* *cresc.* *rit.*

p

1. Haste to the green-wood—haste, my love; What house is like the leaf - y grove? And
2. The birch is now as soft as then, And waves as gent - ly o'er the glen, To
3. But he whom love did make a bard—Proves not his song, how thy re - gard, Like

p a tempo.

1. where's the birch al - lied to love Like that of fair Ma - sal - eg? Come,
2. me as the most lov'd of men, A - round this fair Ma - sal - eg. Where
3. *Mor - vydd's* may be thought and word For all a - round Ma - sal - eg? Thy

1. love, I'll take thee thro' the glade, By trees that blest with kind - liest shade The
2. sat the bard, his wild notes charm, Each ru - ral haunt can yet make warm, While
3. eye, thy lip, thy cheek, thy hair, If I with *Mor - vydd's* own com - pare, My

cresc. *dim. e rit.*

1. hap - piest bard and fair - est maid That e - ver trod Ma - sal - eg.
2. thou dost hear up - on my arm The loves of old Ma - sal - eg.
3. song per - haps a host will swear Is *Da - vydd's* of Ma - sal - eg.

cresc. *dim. e rit.*

Hence! away with idle sorrow!

(HUNTING THE HARE.)

ANNE HUNTER. Air: "Hela'r Ysgyfarnog."

Poco vivace.

PIANO.

sf *sf*

f

1. Hence! a way with i - dle sor - row! Bane of life's un - cer - tain hour!
2. Health and peace and spi - rits gai - ly Tem - per'd by the bux - ome air;
3. Then when fast the sun de - scend - ing Seeks his cham - bers in the west,

f sf *sf*

1. Few the joys from time we bor - row, Hold them while with - in your pow'r.
2. While such bless - ings court you dai - ly, Why pre - fer dull pin - ing care?
3. Has - ten where good cheer at - tend - ing Waits to wel - come e - v'ry guest.

sf *sf*

p *cresc.*

1. Hunt the hare o'er hills and val - ley's, Cheer - ful wake the ris - ing morn,
2. Hunt the hare o'er hills and val - ley's, Cheer - ful wake the ris - ing morn,
3. While the gob - lets gai - ly quaff - ing, Round and round you hunt the hare,

cresc. *colla voce.*

Ped. Ped. *

f

1. When she from her cham - ber sal - lies Greet her with the ear - ly horn!
2. When she from her cham - ber sal - lies Greet her with the ear - ly horn!
3. Toast - ing, sing - ing, jest - ing, laugh - ing, Drive a - way the de - mon Care!

f sf *sf*

Here's a bank with rich cowslips.

(THE QUEEN OF THE MAY.)

GEORGE DARLEY (adapted). Air: "Troiad y Droell" (The Whirling of the Spinning-wheel).

Allegretto.

VOICE. PIANO.

p

1. Here's a bank with rich
2. Here's a gar - land of
3. Here are brace - lets of
4. Then a - round you we'll

mf *f rit.* *p*

1. cow-slips and cuc - koo - buds strewn, To ex - alt your bright looks, gen - tle
2. red maid-en - ro - ses for you, Such a beau - ti - ful wreath is for
3. pearl from the fount in the dale, That the nymph of the wave on your
4. dance, and a - round you we'll sing! To soft pipe and sweet ta - bor we'll

p *p*

1. Queen of the May! Here's a cush - ion of moss for your de - li - cate
2. beau - ty a - lone! Here's a gold - en King - cup, brim - ming o - ver with
3. wrists doth be - stow; Here's a li - ly - wrought scarf, your sweet blush - es to
4. foot it a - way; And the hills, and the vales, and the for - ests shall

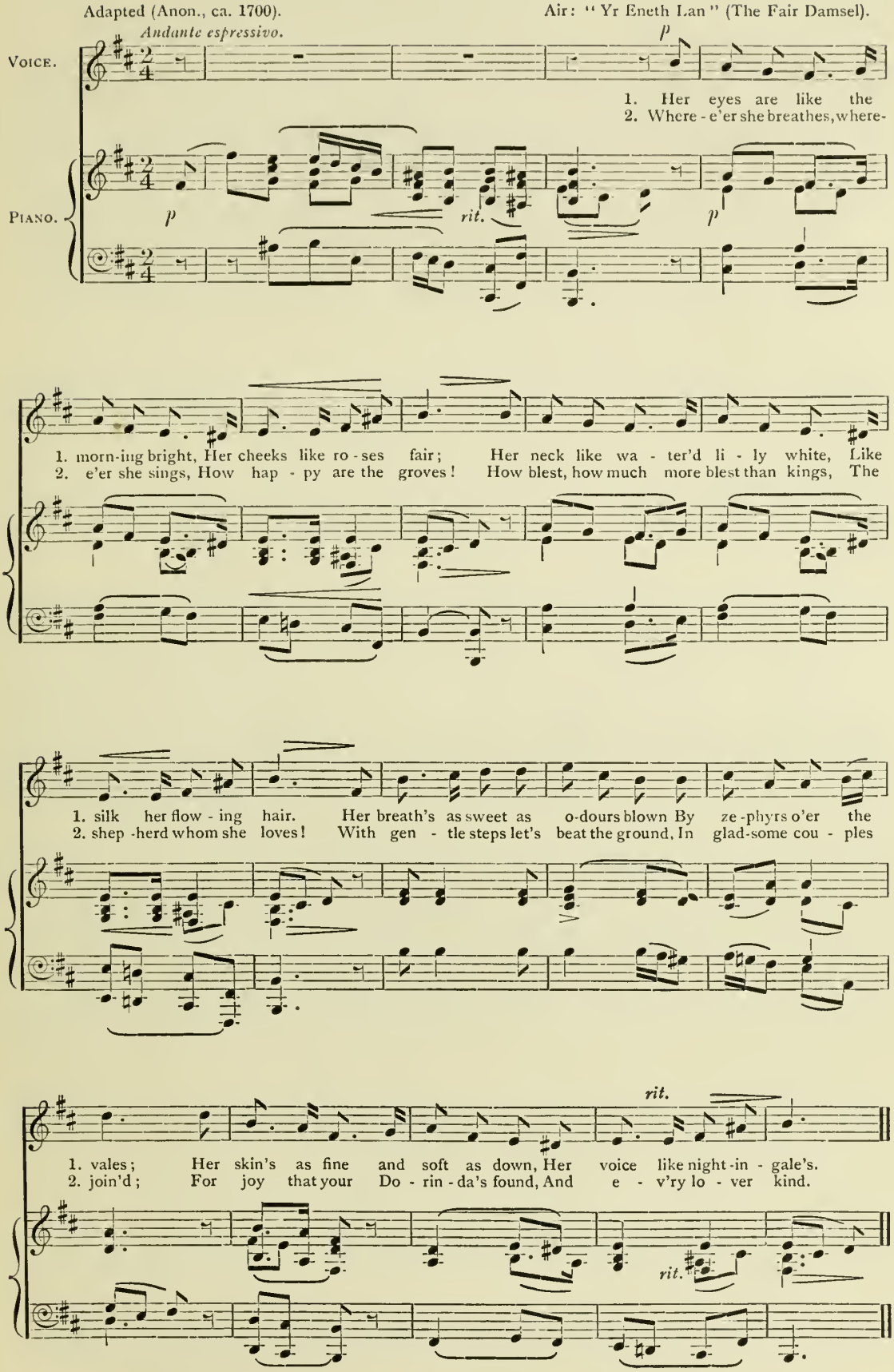
f *rit.*

1. shoon, And a wood - bine to weave you a can - o - py gay!
2. dew, To be kissed by a lip just as sweet as its own!
3. veil, Or to lie on that bo - som. like snow up - on snow!
4. ring, While we hail you our love - ly young Queen of the May!

f *rit.*

Her eyes are like the morning bright.

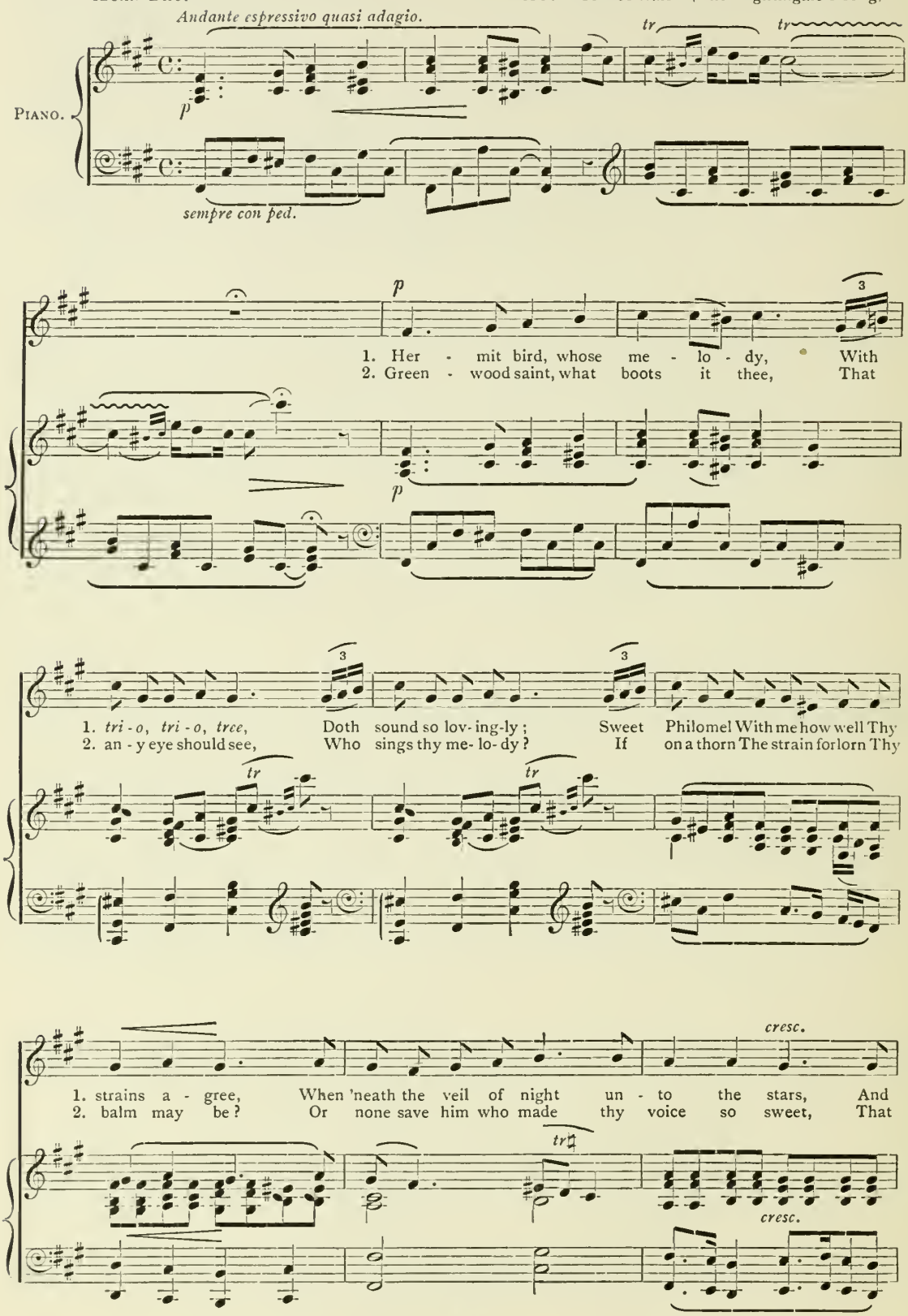
Adapted (Anon., ca. 1700). Air: "Yr Eneth Lan" (The Fair Damsel).

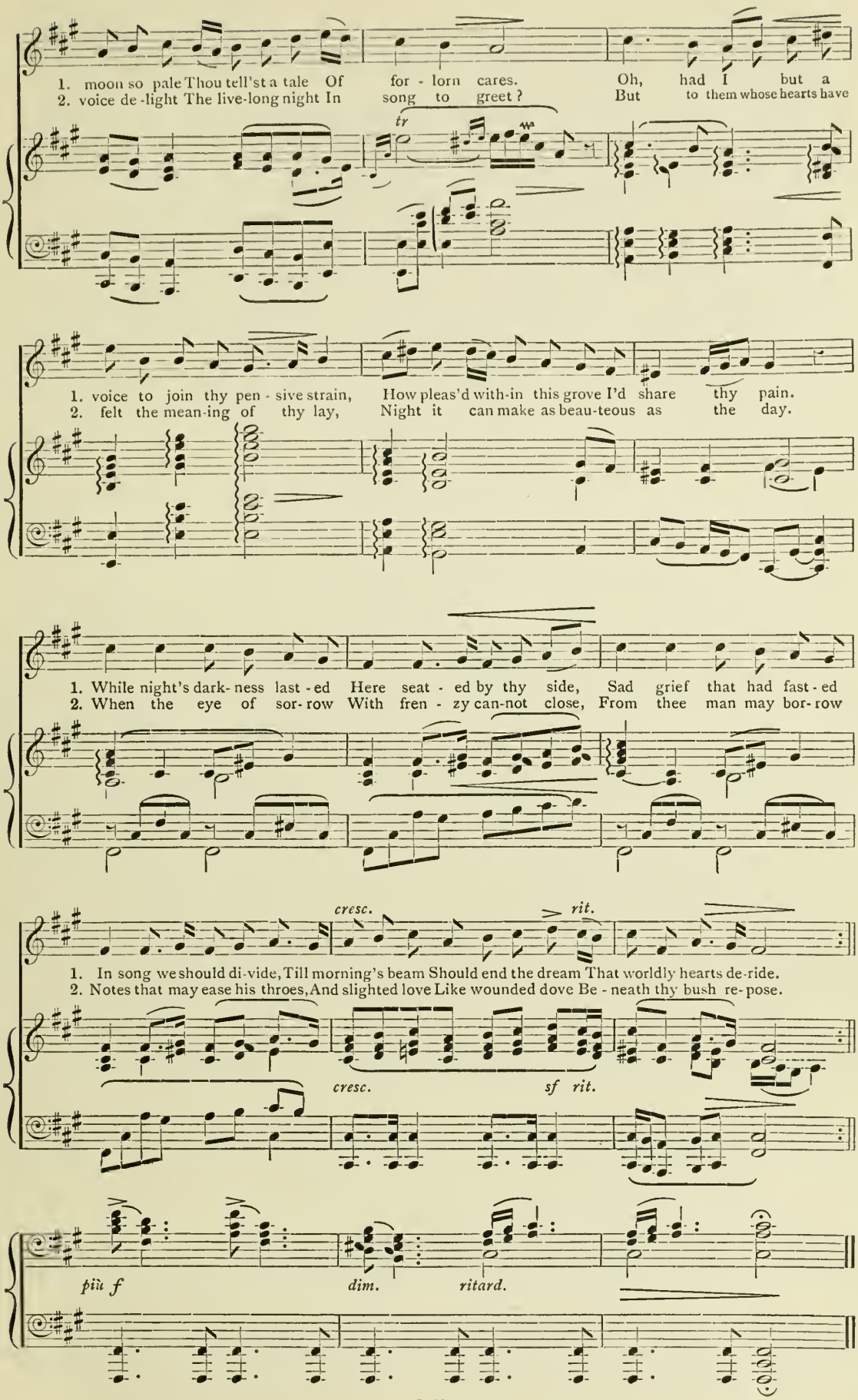


Hermit bird, whose melody.

(THE NIGHTINGALE.)

IEUAN DHU. Air: "Yr Eos Lais" (The Nightingale's song).




1. moon so pale Thou tell'st a tale Of for - lorn cares. Oh, had I but a
2. voice de -light The live-long night In song to greet? But to them whose hearts have
tr
1. voice to join thy pen - sive strain, How pleas'd with-in this grove I'd share thy pain.
2. felt the mean-ing of thy lay, Night it can make as beau-teous as the day.
1. While night's dark- ness last - ed Here seat - ed by thy side, Sad grief that had fast - ed
2. When the eye of sor- row With fren - zy can-not close, From thee man may bor- row
cresc.
rit.
1. In song we should di-vide, Till morning's beam Should end the dream That worldly hearts de-ride.
2. Notes that may ease his throes, And slighted love Like wounded dove Be - neath thy bush re-pose.
cresc.
sf rit.
più f
dim.
ritard.

The sang of the sea.

IEUAN DHU. Air by IEUAN DHU.

Moderato.

VOICE. PIANO.

p

1. He
2. He
3. He

mf *poco rit.*

1. sang of the sea, he sang of the land, He sang of a mai-den's li - ly - white hand, And
2. sang of a lass that liv'd in a mill, Who call'd her lov - er Wan - d'ring Will, And
3. sang at last the song which prov'd That like my own his heart was mov'd By

p

1. kind - ly glanc'd a - thwart. He sang of a maid who liv'd in a cot, Till he
2. Wil - liam is his name. I wish'd that in that mill were I, To
3. wish - es love be - got. And glad was I in his clos - ing song To

Con ped.

f

1. made me jea - lous of her lot, For I thought that such had some-time got Pos -
2. hear his song and gen - tly sigh, And to stand at its door when he pass'd by His
3. know I did not ex - pound it wrong, When I found my - self was all a - long The

f

rit.

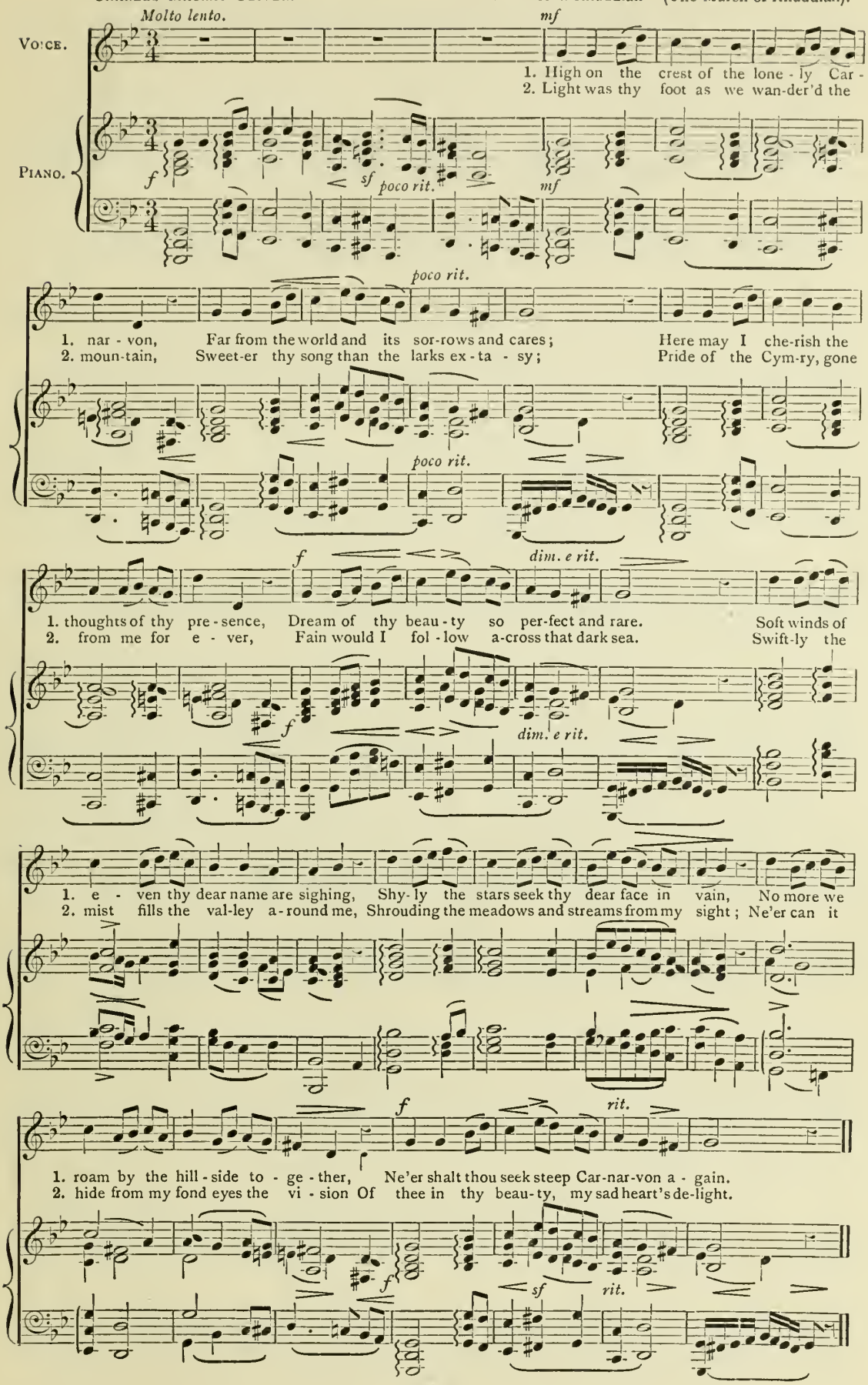
1. ses - sion of his heart.
2. wan - d'rings there to blame.
3. maid of the mill and cot.

rit. *a tempo.* *sf* *p* *rit.*

High on the crest.

CHARLES MACKAY OLIVER.

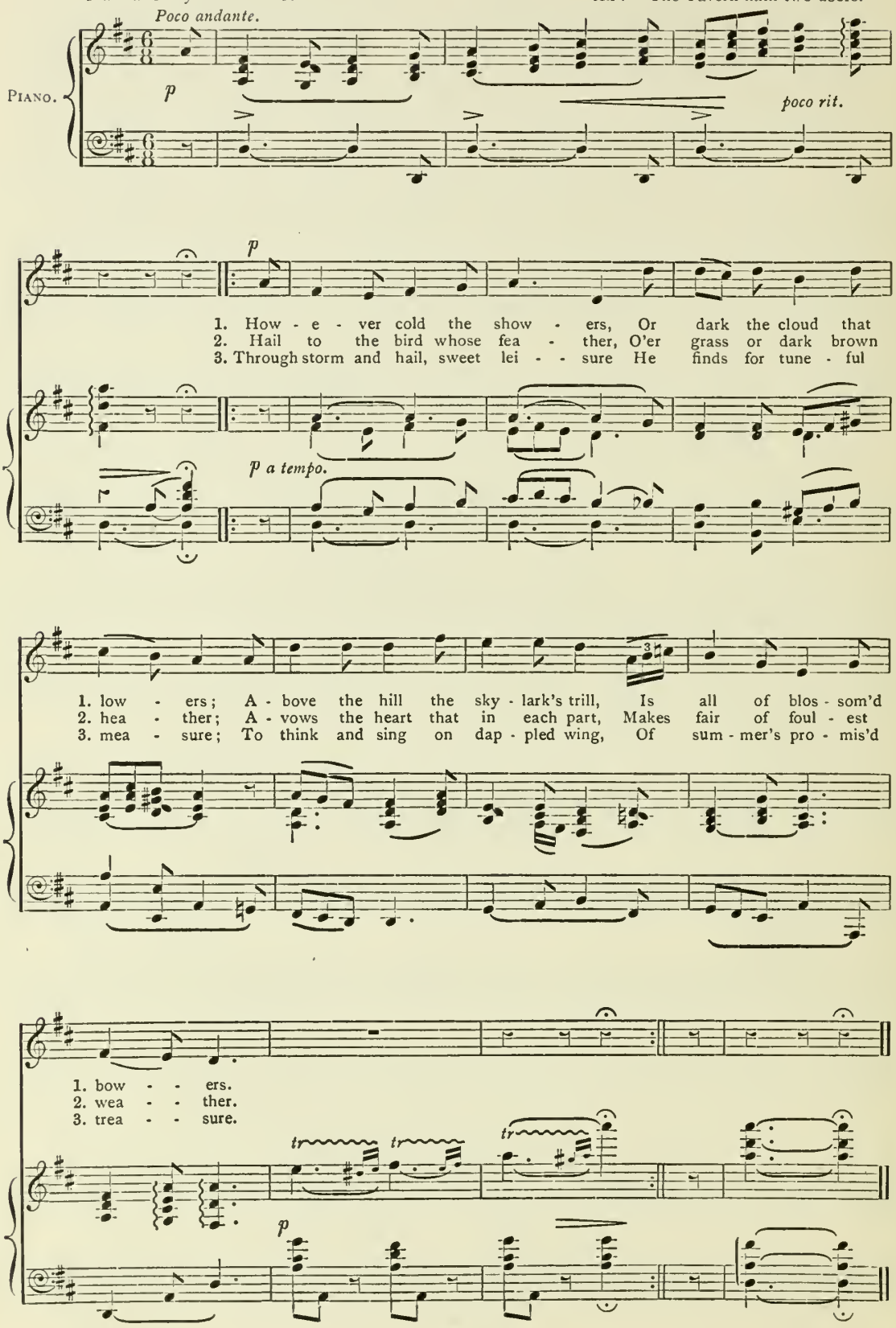
Air: "Morva Rhuddlan" (The Marsh of Rhuddlan).



However cold the showers.

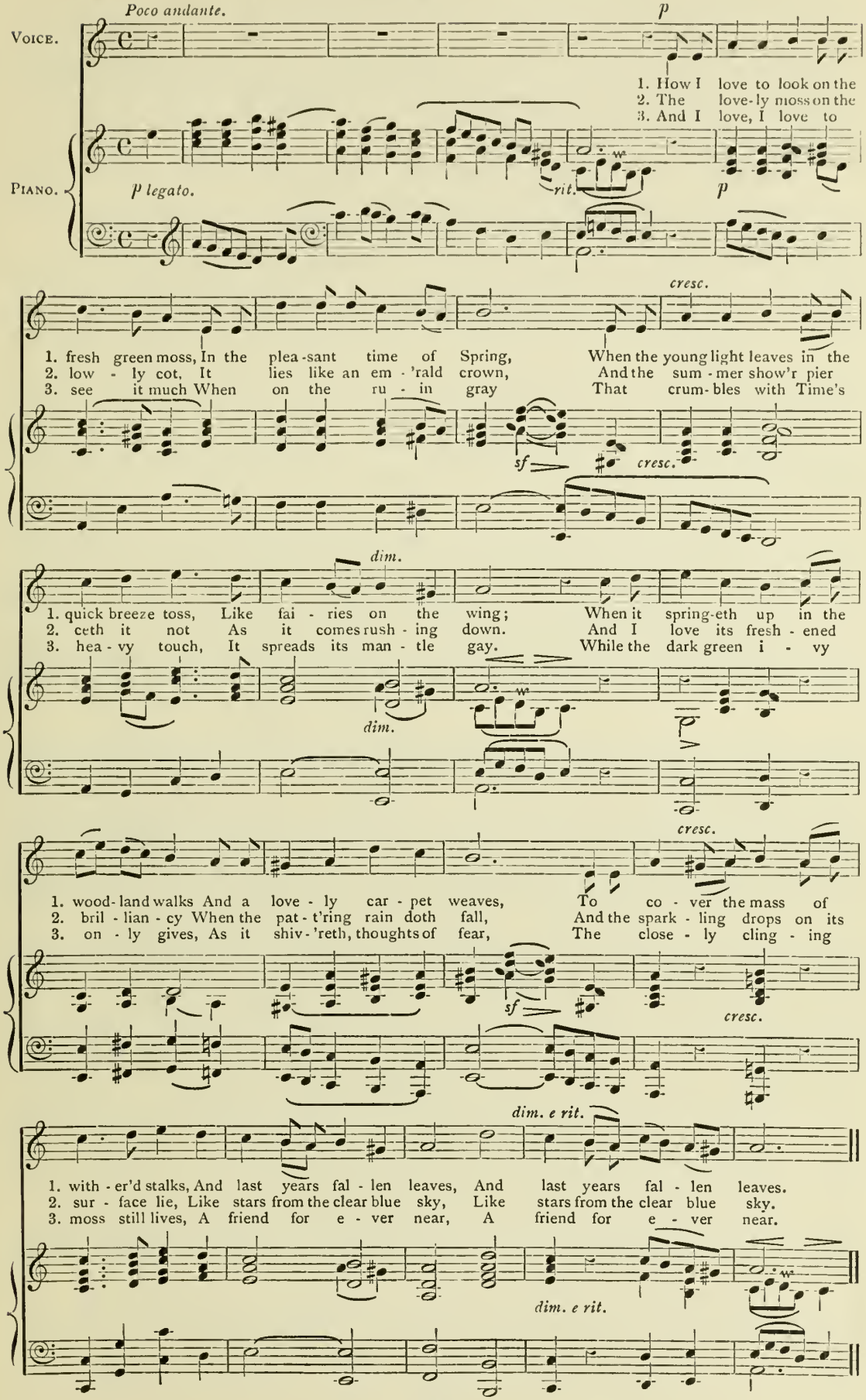
(THE SKYLARK.)

Translation by IEUAN DHU. Air: "The Tavern hath two doors."



How I love to look on the fresh green moss.

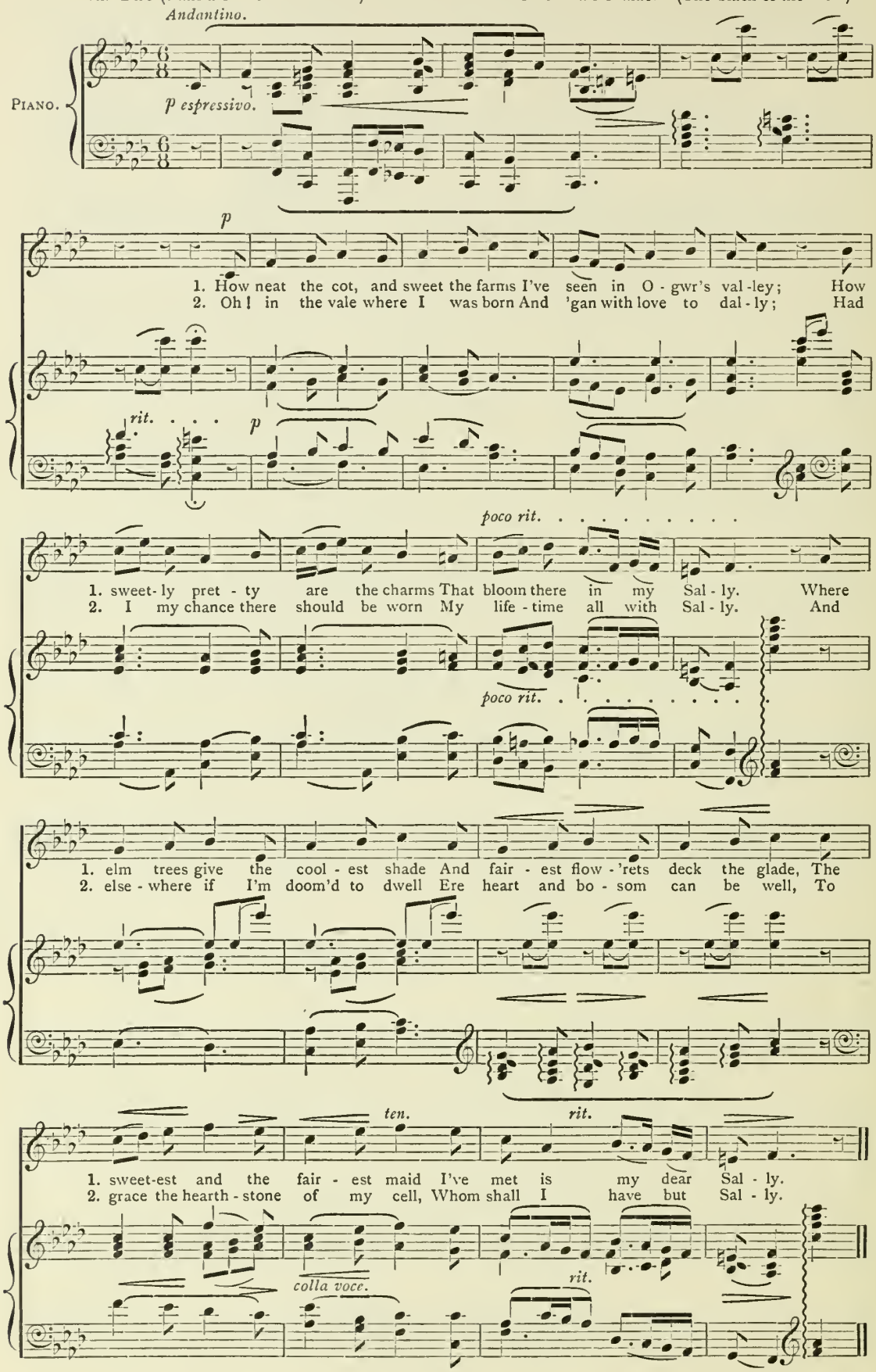
M. A. Browne (In the *Cambrian Album*, 1829). Air: "Cwyn yr Alldud" (The Exile's Complaint).



How neat the cot, and sweet the farms.

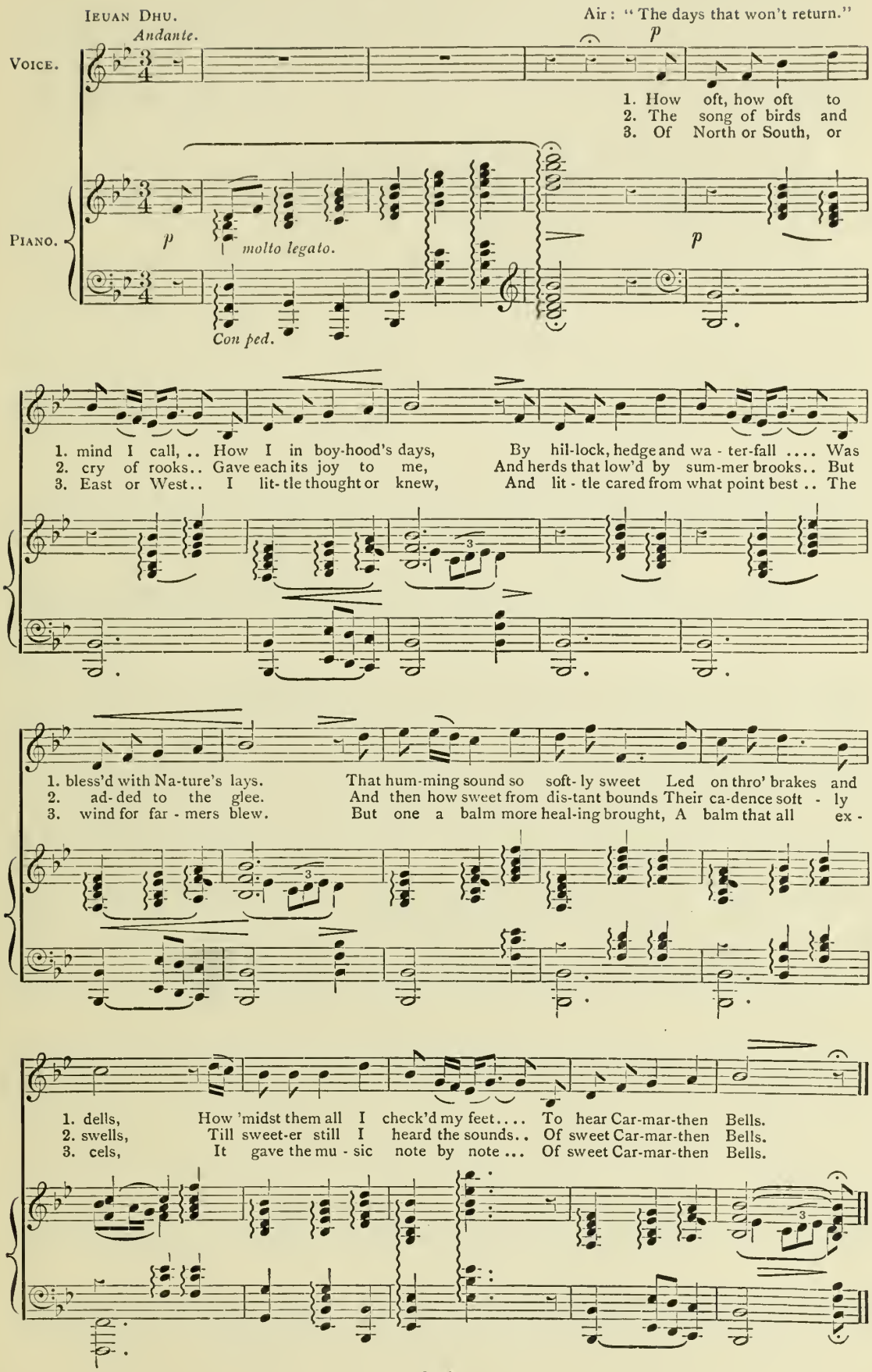
(OGWR VALLEY.)

IEUAN DHU (translated from the Welsh). Air: "Beth wneir o'r llais ei afael" (The Slack of the Hold).



How oft to mind I call.

(CARMARTHEN BELLS.)



I am a jolly miller.

TALHAIARN. Air: "Dull o'r Triban."

Spiritoso. *mf*

VOICE.

1. I am an hon - est
2. She's sweet - er than the
3. I met her in the
4. I said, I love you
5. Said I my dar - ling
6. We'll set the bells a -

PIANO. *mf* *f* *mf*

cresc. *f*

1. mil - ler, I'll sing a sim - ple lay In hon - our of my sweet - heart Whose
2. morn - ing, And fair - er than the day, When dew-drops deck the blos - soms In the
3. eve - ning, Be - neath the haw - thorn tree, I told her how I loved her In
4. dear - ly, As dear - ly as my life, She sigh'd, she blush'd, and whis - per'd, Then
5. Ma - ry, My house and heart are thine, The sheep, the pigs, the poul - try, And
6. ring - ing, Our vil - lage shall be gay, To cel - e - brate my wed - ding With

cresc. *f*

1. name is Ma - ry Bray; Fa la la la la la la la! Whose name is Ma - ry
2. mer - ry month of May; Fa la la la la la la la! In the mer - ry month of
3. all sin - cer - i - ty; Fa la la la la la la la! In all sin - cer - i -
4. I will be your wife; Fa la la la la la la la! Then I will be your
5. e - v'ry - thing that's mine; Fa la la la la la la la! And e - v'ry - thing that's
6. gen - tle Ma - ry Bray; Fa la la la la la la la! With gen - tle Ma - ry

1. Bray.
2. May.
3. ty.
4. wife.
5. mine.
6. Bray.

f

I am a shepherd boy.

IEUAN DHU. Air: "Cerdinen" (The Fern).

Lento con espressione.

PIANO. *p* *cresc.*

1. I am a shep-herd boy And ma - ny sights there be,..... In
2. O had I songs e - now, With ne - ver end- ing rhyme, .. From
3. A song to praise my lambs, A song to laud my ewes..... A

rit.

1. stream and for - est, cloud and sky To give de- light to me; The ris- ing lark At dawn I mark, When
2. morn till eve-ning's la - test glow I'd mea- sure wea - ry time; Then of the verse I could re-hearse, I'd
3. song to praise my long horn'd rams And the food each first-ling chews; A ca- rol gay In praise of May, June

cresc.

1. soar-ing up so high; And with glad throat I try his note When.. like a mote He
2. make my dai - ly clock; And count the hours Of dews and show'rs, And .. growth of flow'rs. And
3. and Ju - ly as well; A mad - rig - al To praise the vale, And .. joy - ous hail The

cresc.

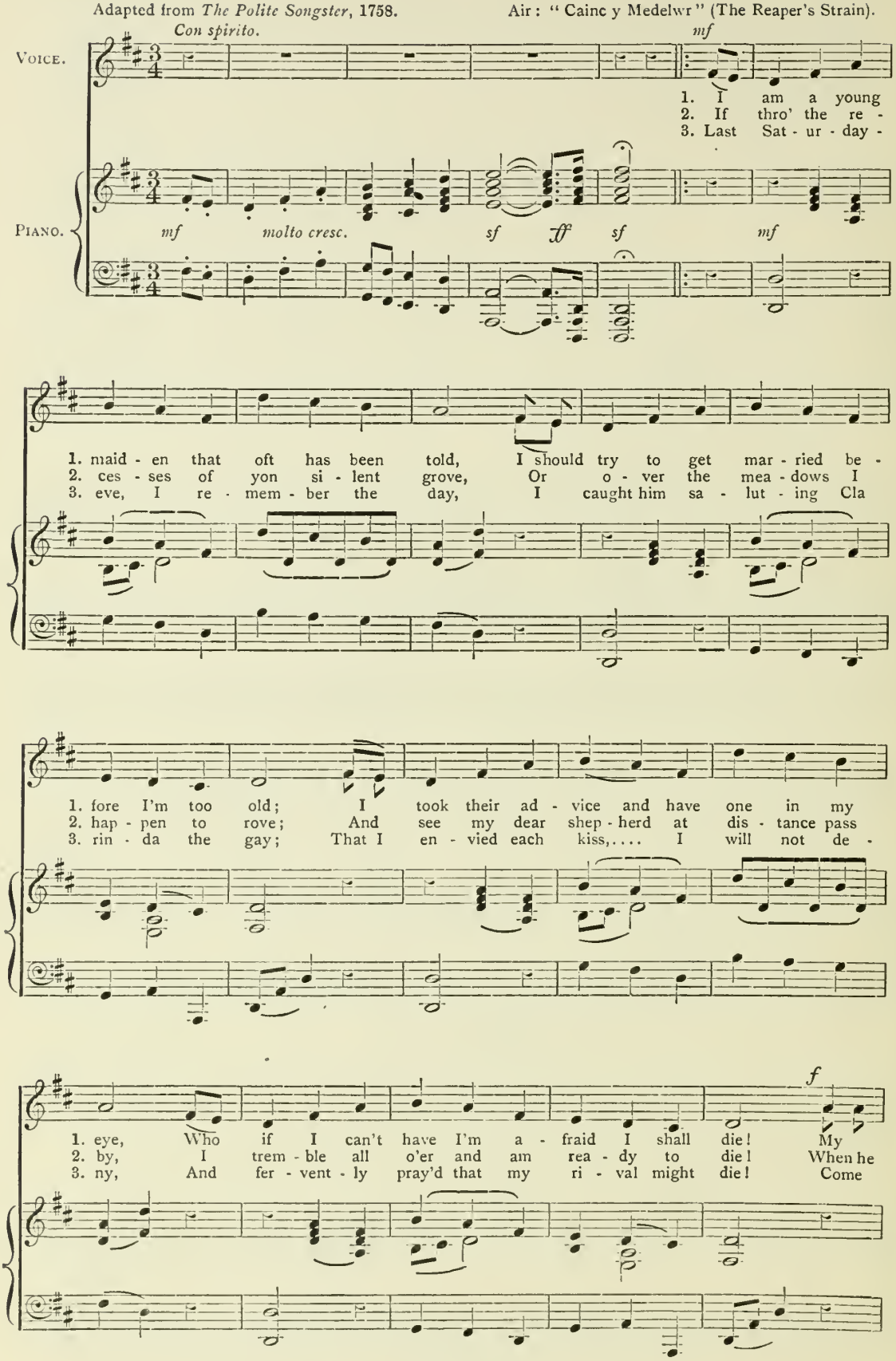
rit.

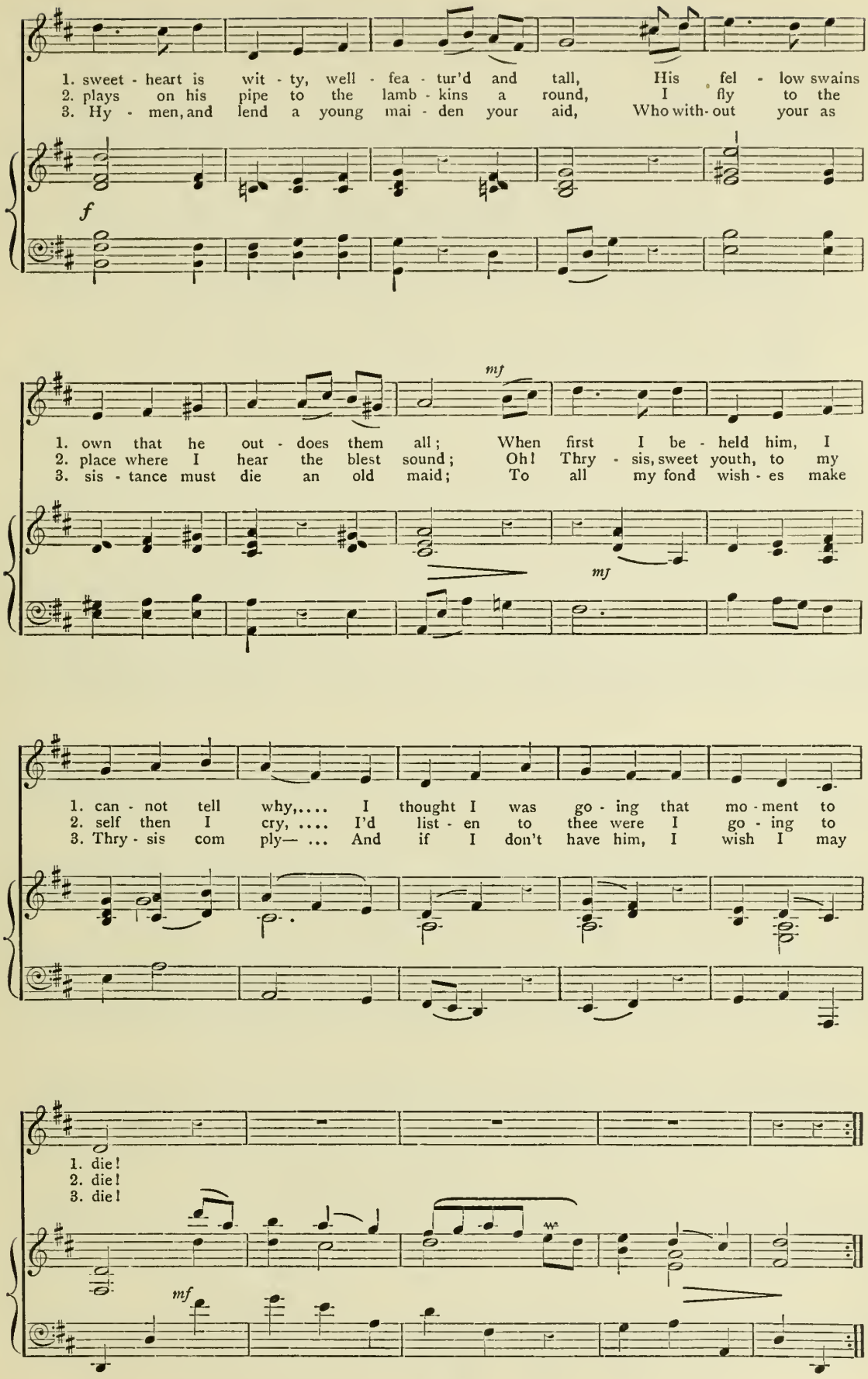
1. seemeth to my eye,.... Till down a - gain his flight I ken, 'Mid bar- ley, wheat or rye.
2. e'en my hap-py flock, .. And by my lays I'd count my days That blest my flee - cy stock.
3. for-est, hill and dale, ..And songs 'bove all For her I call My love - ly win-some Nell.

rit.

I am a young maiden.

Adapted from *The Polite Songster*, 1758. Air: "Cainc y Medelwr" (The Reaper's Strain).



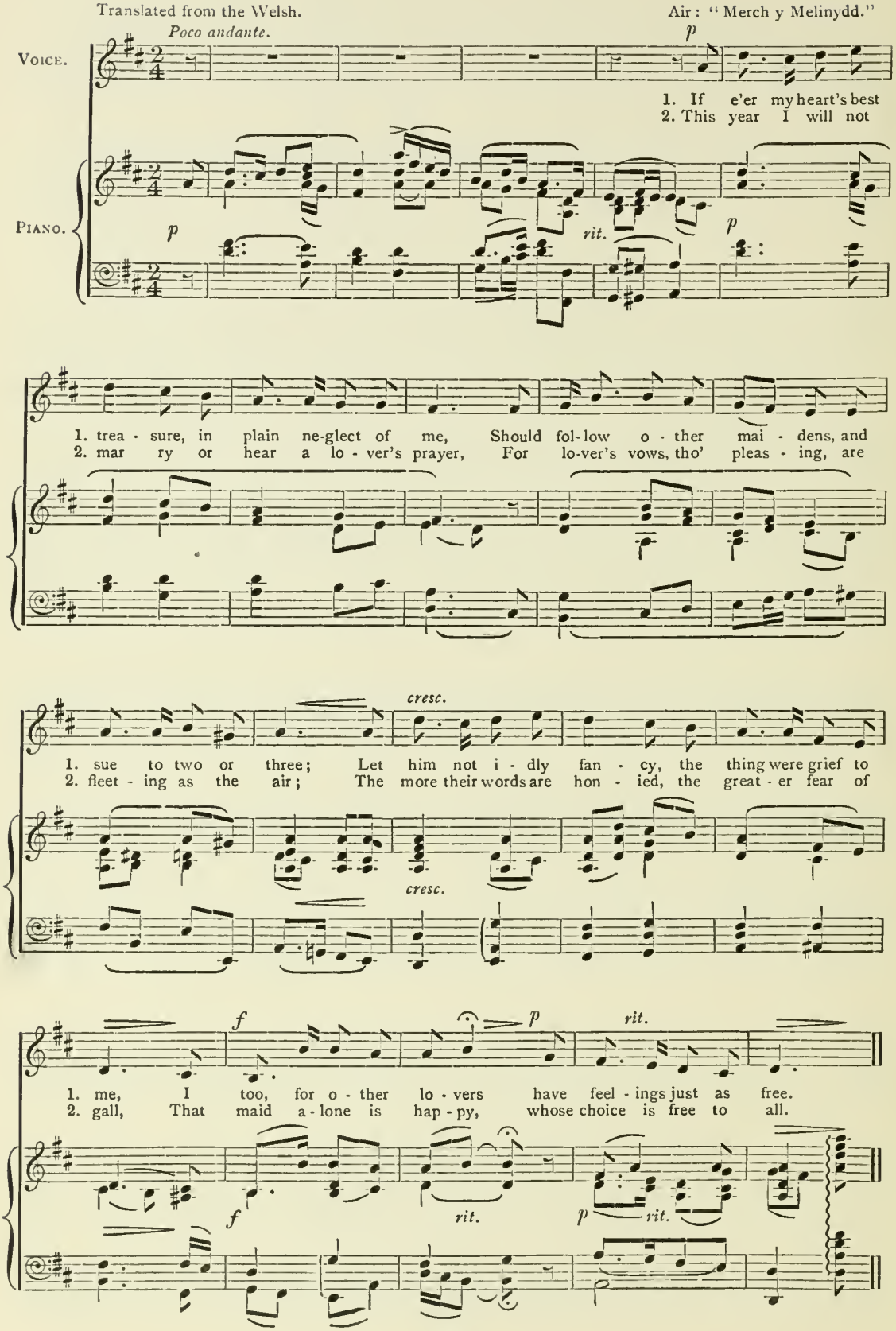

1. sweet - heart is wit - ty, well - fea - tur'd and tall, His fel - low swains
2. plays on his pipe to the lamb - kins a round, I fly to the
3. Hy - men, and lend a young mai - den your aid, Who with - out your as
f
1. own that he out - does them all; When first I be - held him, I
2. place where I hear the blest sound; Oh! Thry - sis, sweet youth, to my
3. sis - tance must die an old maid; To all my fond wish - es make
mf
mf
1. can - not tell why,.... I thought I was go - ing that mo - ment to
2. self then I cry, ... I'd list - en to thee were I go - ing to
3. Thry - sis com ply— ... And if I don't have him, I wish I may
1. die!
2. die!
3. die!
mf

If e'er my heart's best treasure.

(THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.)

Translated from the Welsh.

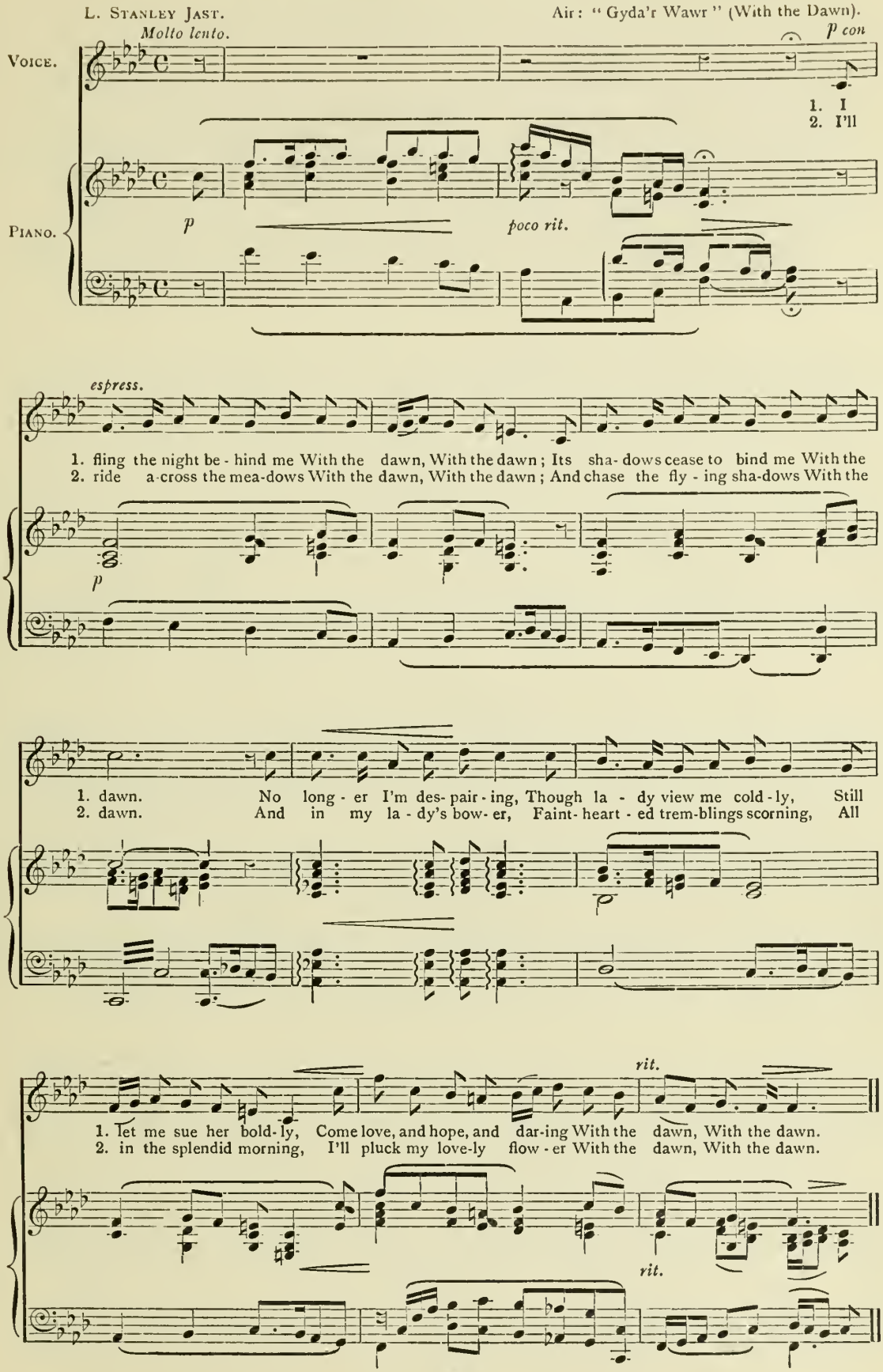
Air: "Merch y Melinydd."



I fling the night behind me with the dawn.

L. Stanley Jast.

Air: "Gyda'r Wawr" (With the Dawn).

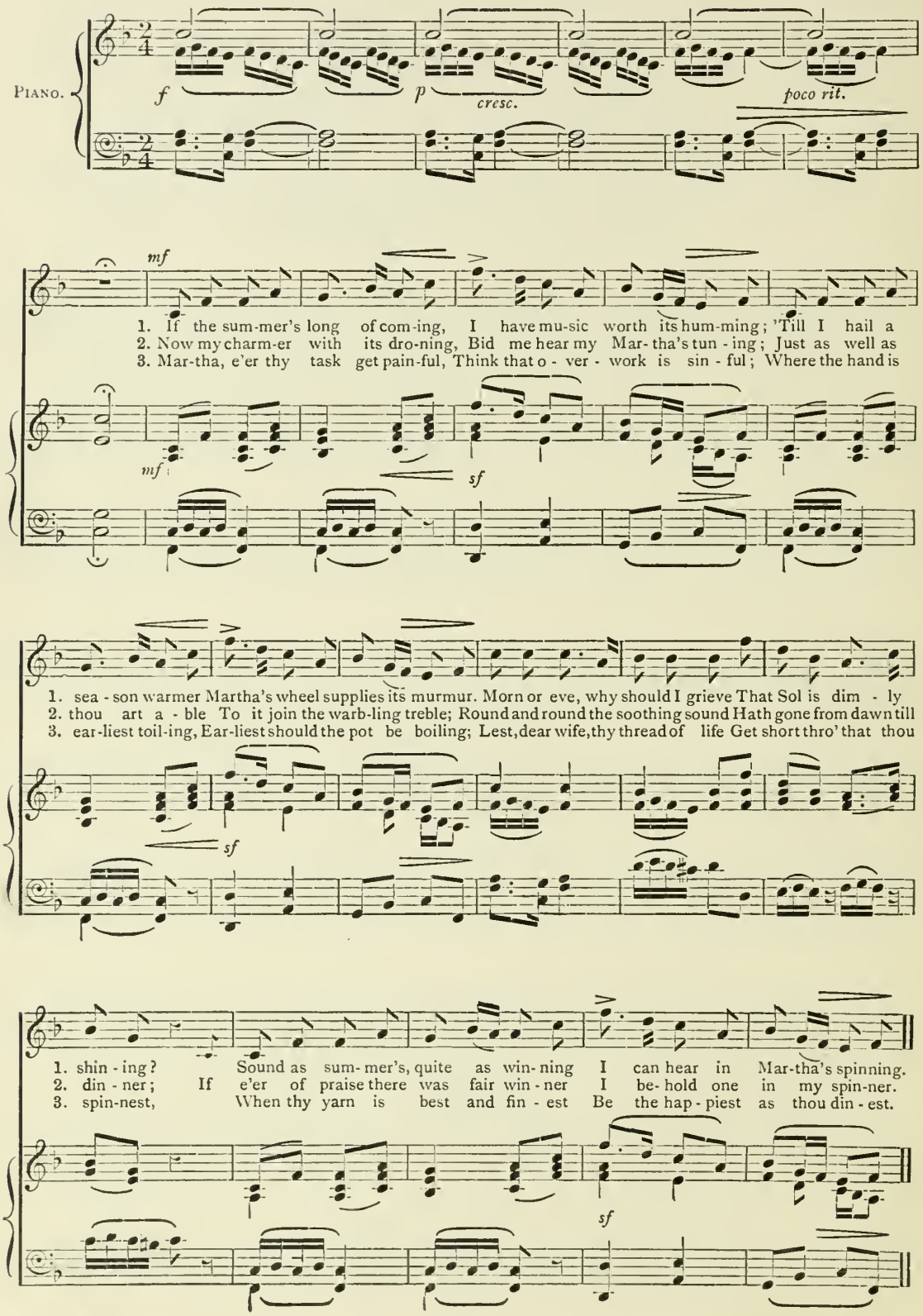


If the summer's long of coming.

(MARTHA'S SPINNING-WHEEL.)

Translated from the Welsh by IEUAN DHU. Air: "Y Bachgen Tawel."

Allegretto.

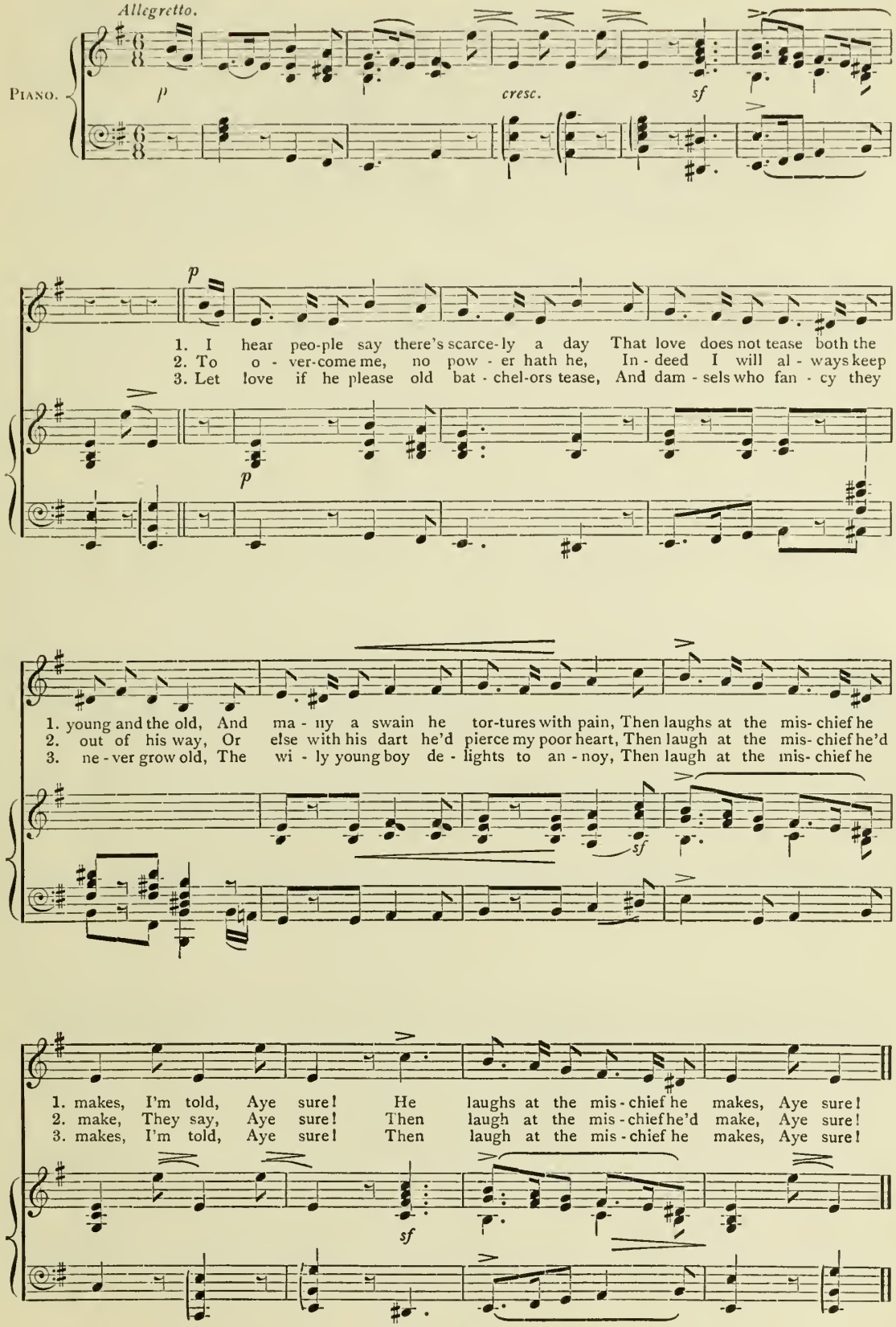


I hear people say.

(AYE SURE!)

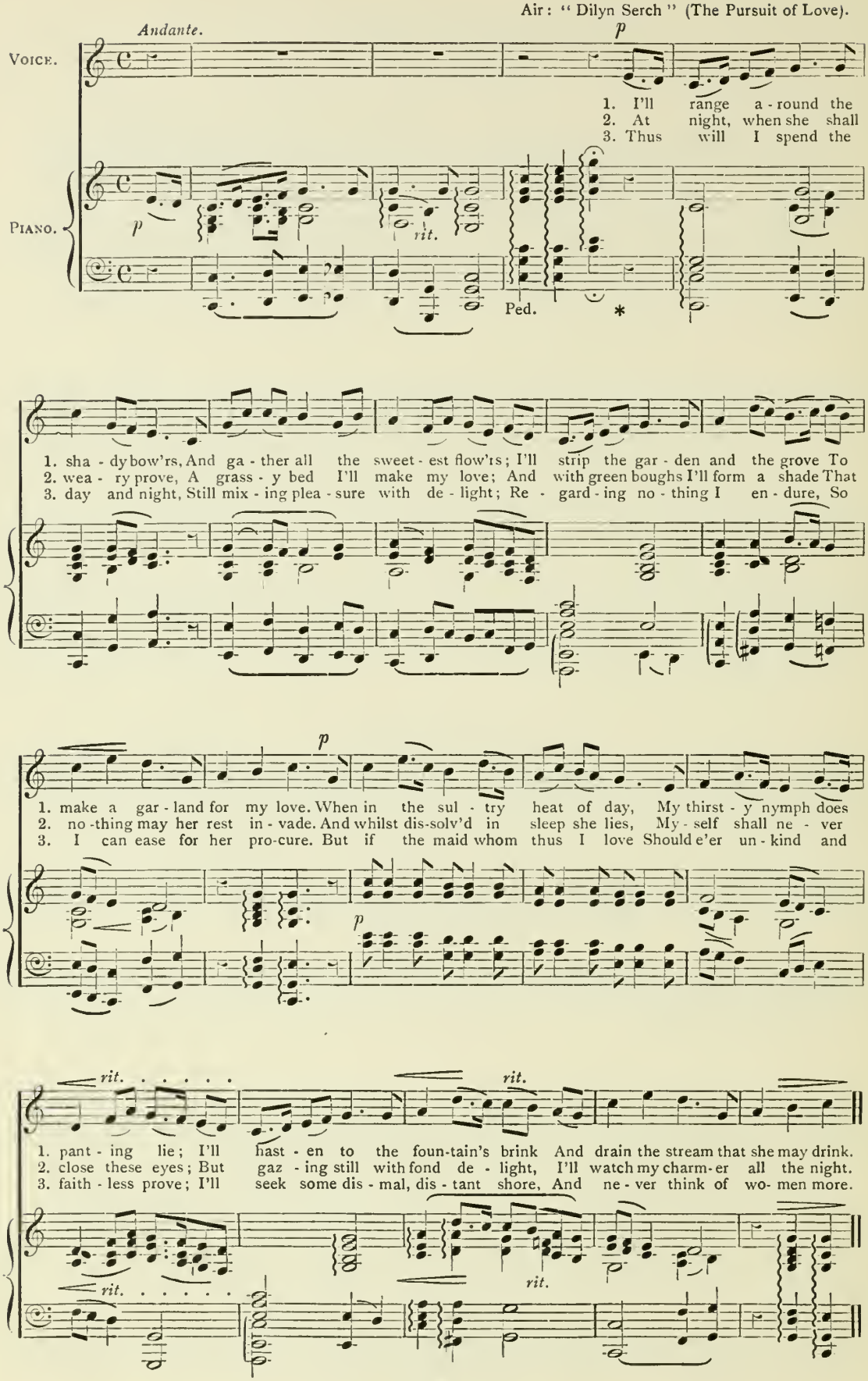
J. PARRY.

Allegretto.



I'll range around the shady bowers.

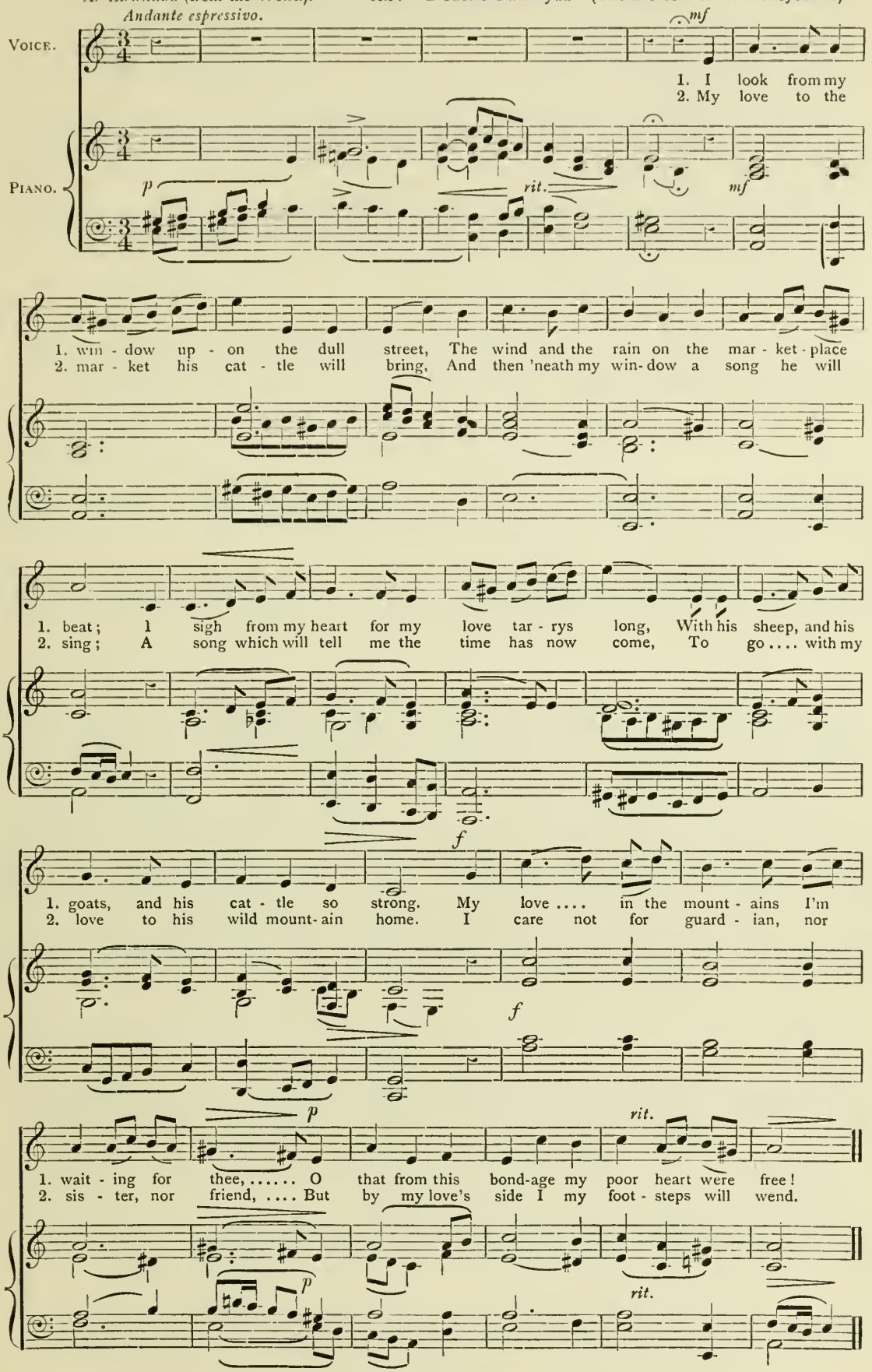
Air: "Dilyn Serch" (The Pursuit of Love).



I look from my window.

(WAITING.)

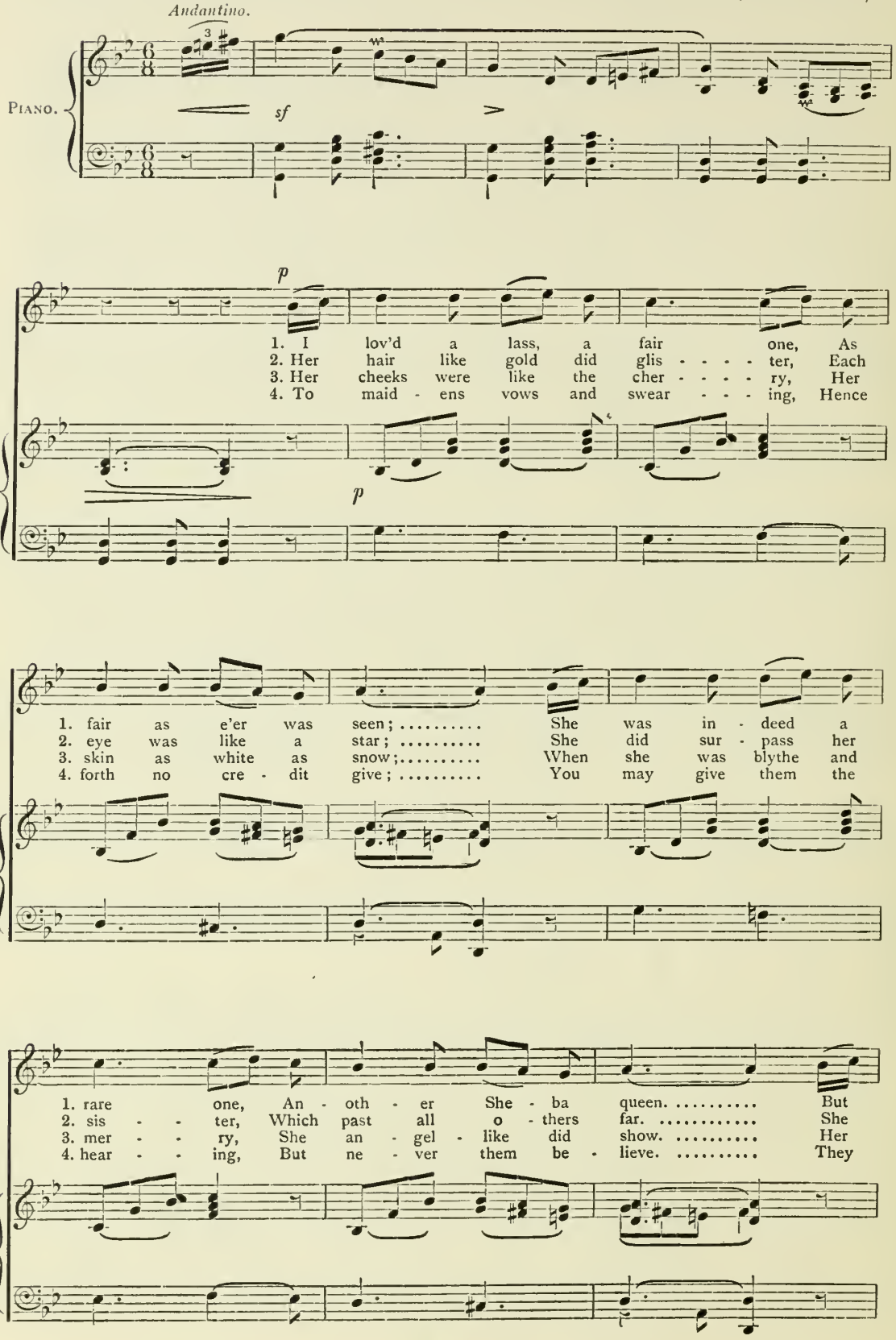
A. Edwards (from the Welsh). Air: "Blodeu'r Gwinwydd" (The Blossom of the Honeysuckle).

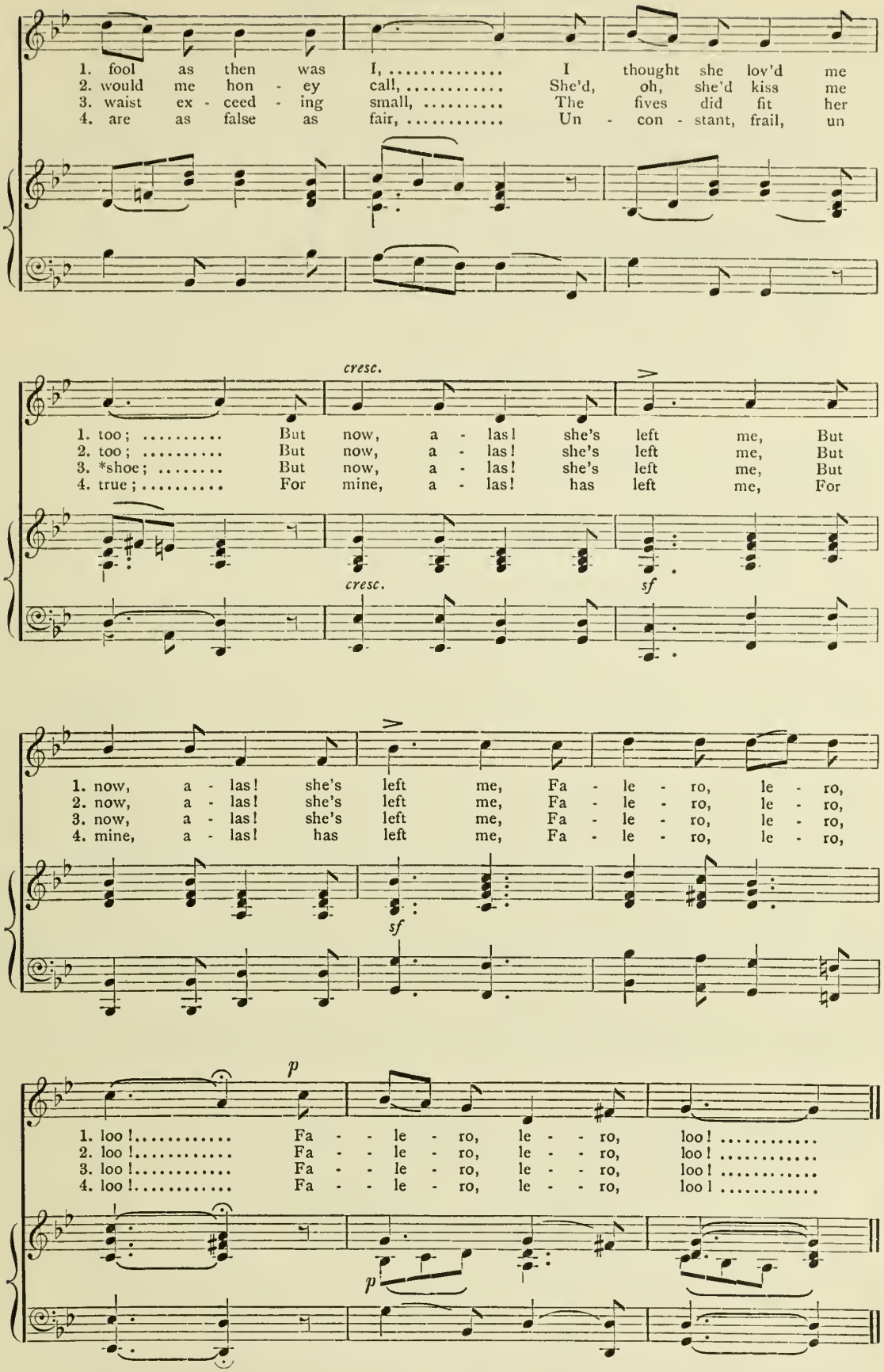


I lov'd a lass, a fair one.

George Wither, 1588–1667 (adapted). Air: "Y Gofid glâs" (The Blue Devils).

Andantino.



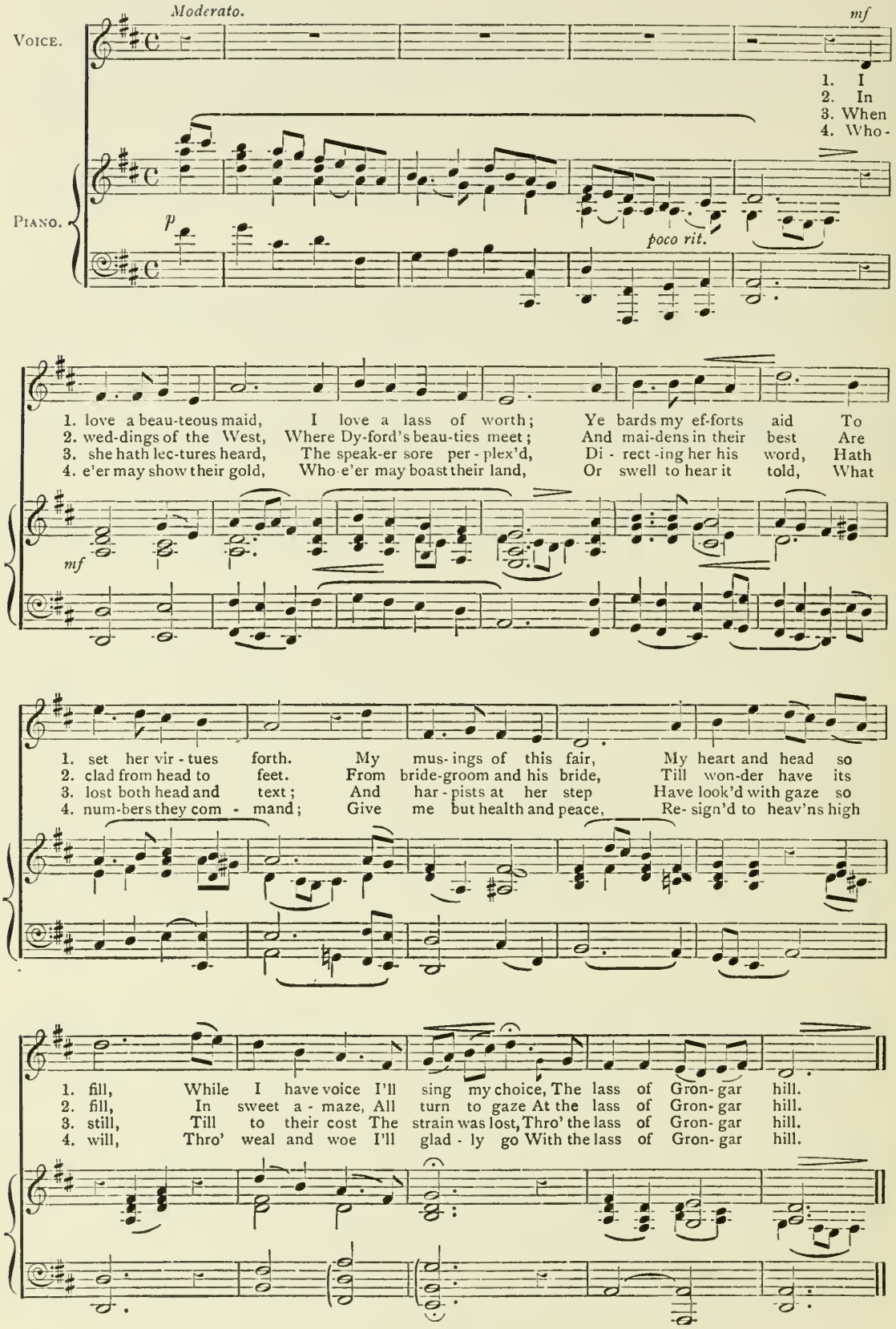


* This is understood to mean that her shoes were made upon last No. 5, being one of the smallest size.

I love a beauteous maid.

(THE LASS OF GRONGAR HILL.)

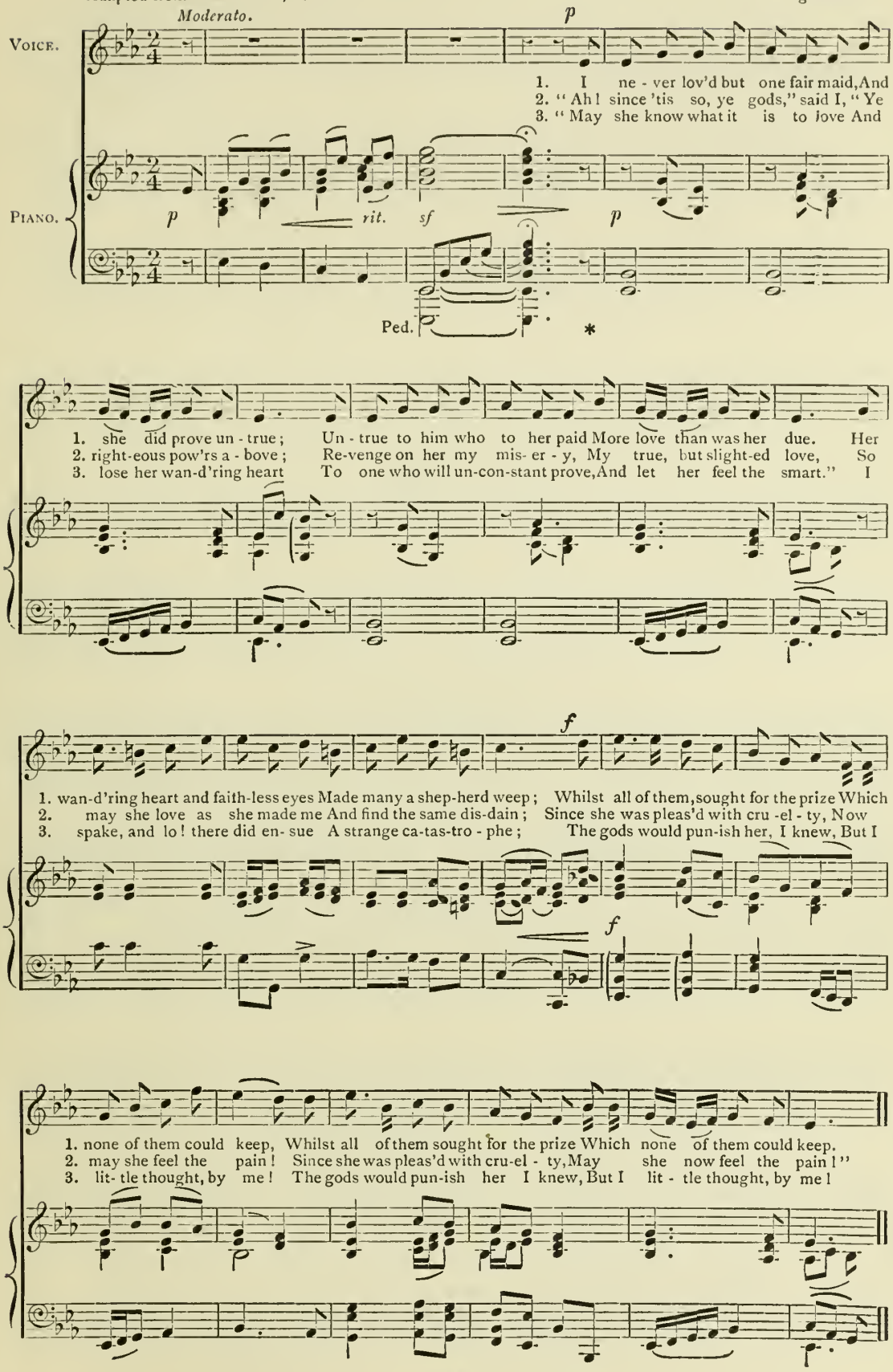
IEUAN DHU. Air: "Y Garrey Lwyd" (The Gray Stone).



I never lov'd but one fair maid.

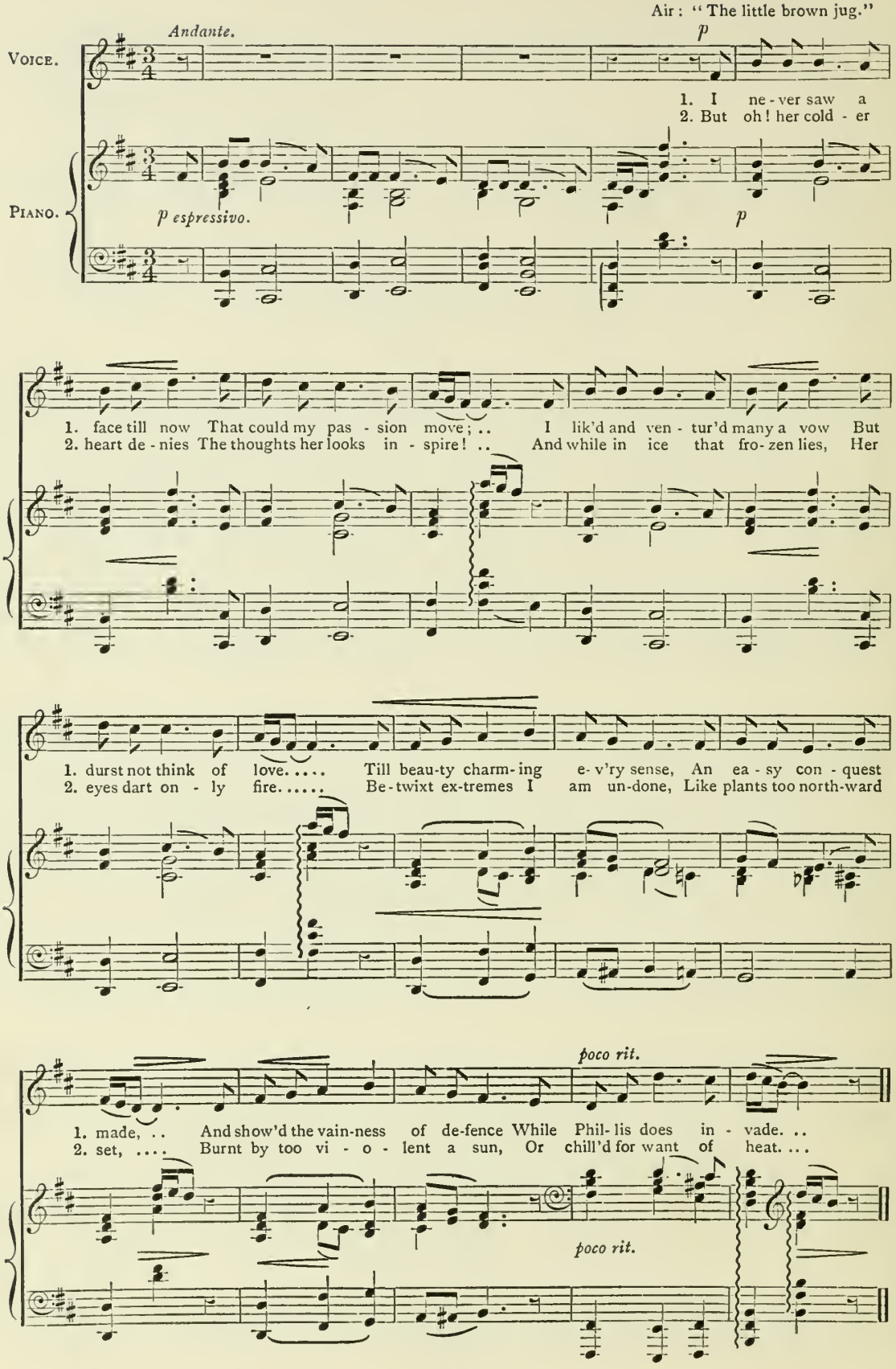
Adapted from *The Thrush*, 1749. Air: "Gogerddan."

Moderato.



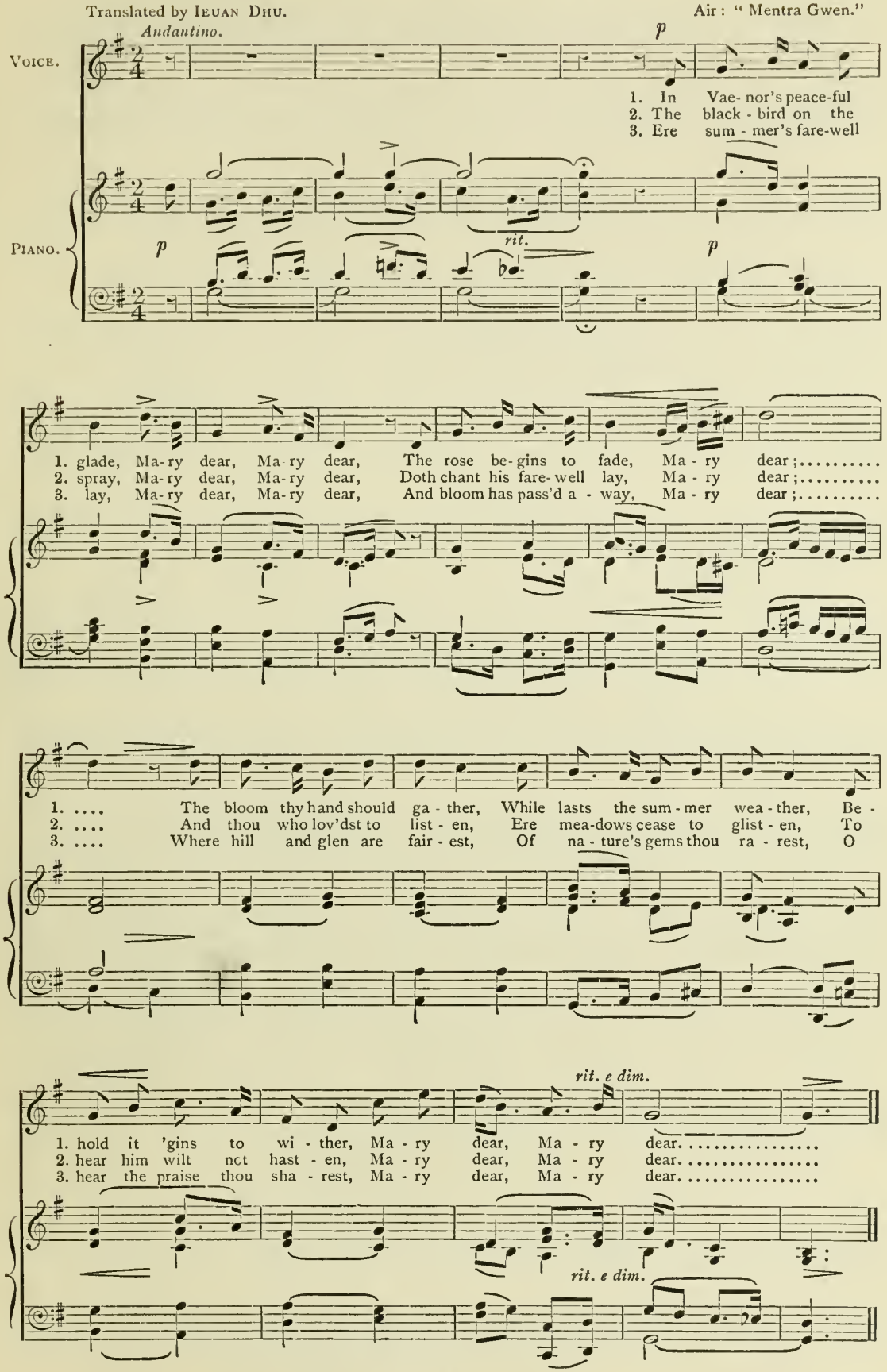
I never saw a face till now.

Air: "The little brown jug."



In Vaenor's peaceful glade, Mary dear.

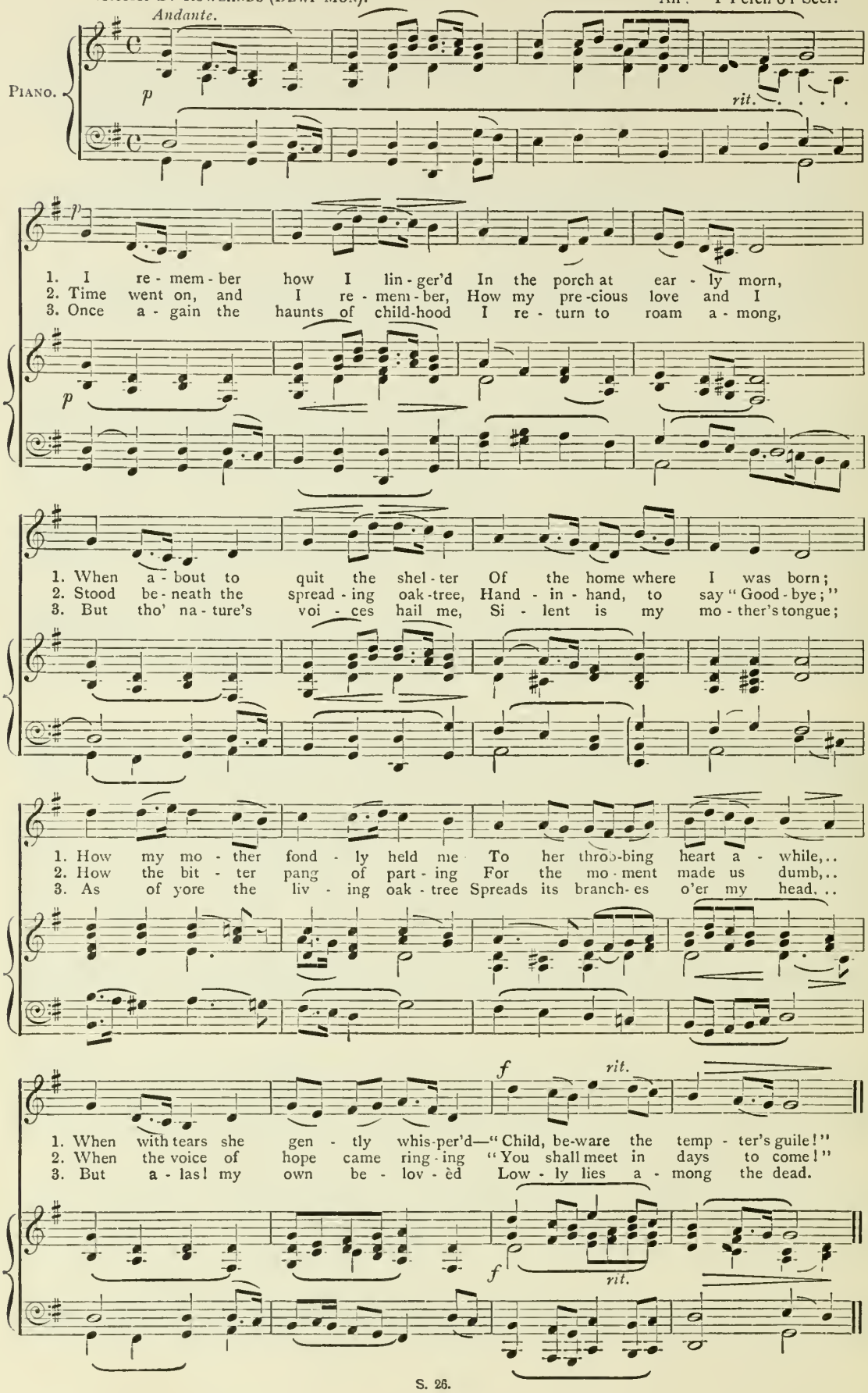
Translated by Ieuan Dhu. Air: "Mentra Gwen."



I remember how I lingered.

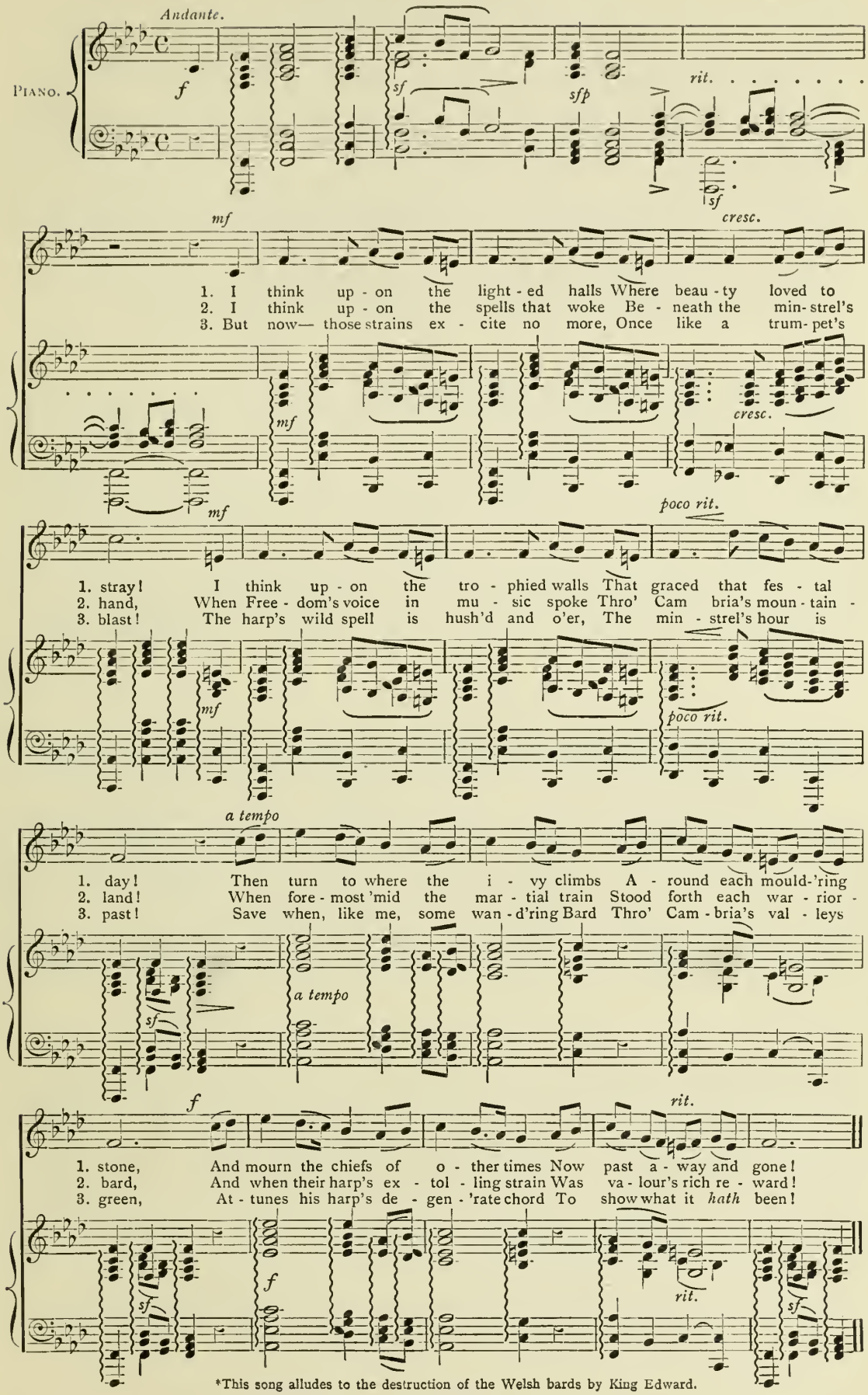
(REMEMBRANCES.)

Professor D. Rowlands (Dewi Mon). Air: "Y Ferch o'r Scêr."



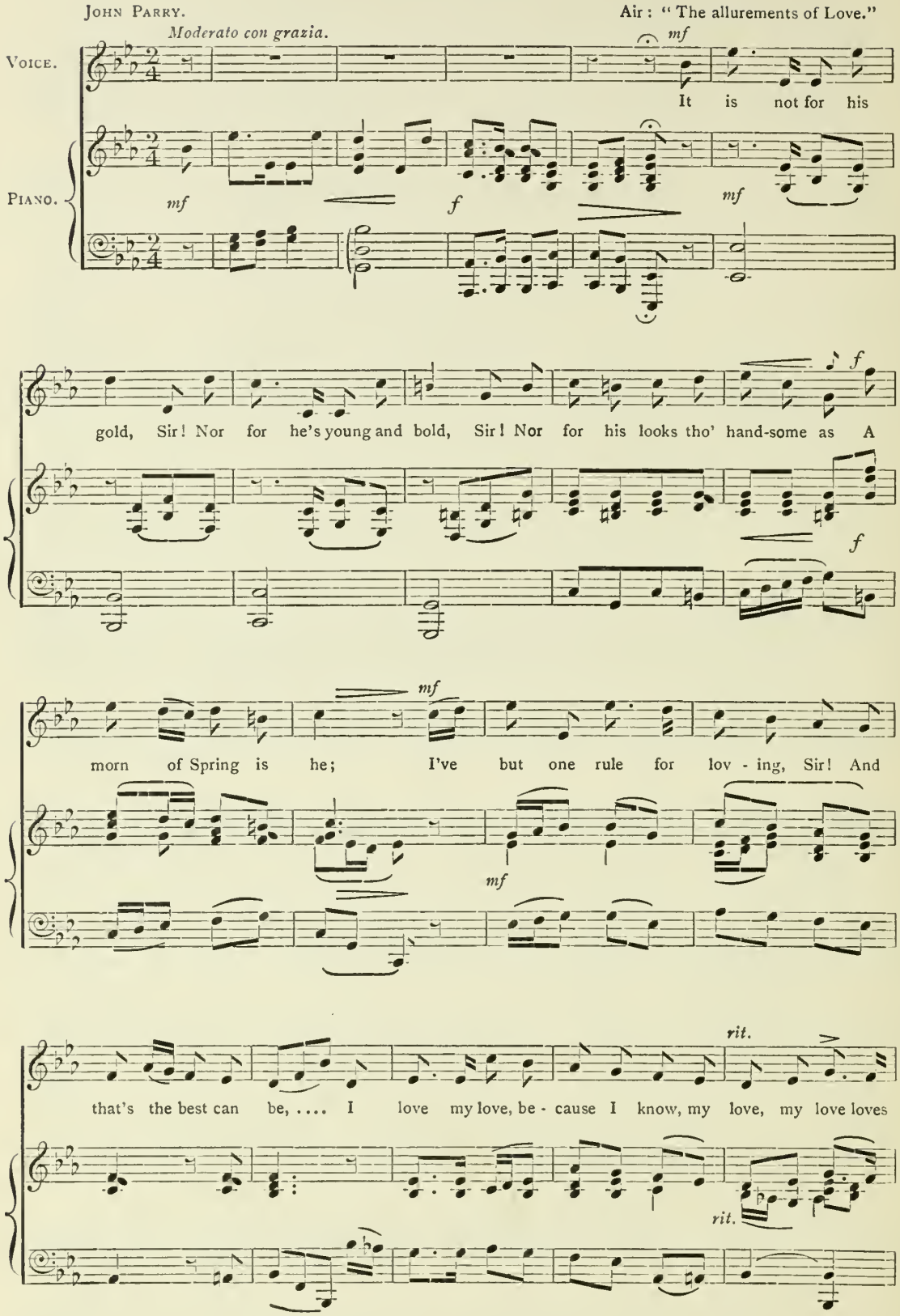
I think upon the lighted halls.

C. B. Wilson. (*THE BARDS LAMENT.) Air: "Prydain's Lament."

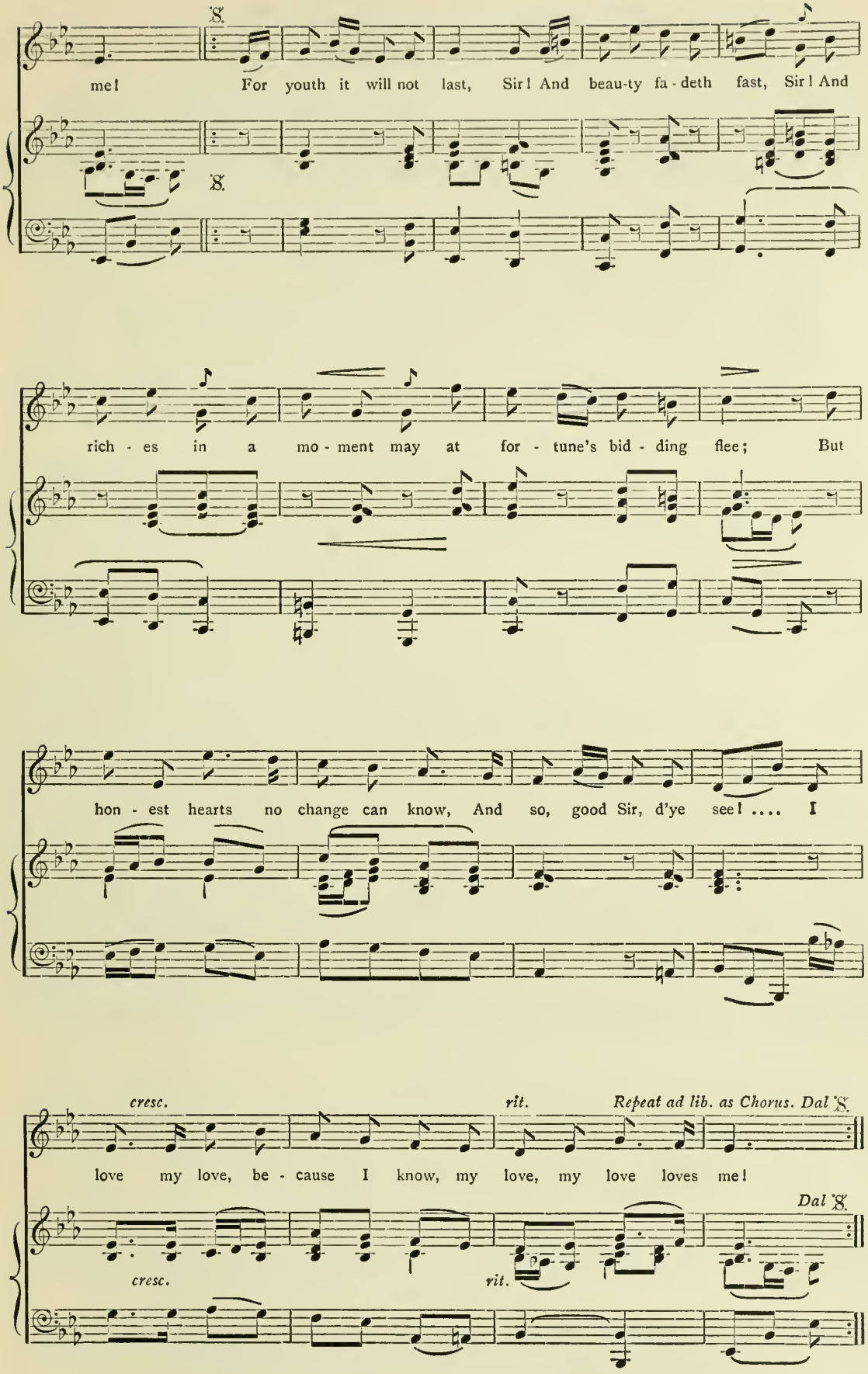


*This song alludes to the destruction of the Welsh bards by King Edward.

*It is not for his gold, Sir!



*From the Vaudeville "The Welsh Girl."

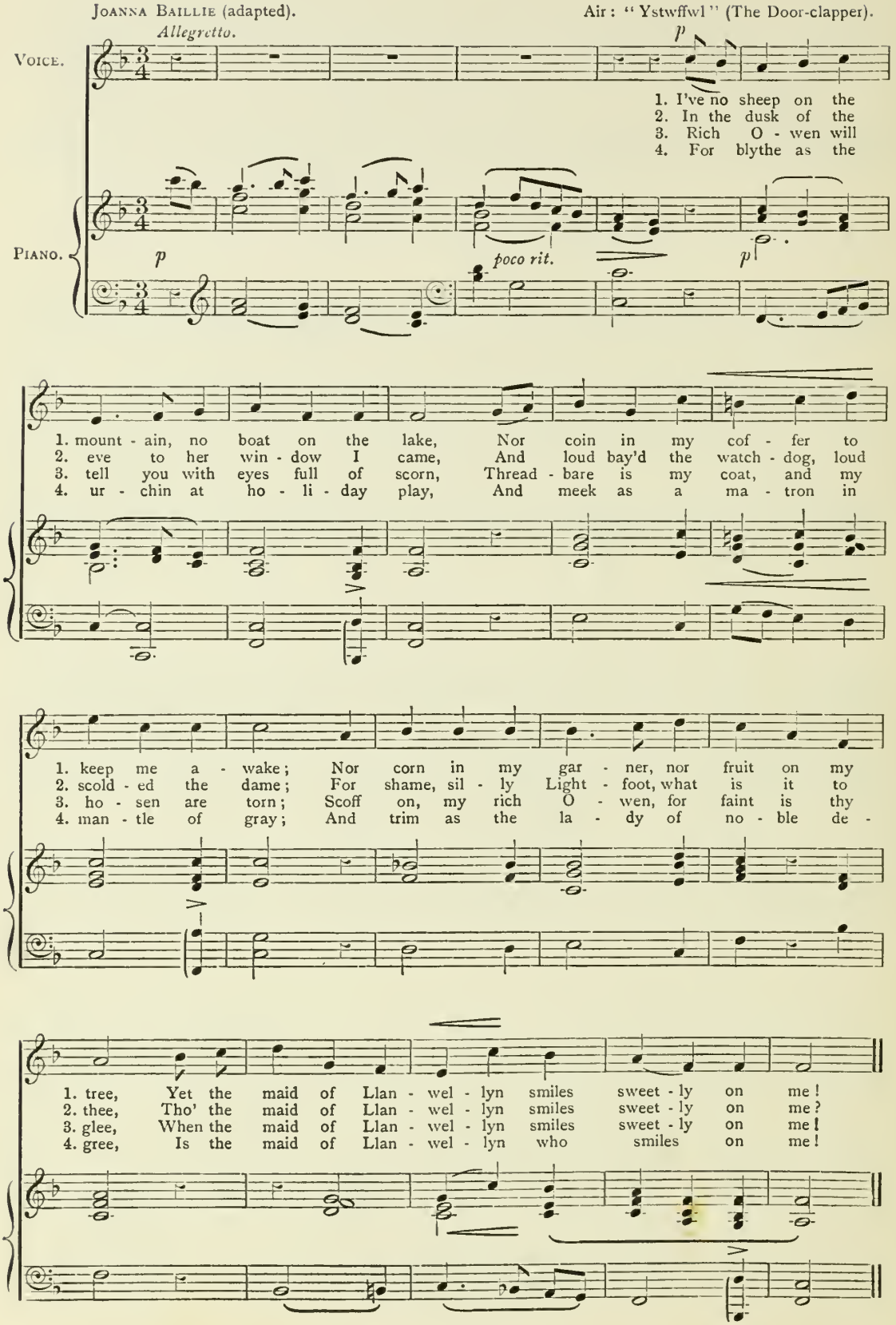

S.
me! For youth it will not last, Sir! And beau-ty fa-deth fast, Sir! And
S.
rich-es in a mo-ment may at for-tune's bid-ding flee; But
hon-est hearts no change can know, And so, good Sir, d'ye see! I
cresc.
rit.
Repeat ad lib. as Chorus. Dal S.
love my love, be-cause I know, my love, my love loves me!
Dal S.
cresc.
rit.

I've no sheep on the mountain.

(THE MAID OF LLANWELLYN.)

JOANNA BAILLIE (adapted). Air: "Ystwffwl" (The Door-clapper).

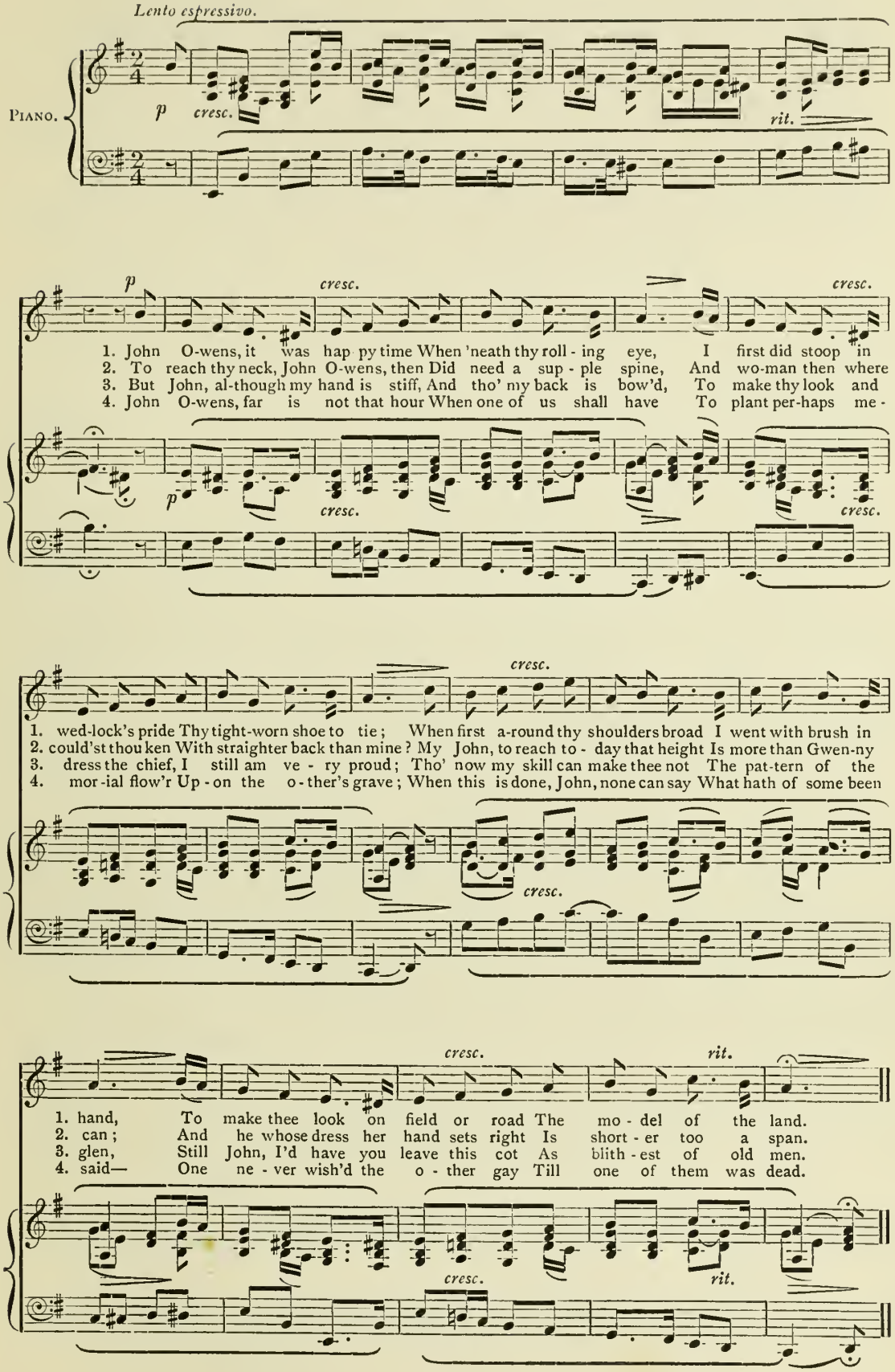
Allegretto.



John Owens.

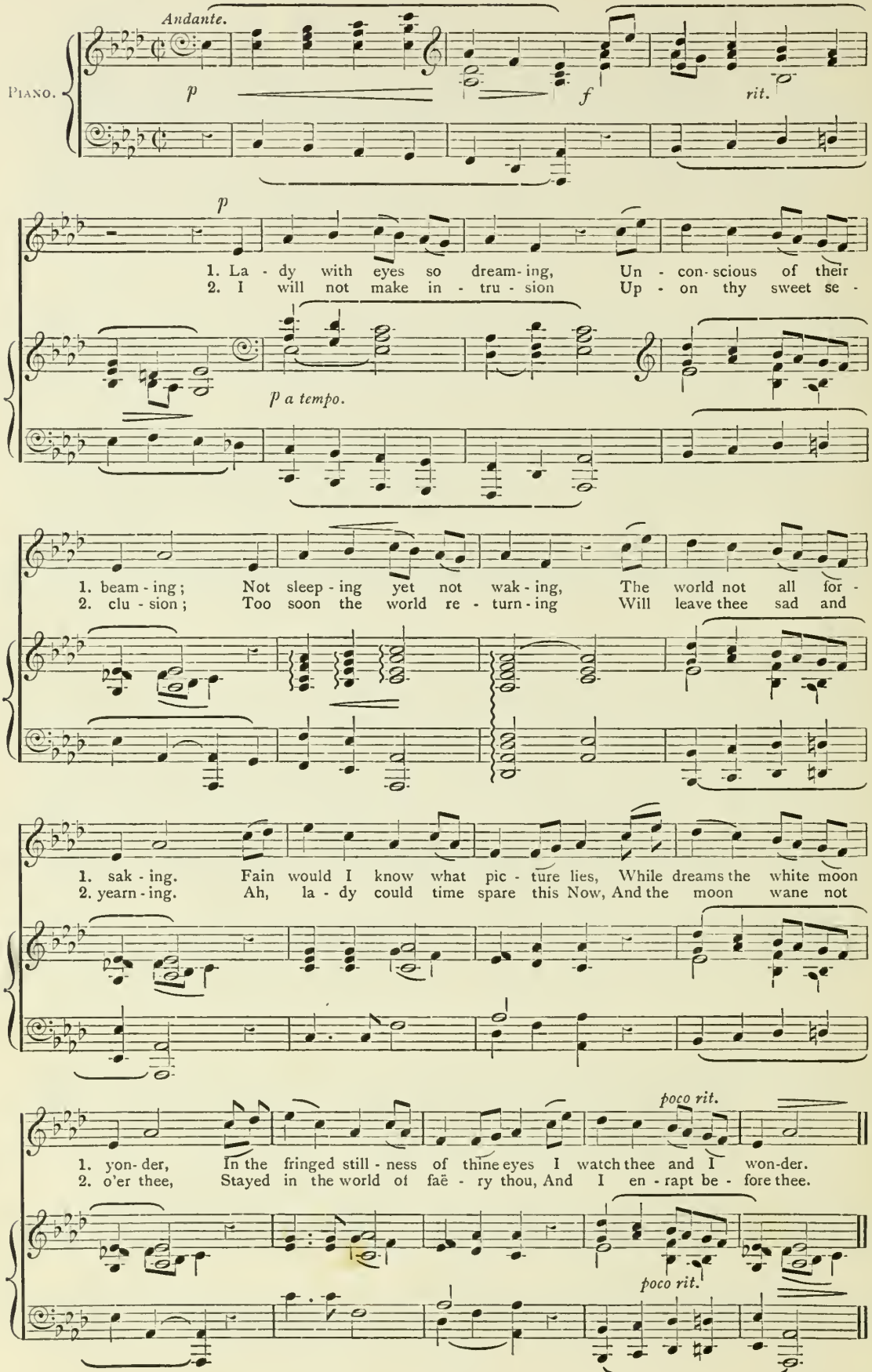
Ieuan Dhu. Air: "Y Fedwen Las."

Lento espressivo.



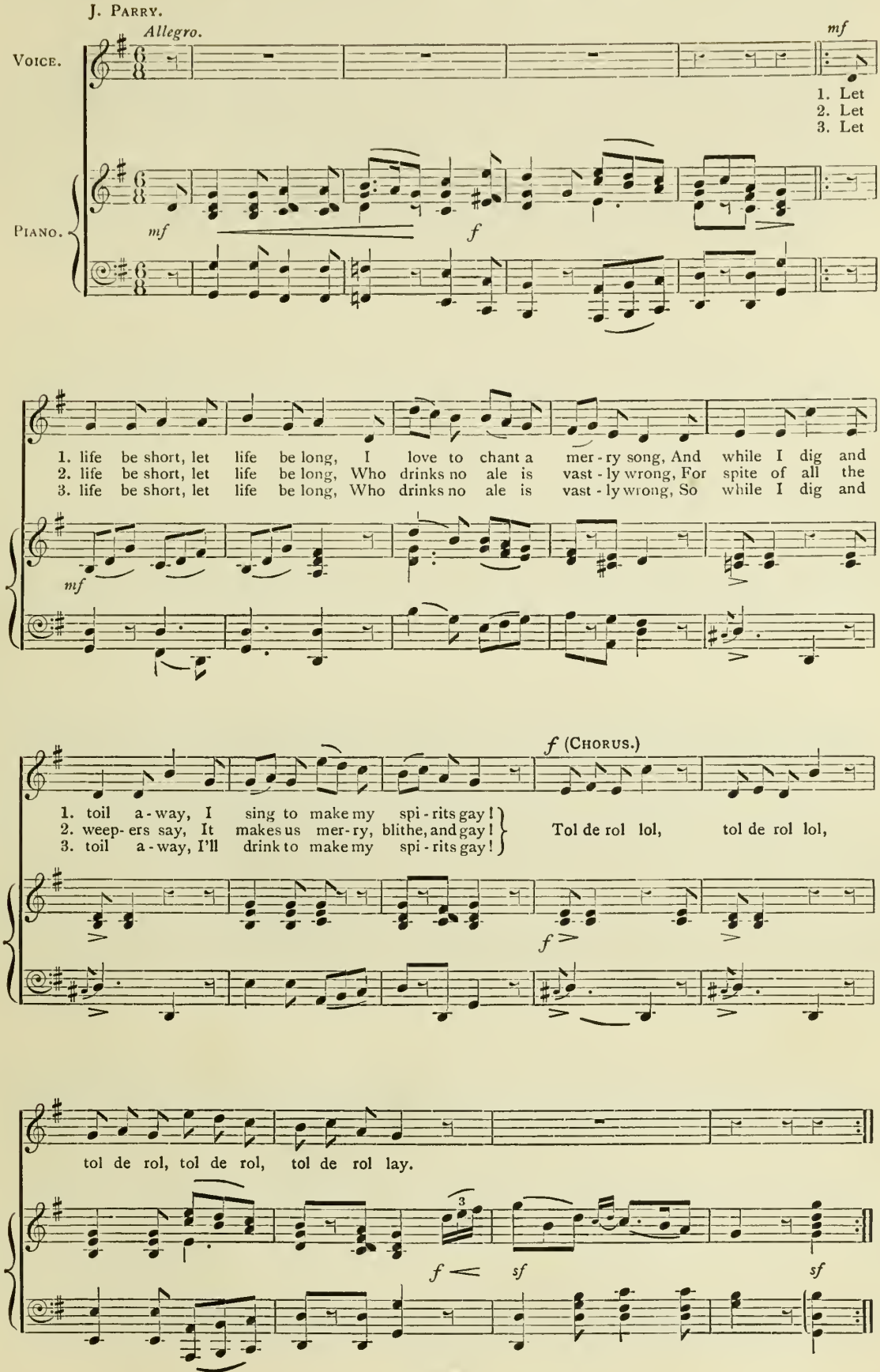
Lady with eyes so dreaming.

L. Stanley Jast. Air: "The Wassail."



Let life be short, let life be long.

J. Parry.

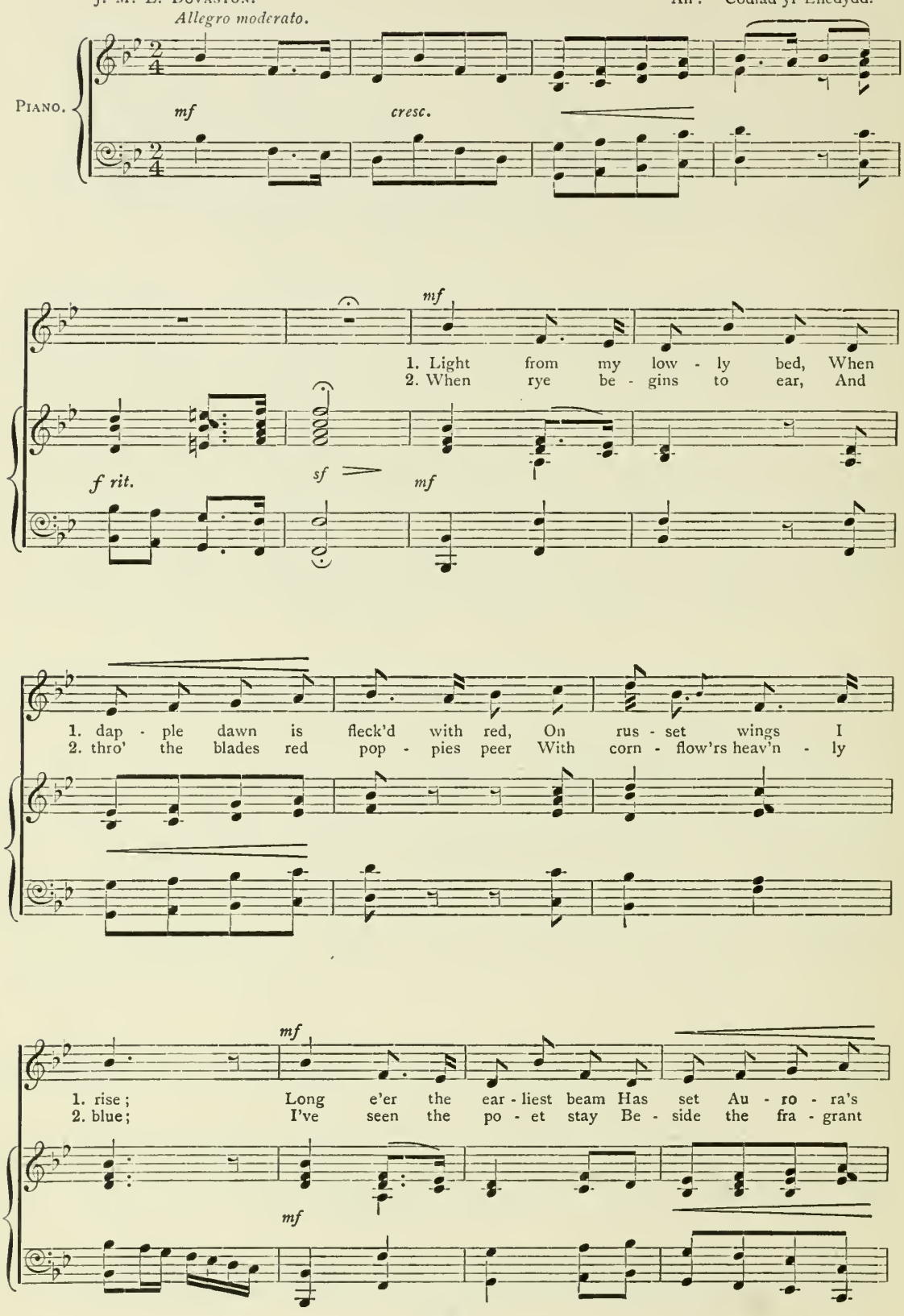


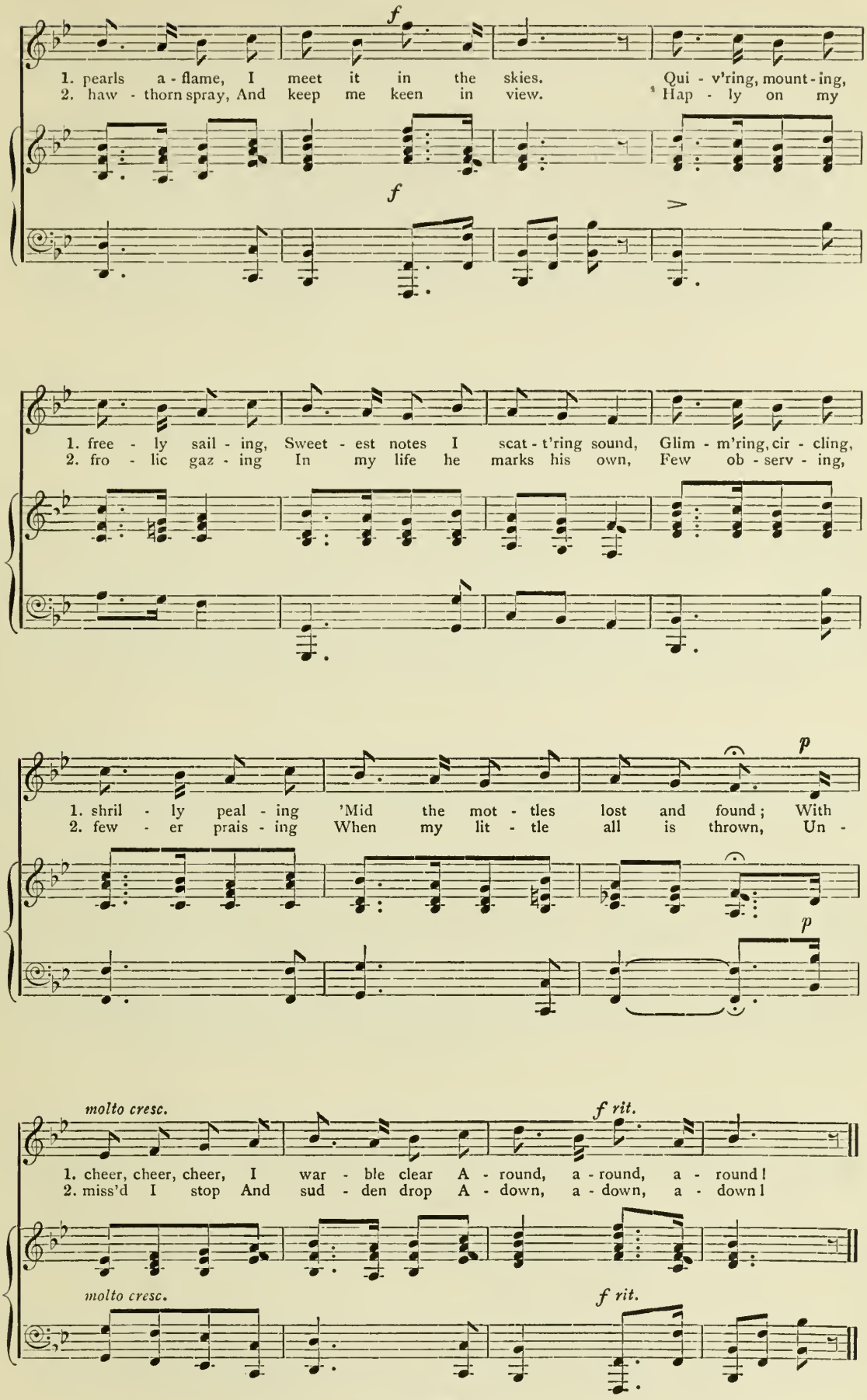
Light from my lowly bed.

(THE RISING OF THE LARK.)

J. M. E. Dovaston. Air: "Codiad yr Ehedydd."

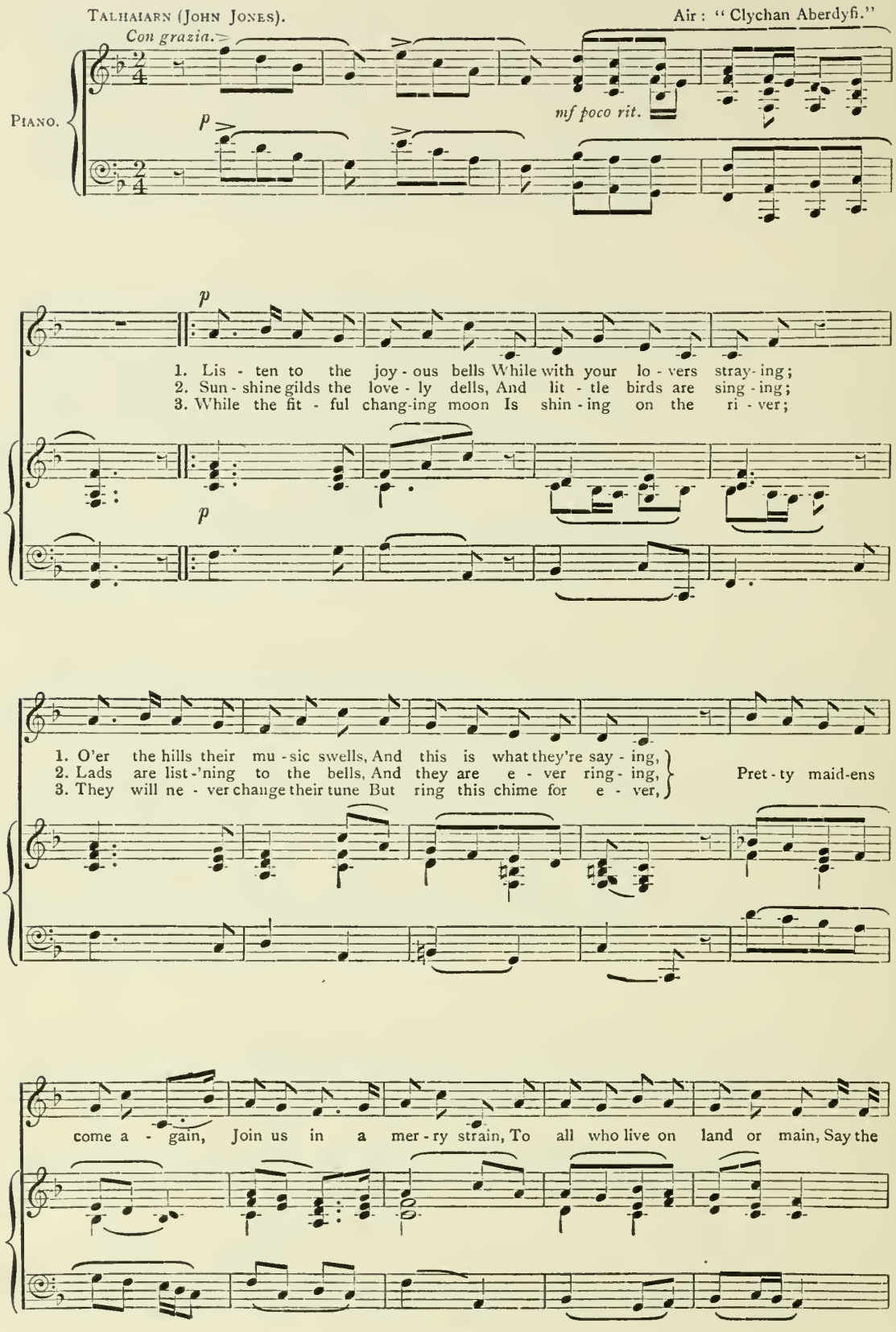
Allegro moderato.

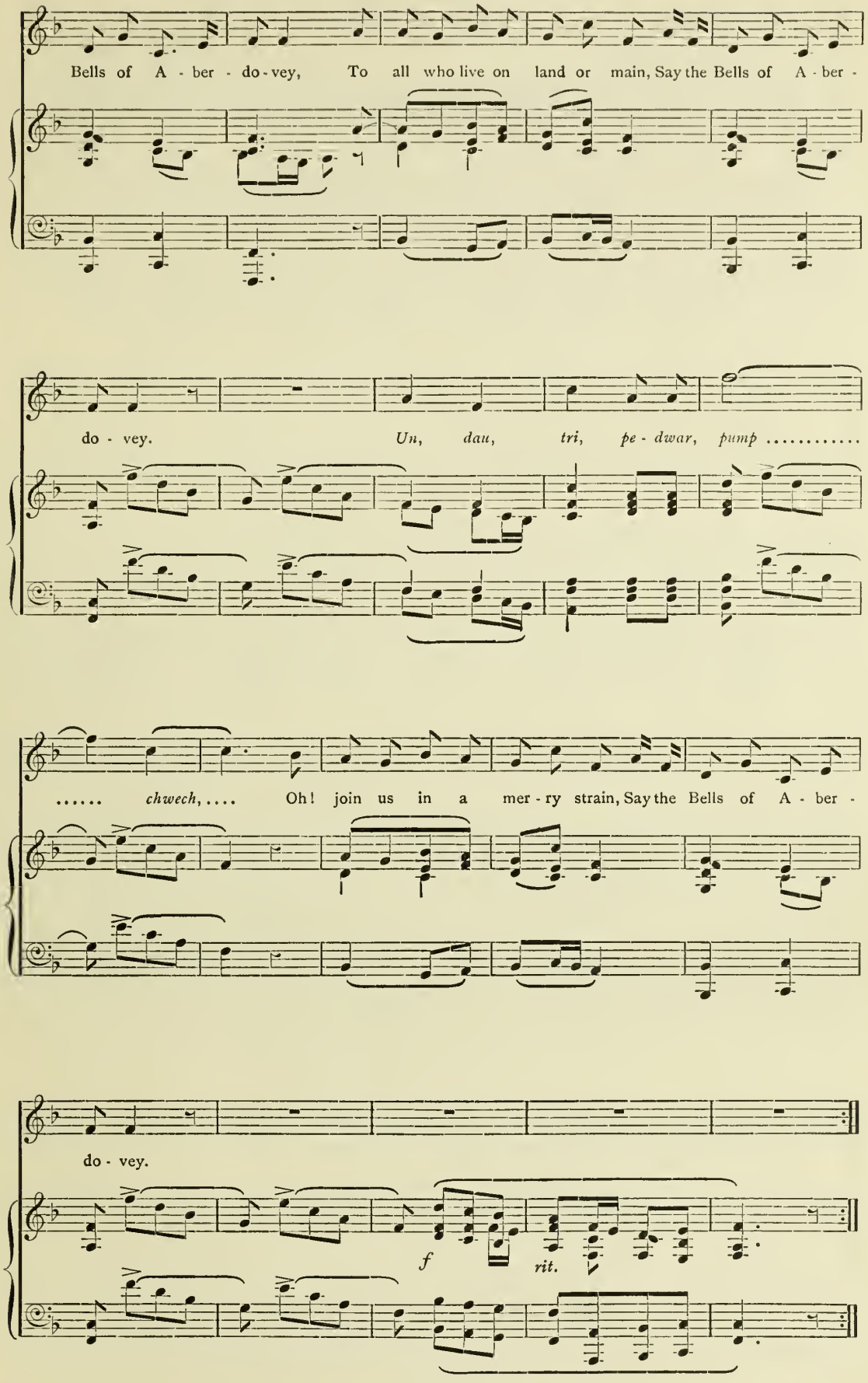



f
1. pearls a - flame, I meet it in the skies. Qui - v'ring, mount - ing,
2. haw - thorn spray, And keep me keen in view. Hap - ly on my
f
1. free - ly sail - ing, Sweet - est notes I scat - t'ring sound, Glim - m'ring, cir - cling,
2. fro - lic gaz - ing In my life he marks his own, Few ob - serv - ing,
p
1. shril - ly peal - ing 'Mid the mot - tles lost and found; With
2. few - er prais - ing When my lit - tle all is thrown, Un -
p
molto cresc.
f rit.
1. cheer, cheer, cheer, I war - ble clear A - round, a - round, a - round!
2. miss'd I stop And sud - den drop A - down, a - down, a - down!
molto cresc.
f rit.

Listen to the joyous bells.

(THE BELLS OF ABERDOVEY.)

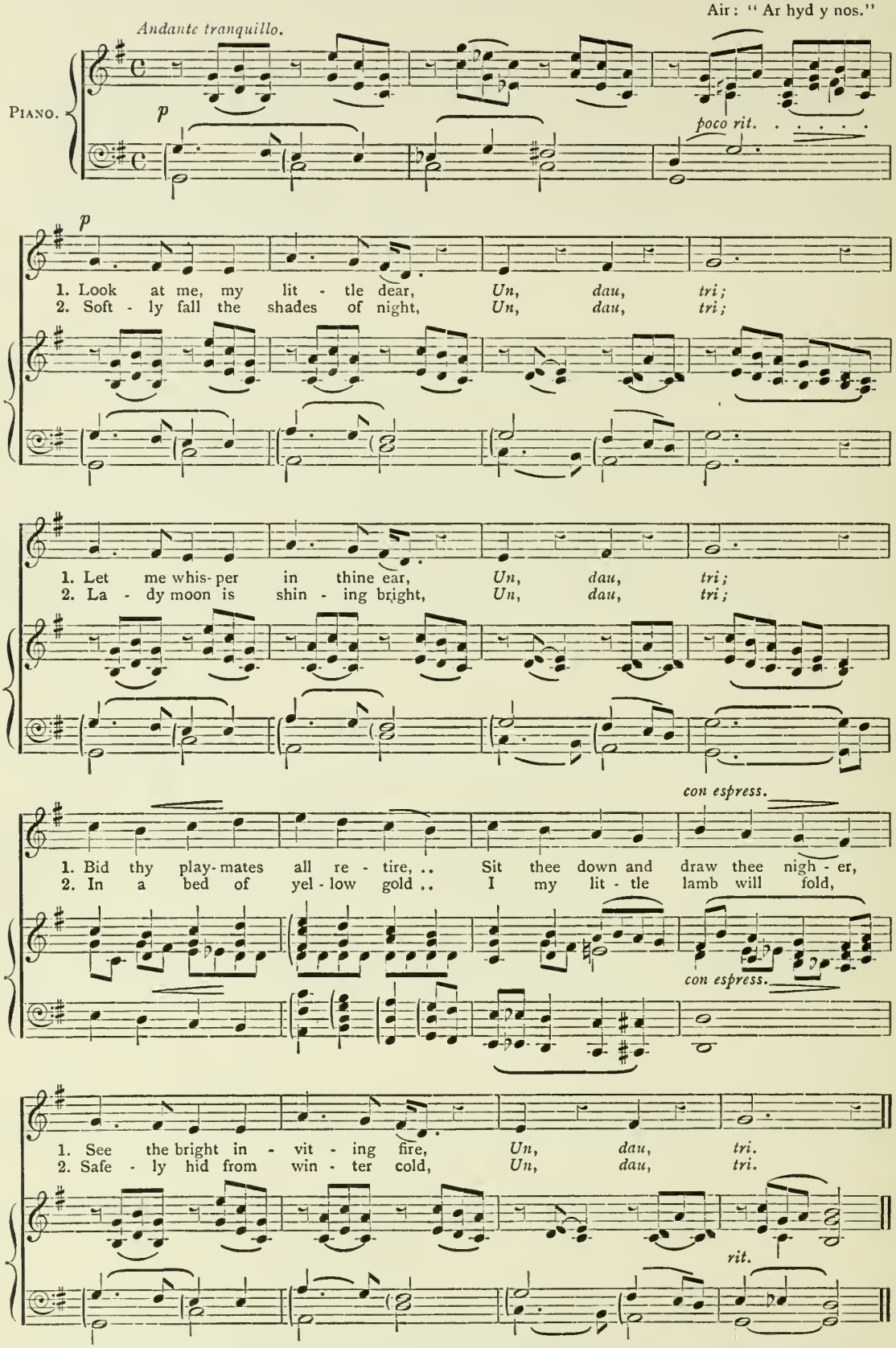



Bells of A - ber - do - vey, To all who live on land or main, Say the Bells of A - ber -
do - vey. Un, dau, tri, pe - dwar, pump .....
..... chwech, ... Oh! join us in a mer - ry strain, Say the Bells of A - ber -
do - vey.
f
rit.

Look at me, my little dear.

(*A NURSE SONG.)

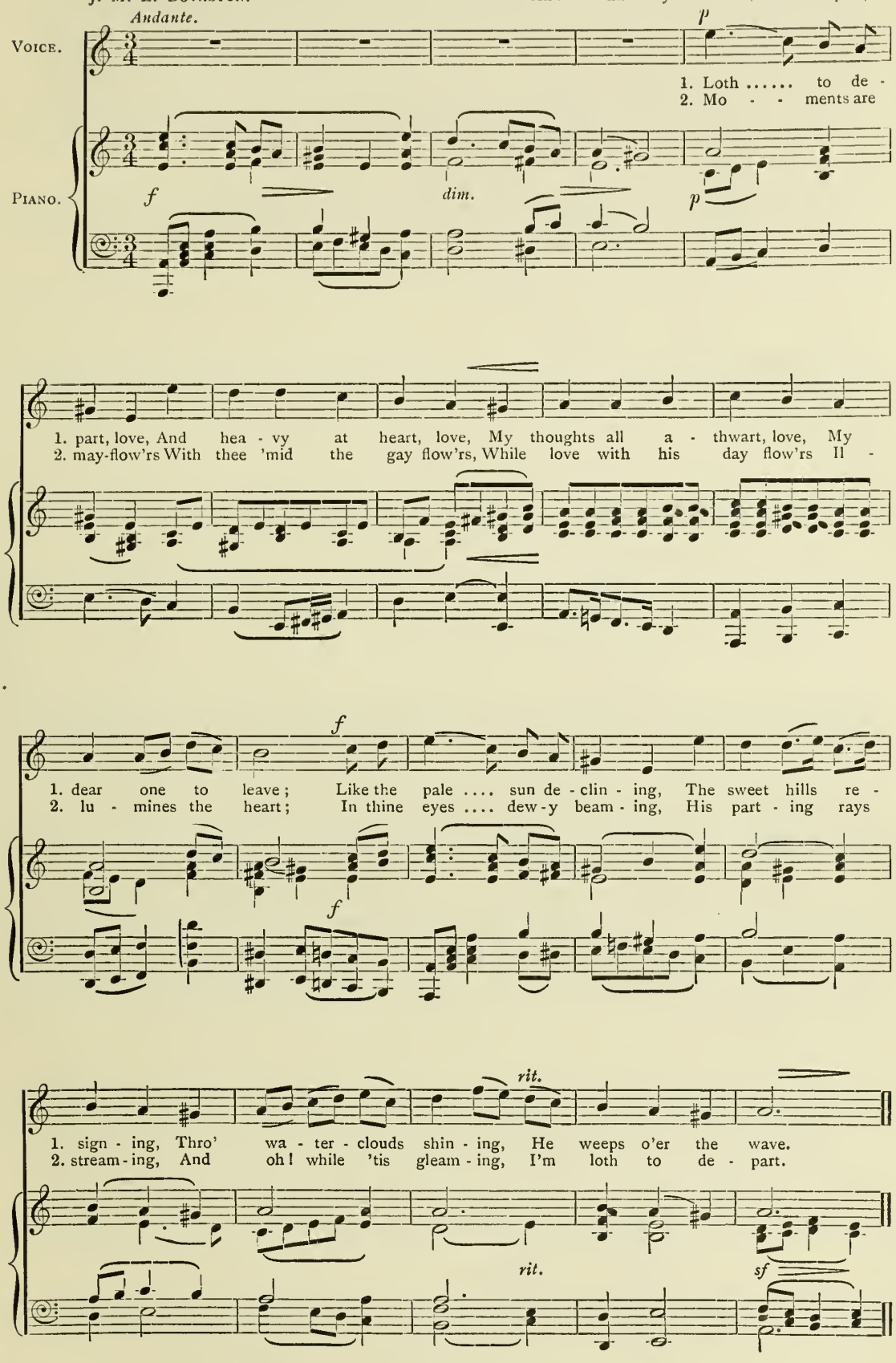
Air: "Ar hyd y nos."



* *Cwsg* was the Somnus of ancient Britain; he used to send his priest *Einion Lonydd* (Einion the Soother) to the nurseries to soothe children with the above song. When singing the words *Un, Dau, Tri,* he drew his hand across the eyes of the child to produce sleep. (John Parry).

Loth to depart, love.

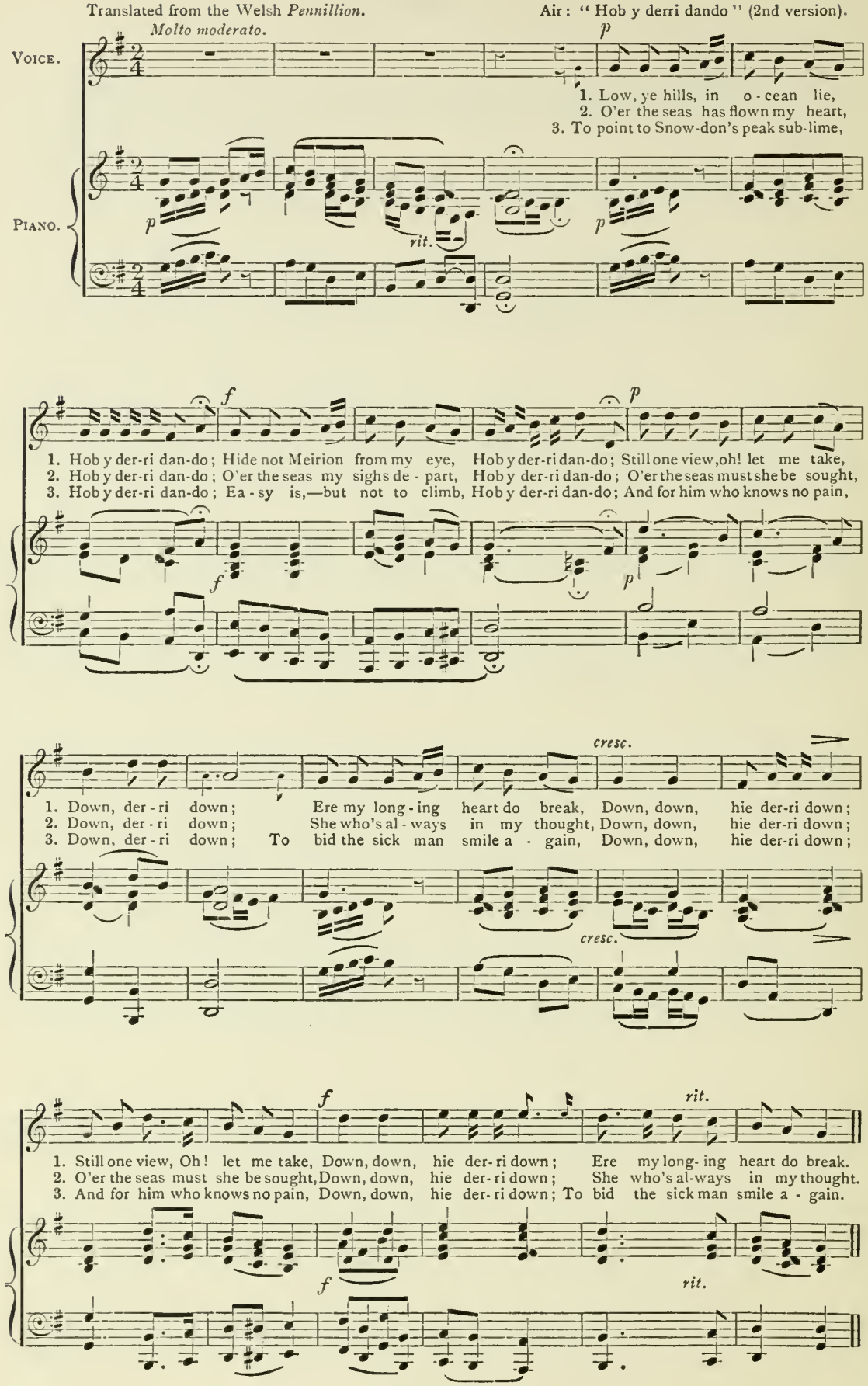
J. M. E. Dovaston. Air: "Anhawdd yma dael" (Loth to depart).



Low, ye hills, in ocean lie.

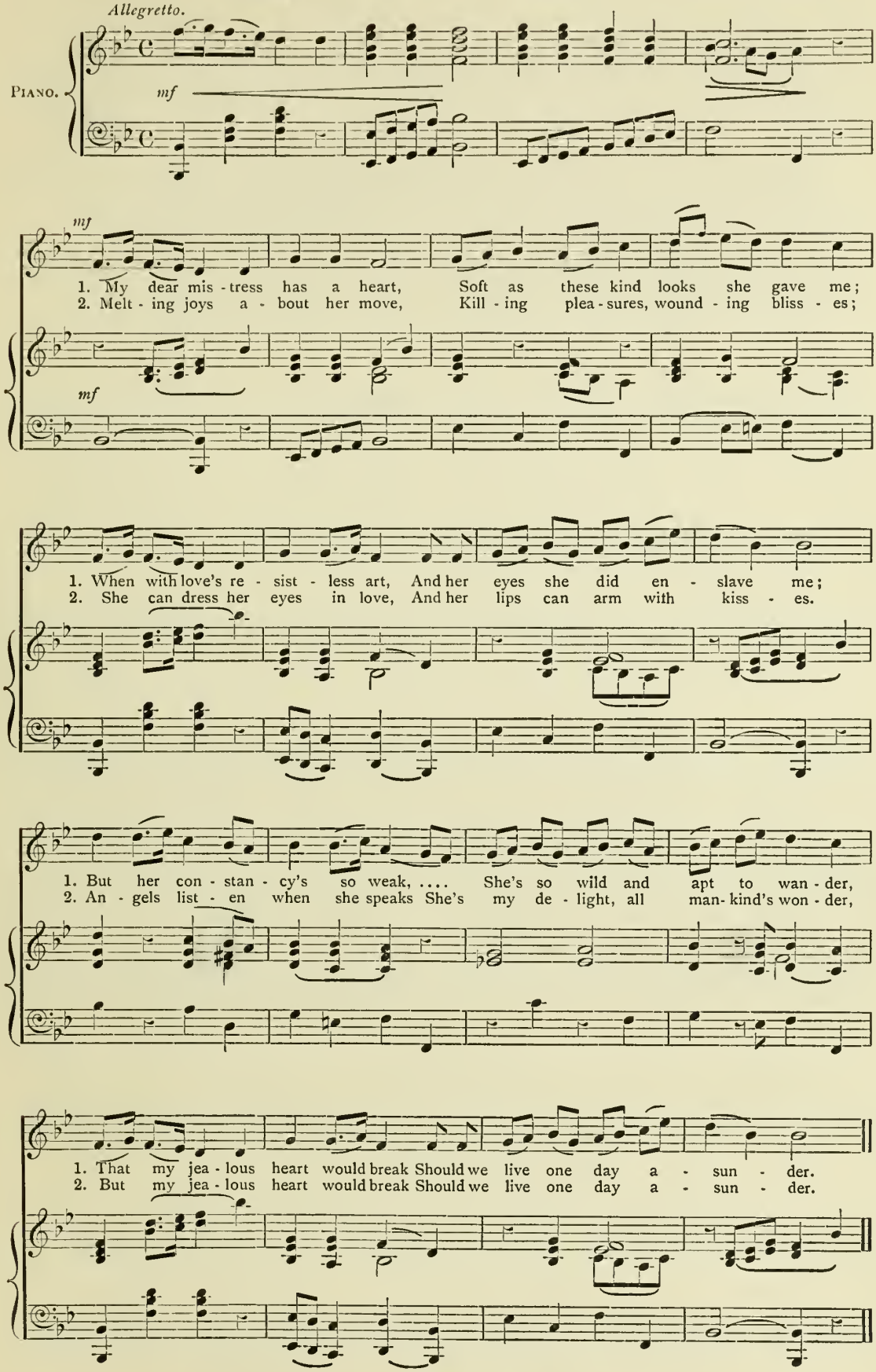
Translated from the Welsh *Pennillion.*

Air: "Hob y derri dando" (2nd version).



My dear Mistress has a heart.

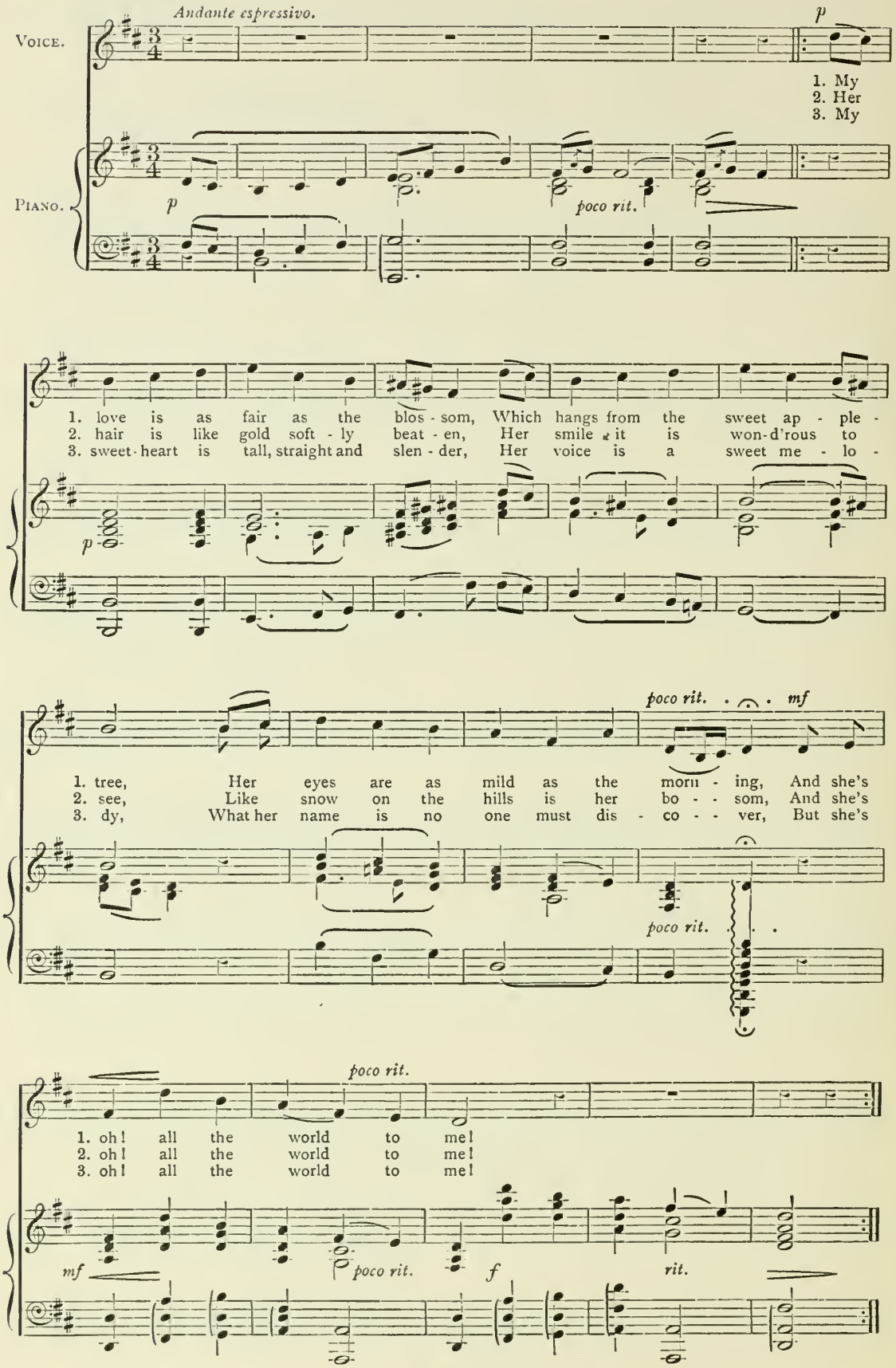
Adapted from *The Tea Table Miscellany*, Vol. III. Air: "Y Dydd cyntaf o Awst" (The First of August).



My love is as fair as the blossom.

A. Edwards. Air: "The Star of Llanedi."

Andante espressivo.

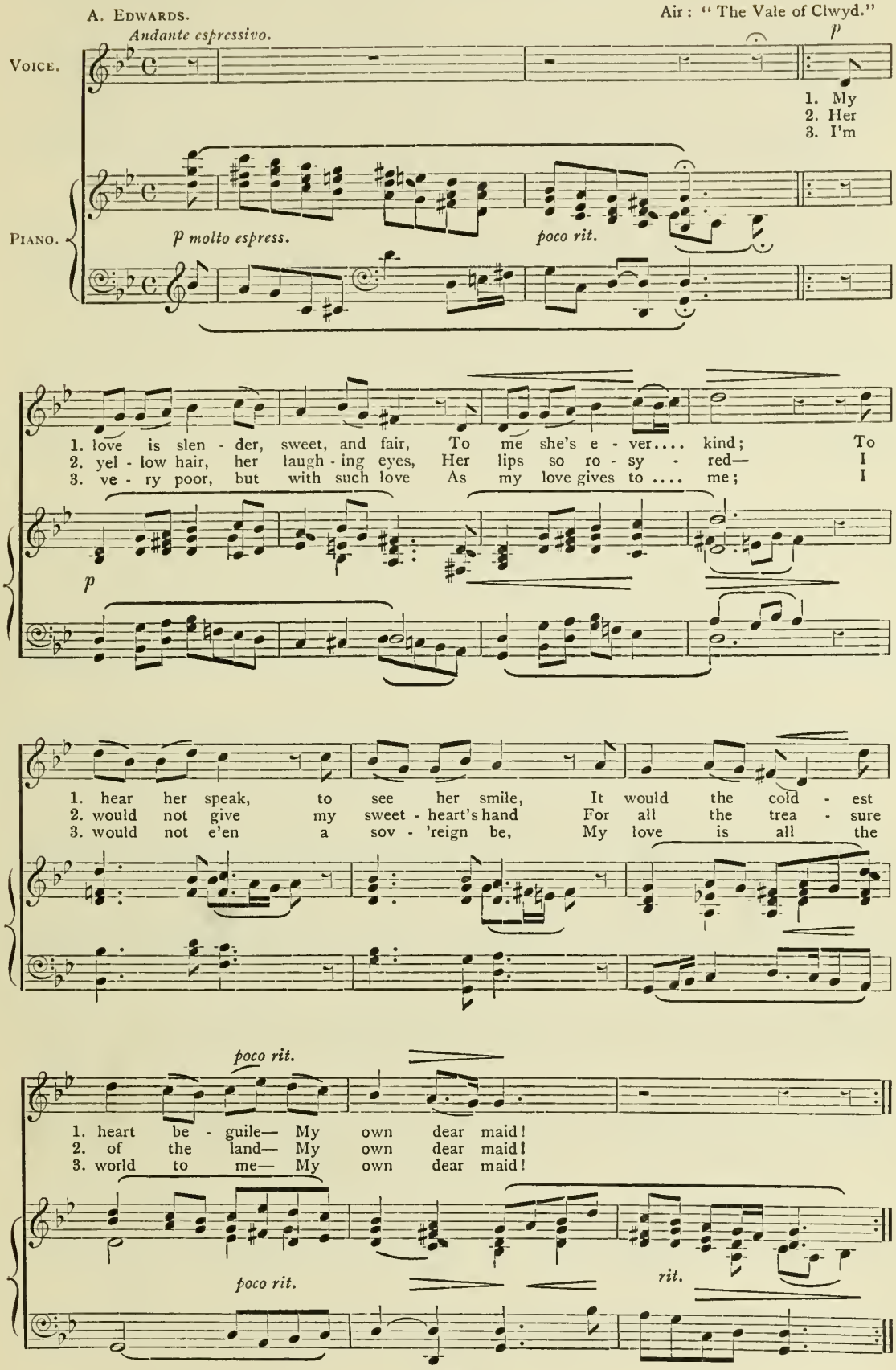


My love is slender, sweet, and fair.

(MY OWN DEAR MAID.)

A. Edwards. Air: "The Vale of Clwyd."

Andante espressivo.



My love's the blossom of the year.

Translated from the Welsh. Air: "Can y Lleissoniaid."

Andante molto.

Voice. Piano.

p 1. My 2. In

rit.

1. love's the blos - som of the year, The sum-mer months in her ap-pear; The
2. Mo - na's Isle sweet notes re - sound, In Clwyd's rich vale the fruits a-bound; Flint's

p

1. shade en-light - ens as she pass-es, She is the gem of fair lass - es. Her
2. ver-dant tract con - ceals the ore, Much for min-'rals, fam'd for love-ly wo - men more. Des -

più f

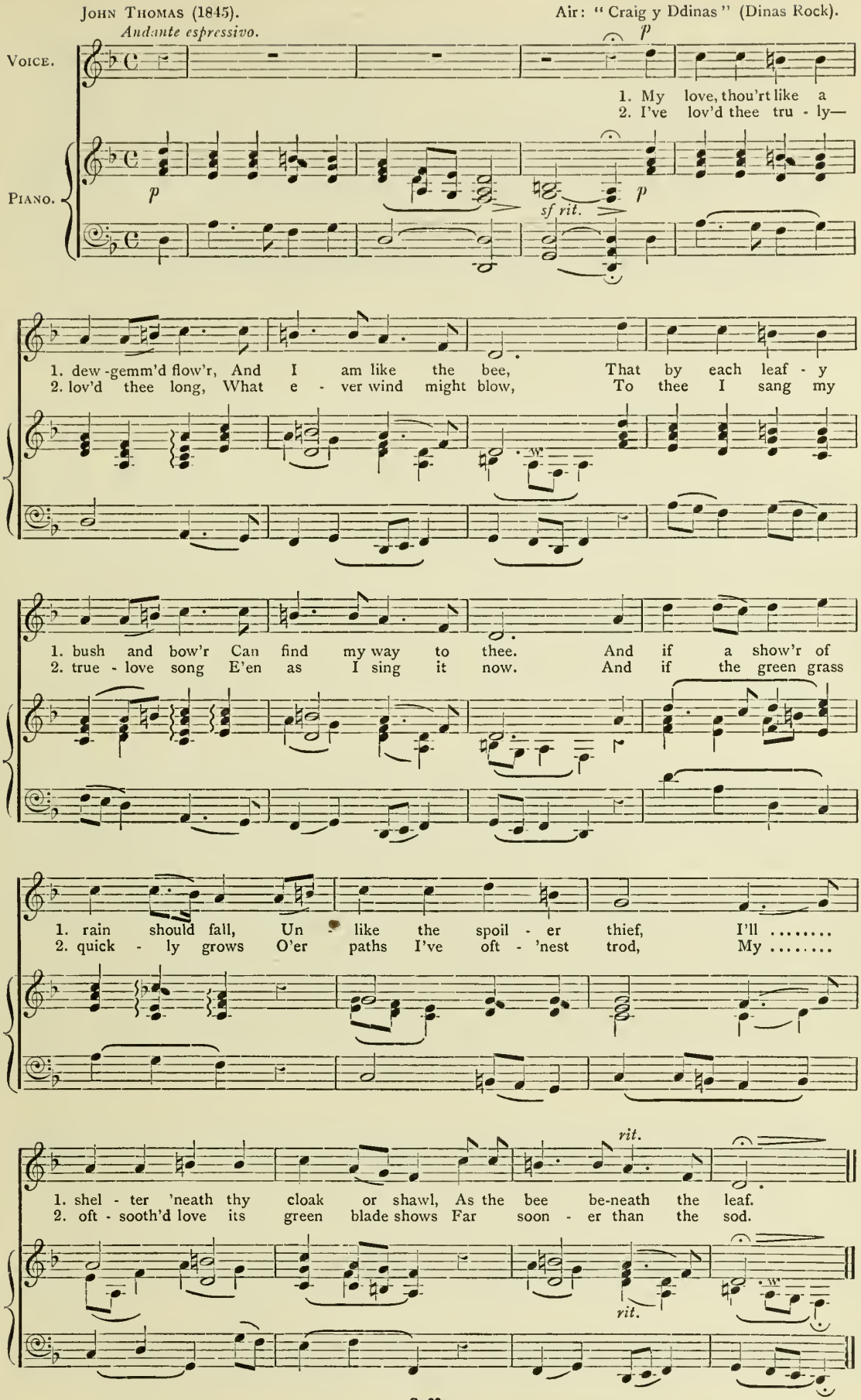
1. col - our, shape, her eye and hand, .. Her nim - ble step and be - witch-ing smile; Sweet
2. pise me not for be - ing poor, .. I am not ve - ry rich, 'tis true; But

più f

rit.

1. looks, soft speech, my life com-mand, .. And near - ly did my life be-guile.
2. if thou canst my lot en - dure, ... I shall be rich e - nough in you!

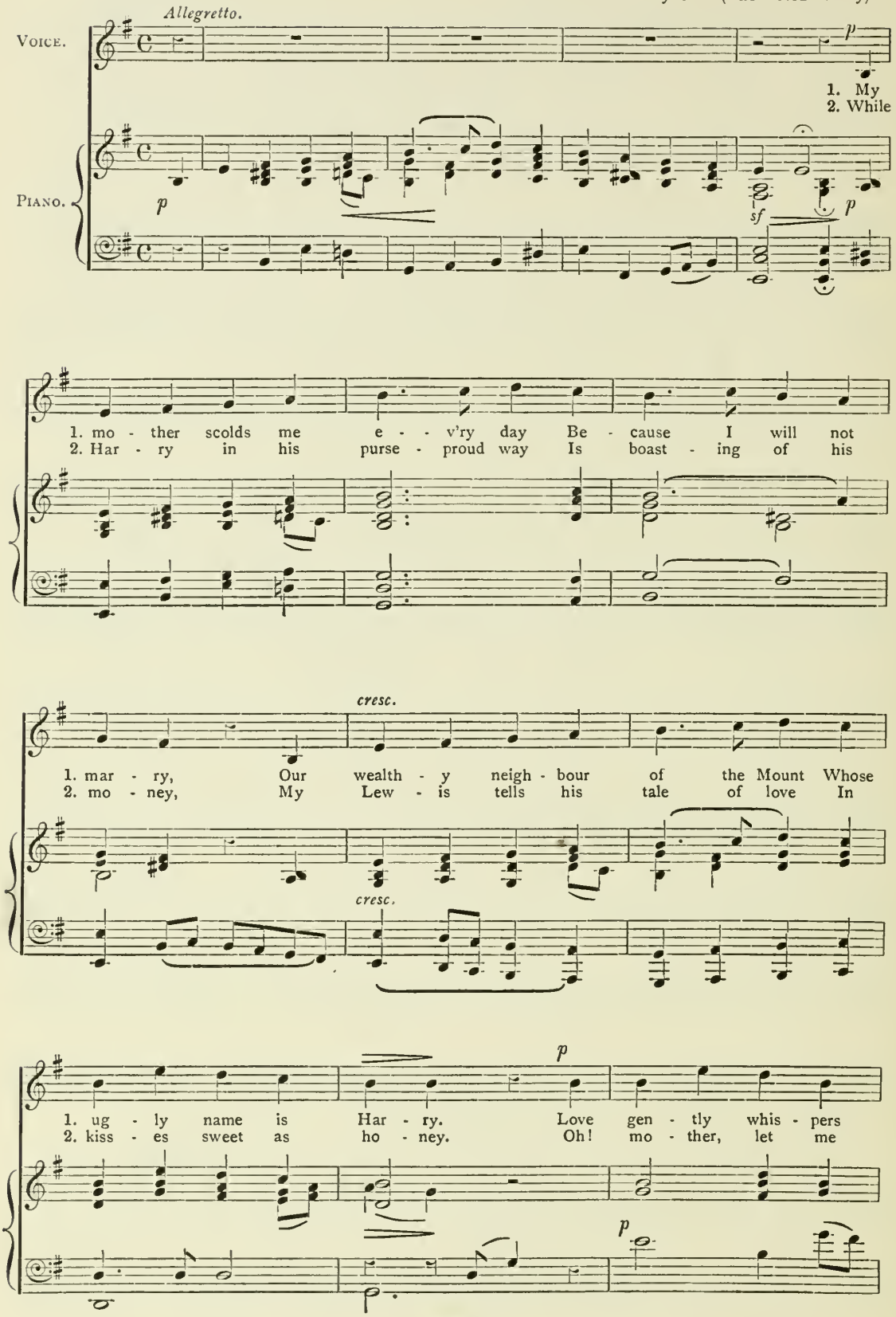
rit.

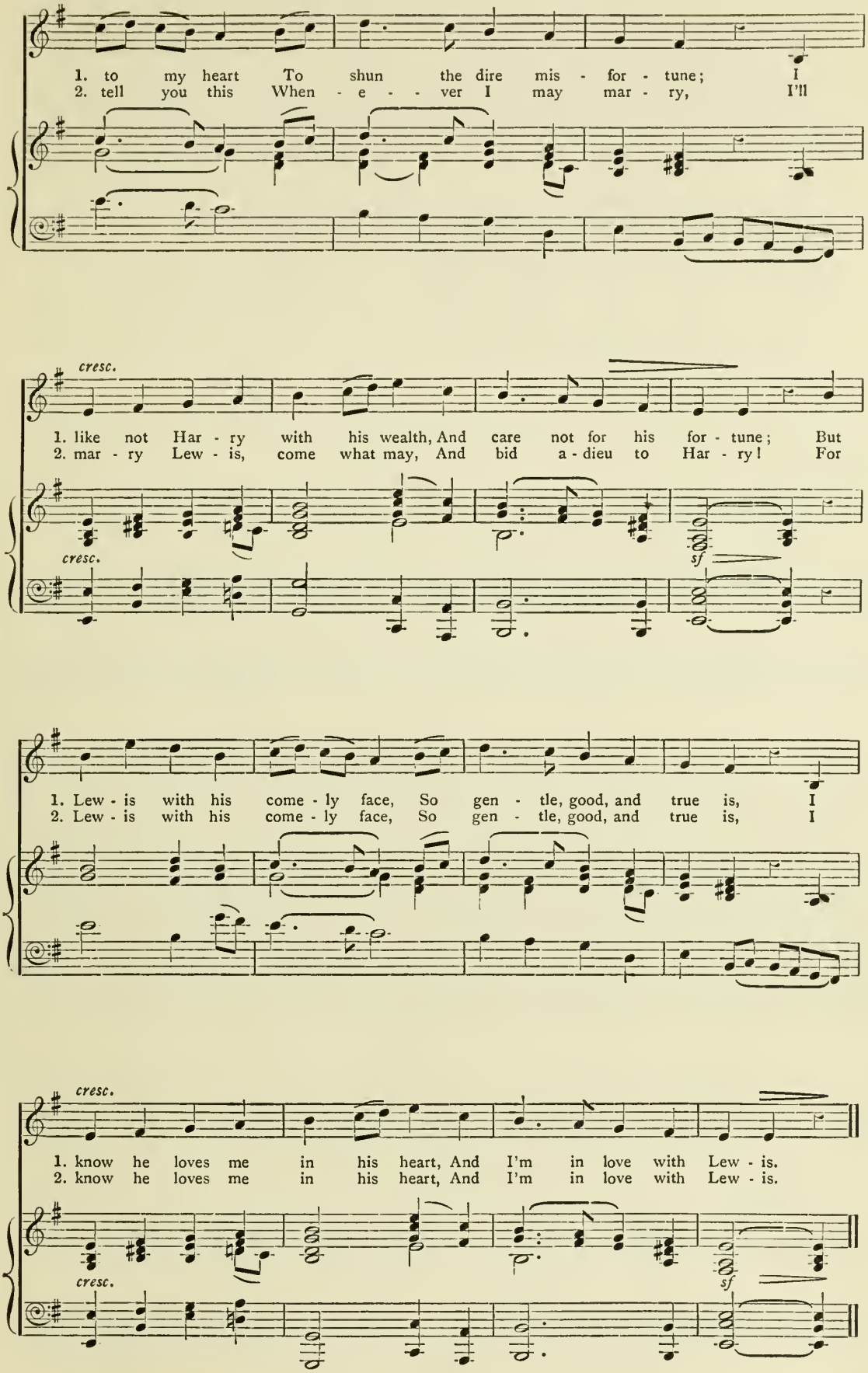

John Thomas (1845).
Andante espressivo.
Air: "Craig y Ddinas" (Dinas Rock).
Voice.
Piano.
p
1. My love, thou'rt like a
2. I've lov'd thee tru - ly—
sf rit.
1. dew-gemm'd flow'r, And I am like the bee, That by each leaf - y
2. lov'd thee long, What e - ver wind might blow, To thee I sang my
1. bush and bow'r Can find my way to thee. And if a show'r of
2. true - love song E'en as I sing it now. And if the green grass
1. rain should fall, Un - like the spoil - er thief, I'll .....
2. quick - ly grows O'er paths I've oft - 'nest trod, My .....
rit.
1. shel - ter 'neath thy cloak or shawl, As the bee be-neath the leaf.
2. oft - sooth'd love its green blade shows Far soon - er than the sod.
rit.

My mother scolds me every day.

TALHAIARN. Air: "Y Teulu Hynod" (The Noted Family).

Allegretto.

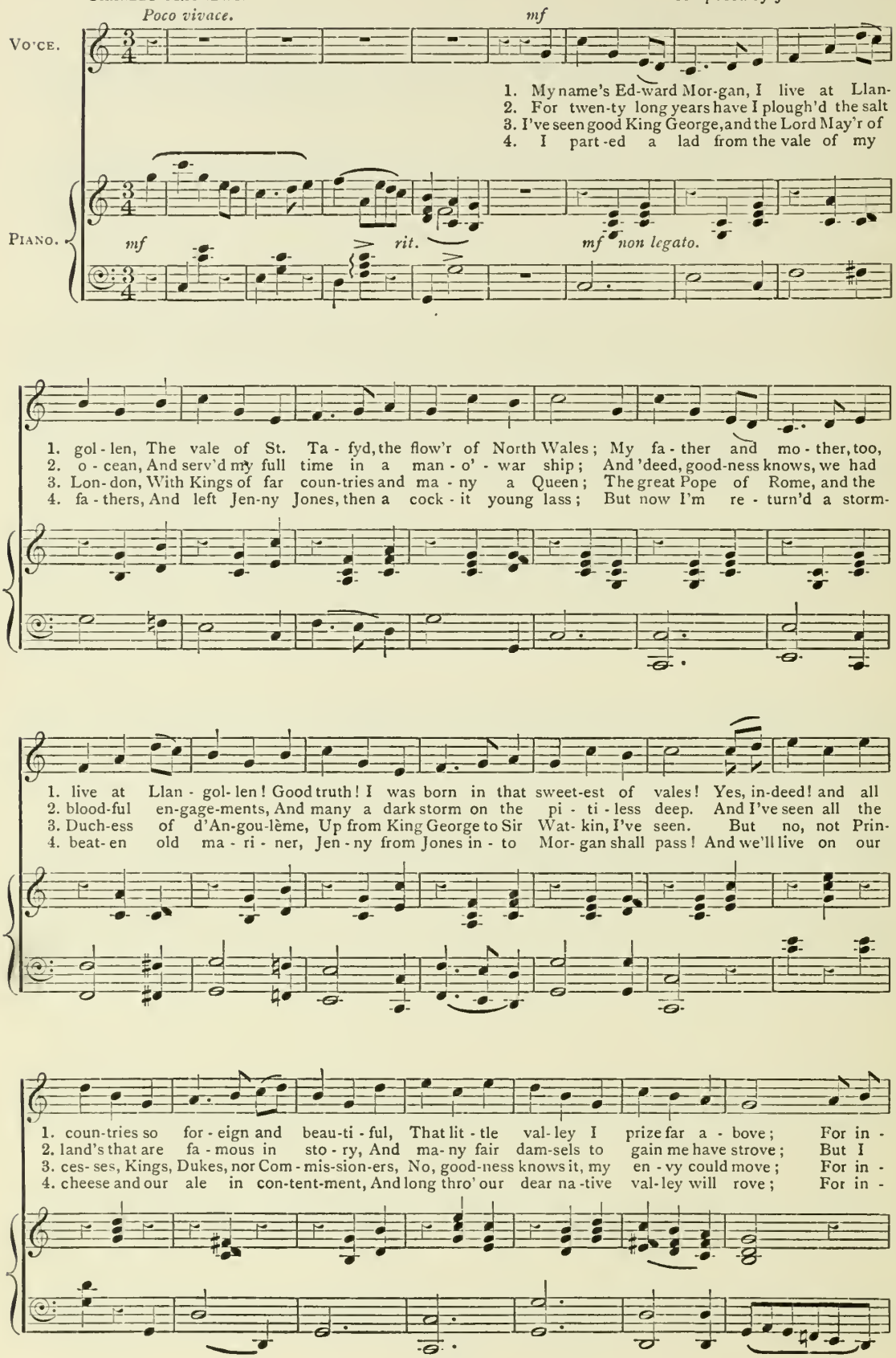


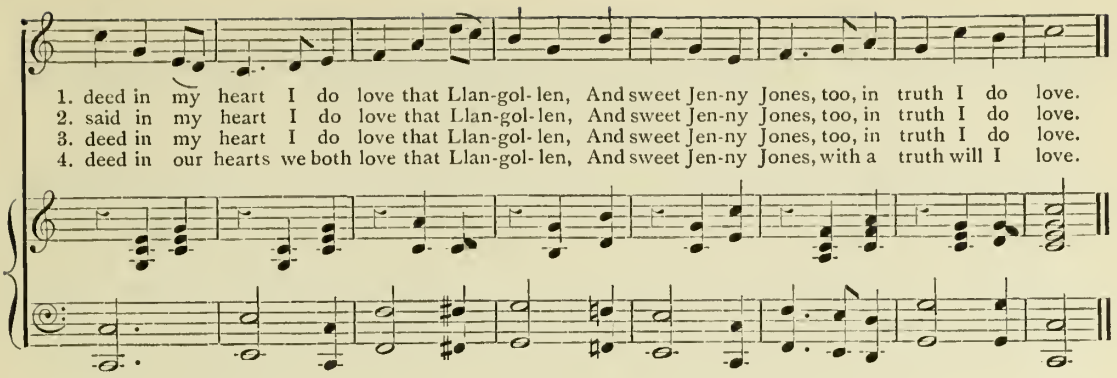

1. to my heart To shun the dire mis - for - tune; I
2. tell you this When - e - - ver I may mar - ry, I'll
cresc.
1. like not Har - ry with his wealth, And care not for his for - tune; But
2. mar - ry Lew - is, come what may, And bid a - dieu to Har - ry! For
cresc.
sf
1. Lew - is with his come - ly face, So gen - tle, good, and true is, I
2. Lew - is with his come - ly face, So gen - tle, good, and true is, I
cresc.
1. know he loves me in his heart, And I'm in love with Lew - is.
2. know he loves me in his heart, And I'm in love with Lew - is.
cresc.
sf

My name's Edward Morgan.

(JENNY JONES.)

CHARLES MATHEWS. Air composed by JOHN PARRY.

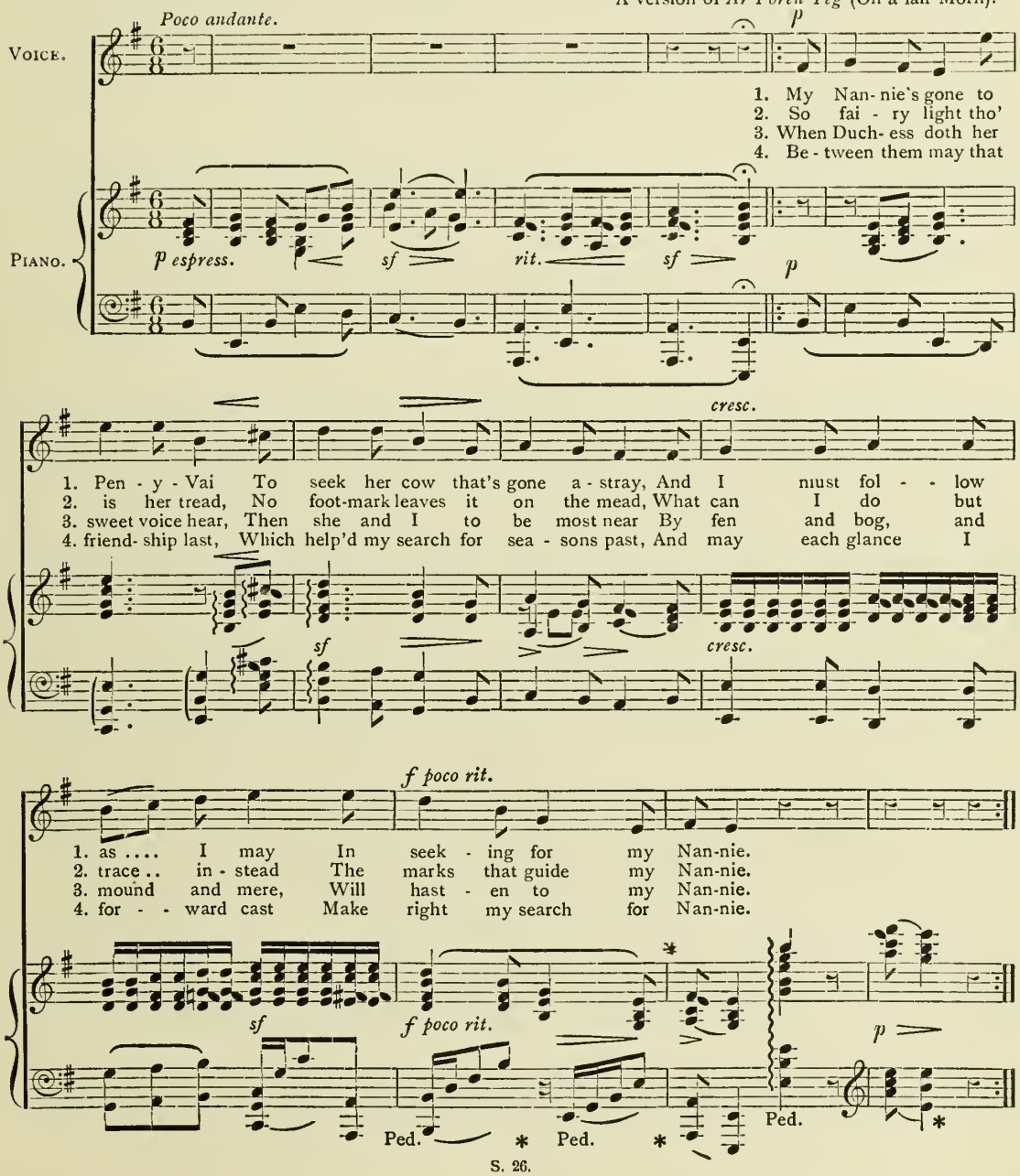




My Nannie's gone to Pen-y-Vai.

Translated from the Welsh by Ieuan Dhu.

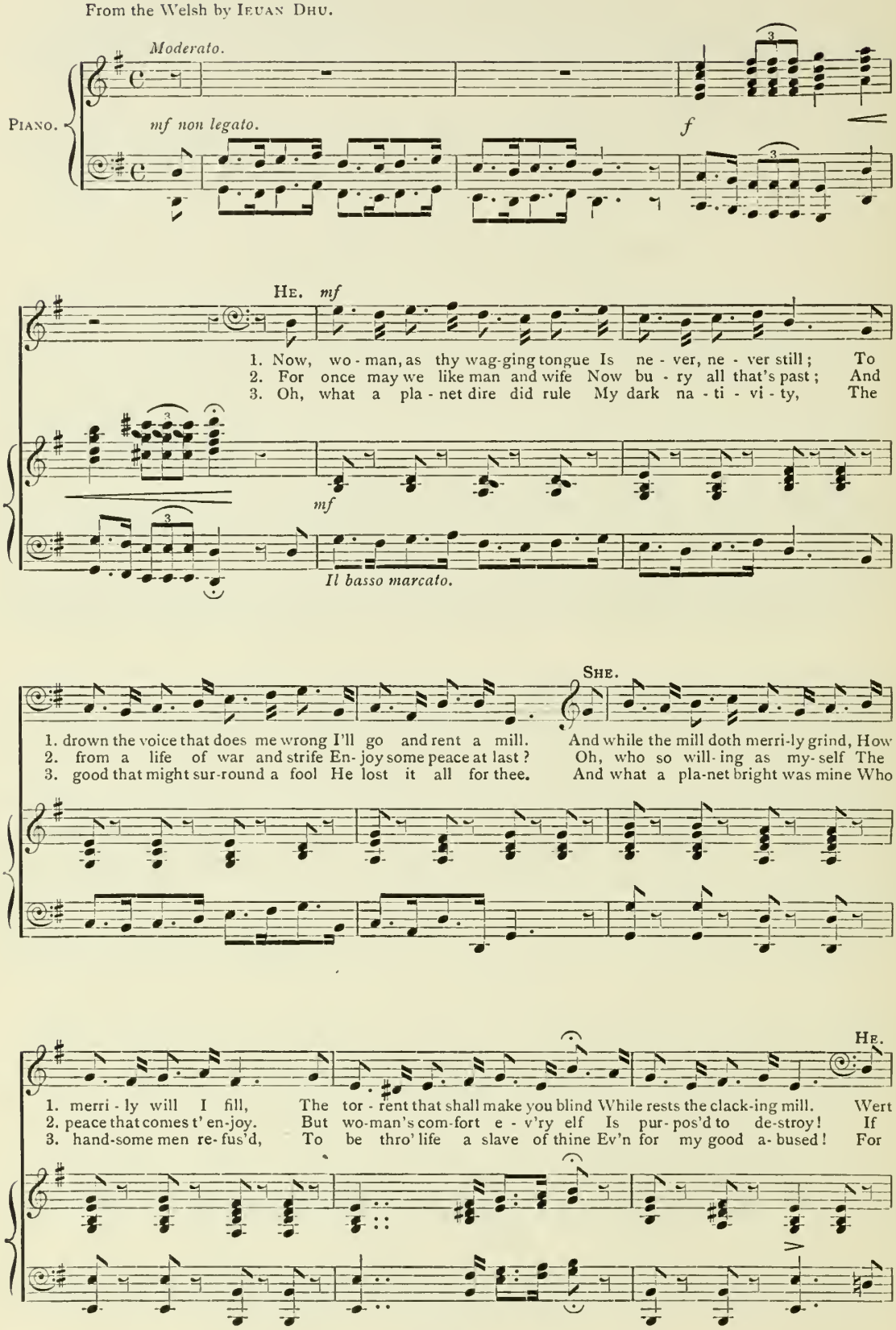
Air: "O, let the wind blow as it may."
A version of *Ar Foreu Teg* (On a fair Morn).

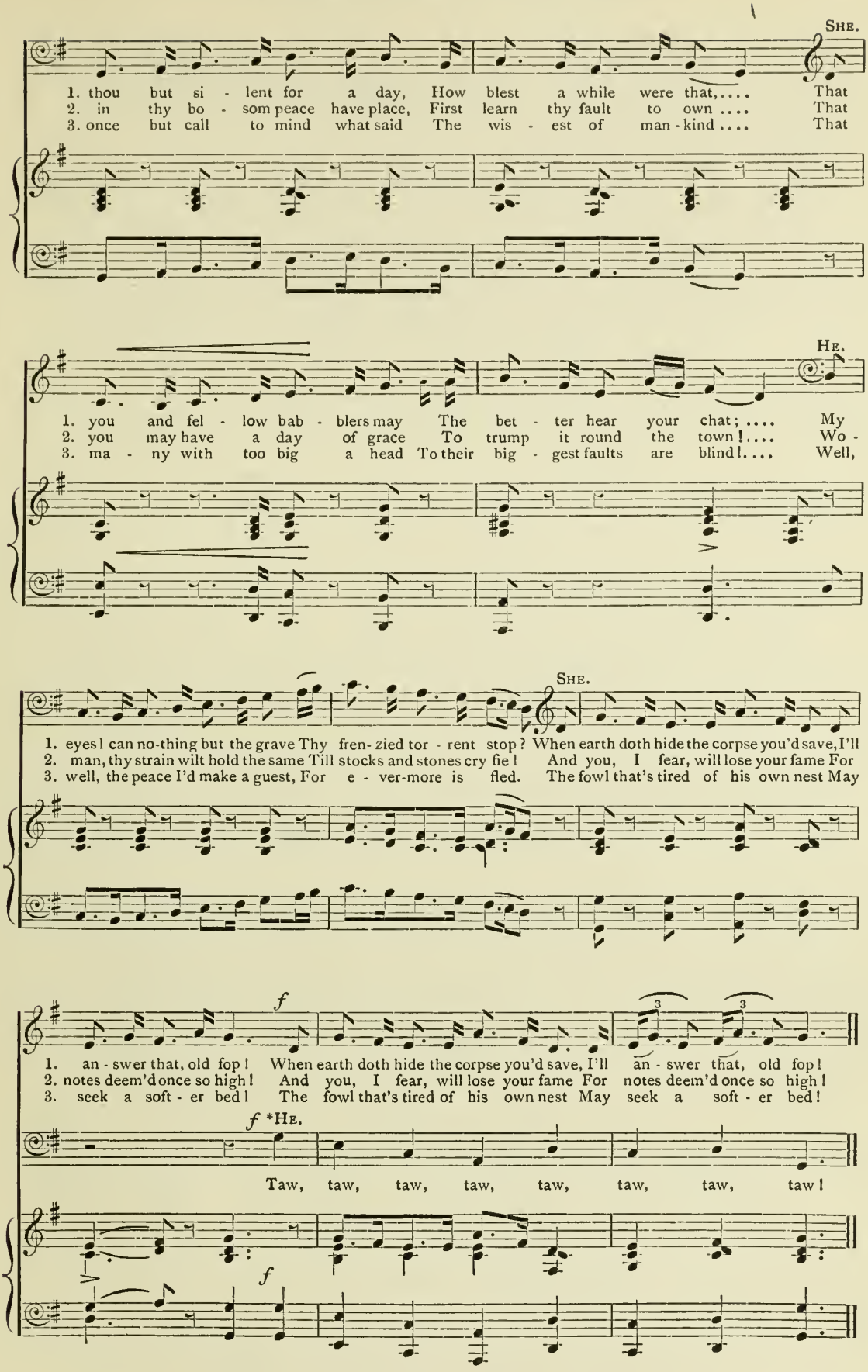


Now, woman, as thy wagging tongue.

(OLD MORGAN AND HIS WIFE.)

From the Welsh by Ieuan Dhu.





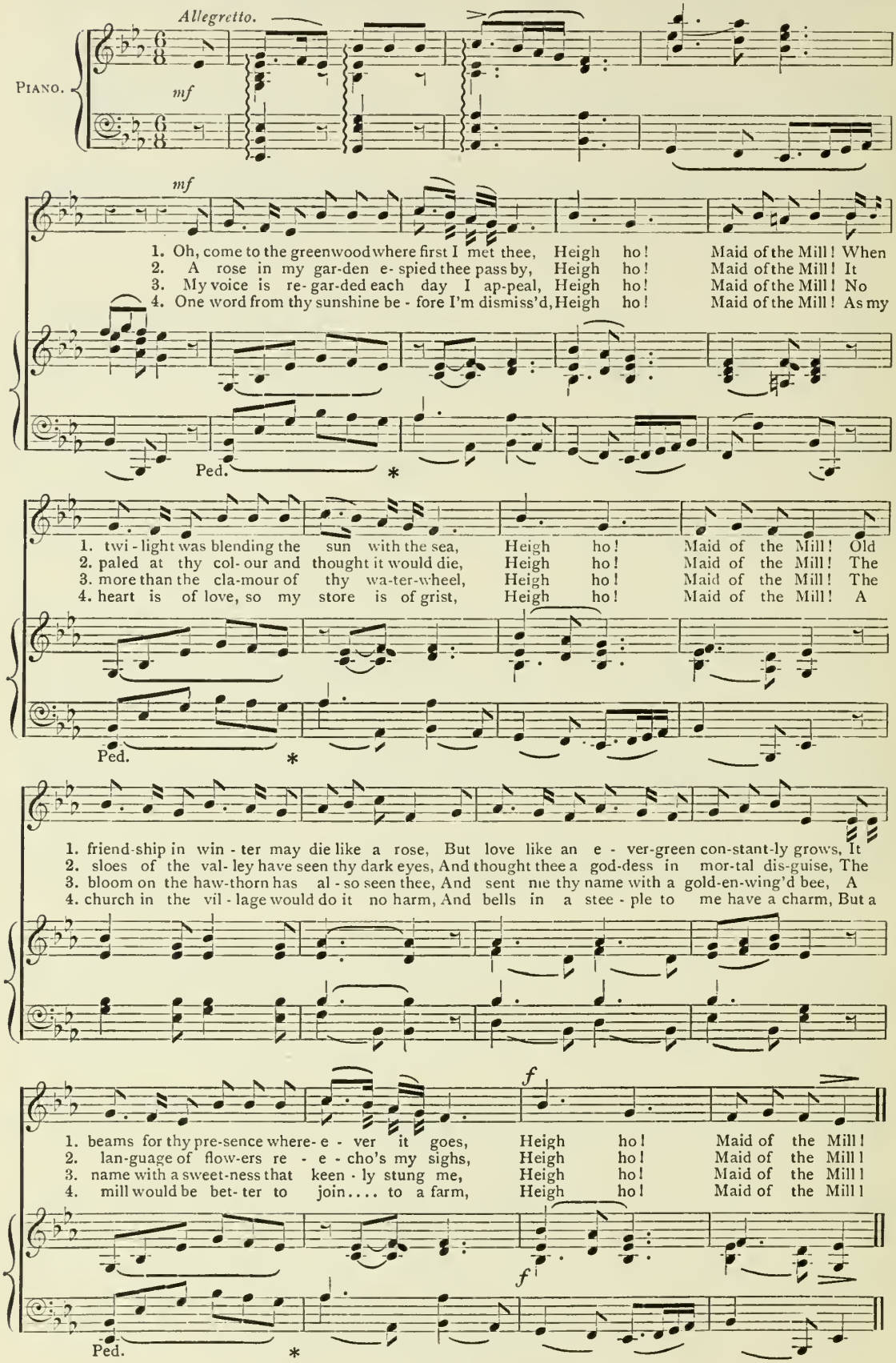
*May be omitted *ad lib.*

*Oh, come to the greenwood.

(HEIGH HO! MAID OF THE MILL!)

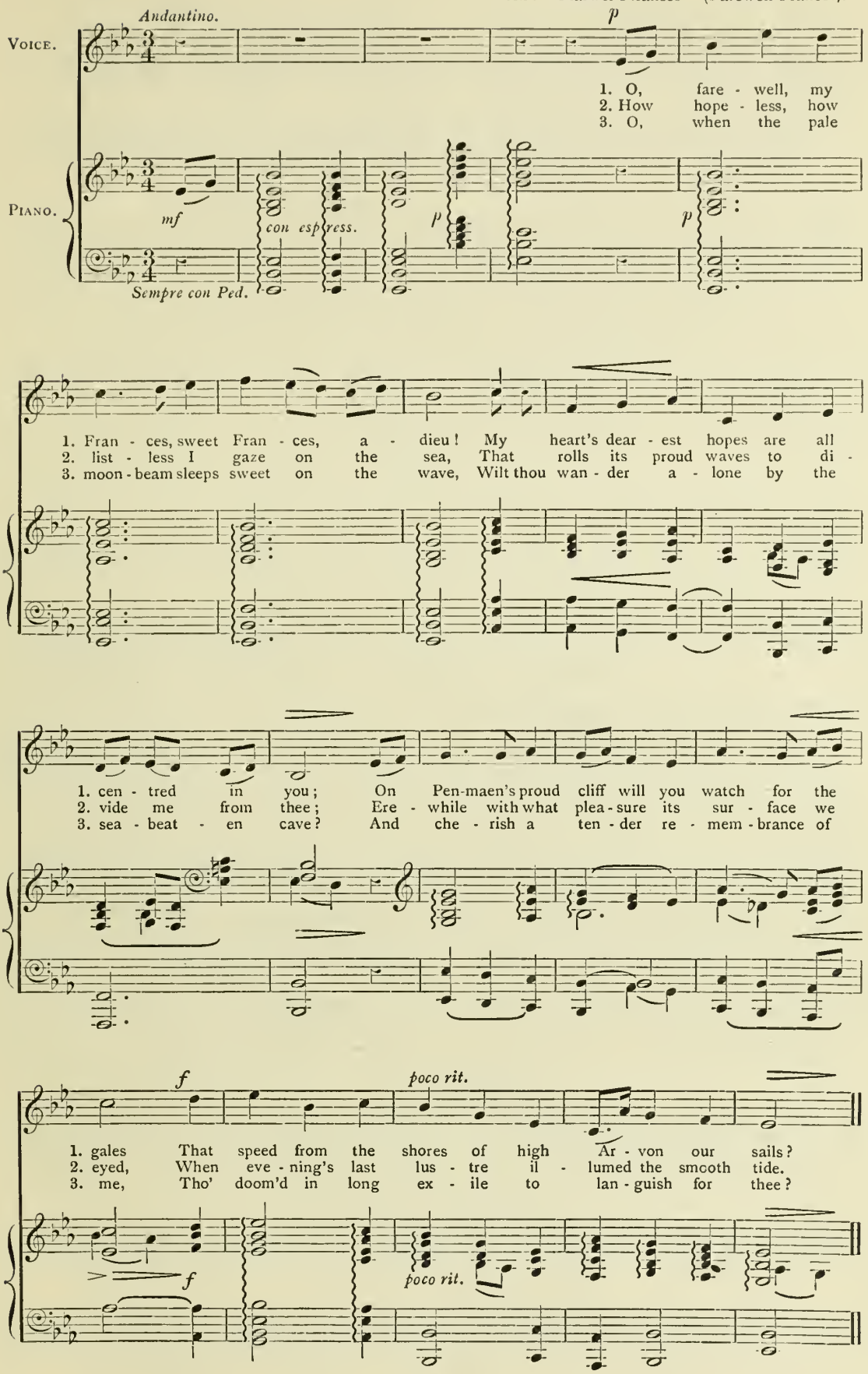
Translated from the Welsh of TALHAIARN by J. CEIRIOG HUGHES.

Air: "Gweno Fwyn Gu." Composed by TALHAIARN.



*From *Gems of Welsh Melody*, 1873, by kind permission of Messrs. Hughes & Son, Wrexham.

Air: "Ffarwel Ffranses" (Farewell Frances).



Oft I've bent beneath the burden.

(THE LAMENT.)

IEUAN DHU. Air: "Y Galon Drom."

Andante quasi adagio.

PIANO.

p espress. *sf* *sf*

p

1. Oft I've bent be - neath the bur- den That did nerve and sin - ew hard- en, Sum-mer's heat and
2. Where the green-wood's mirth a-round me On - ly yields the strains that wound me; Where the flow-'rets'
3. Thou who didst my bo - dy fash- ion, And didst fire my heart with pas sion, Thou who know'st my

p

1. win - ter's ri - gour Oft have tried my spi- rit's vi - gour. Now I live to know what an - guish
2. balm - iest o - dour Can but make my soul the sad - der. What to me is day-light's brightness,
3. strength and weakness, All my pride and all my meek-ness. *Him* who in his wounds doth wel - ter

1. More than roads, O'er rough - est roads, Makes man to lan - guish; An - guish sore, and
2. What the gleam, That ne'er shall beam On my heart's light- ness? What than mid-night's
3. 'Neath Thy wing In mer - cy bring, And give him shel - ter; *Fa - ther, Friend*, and

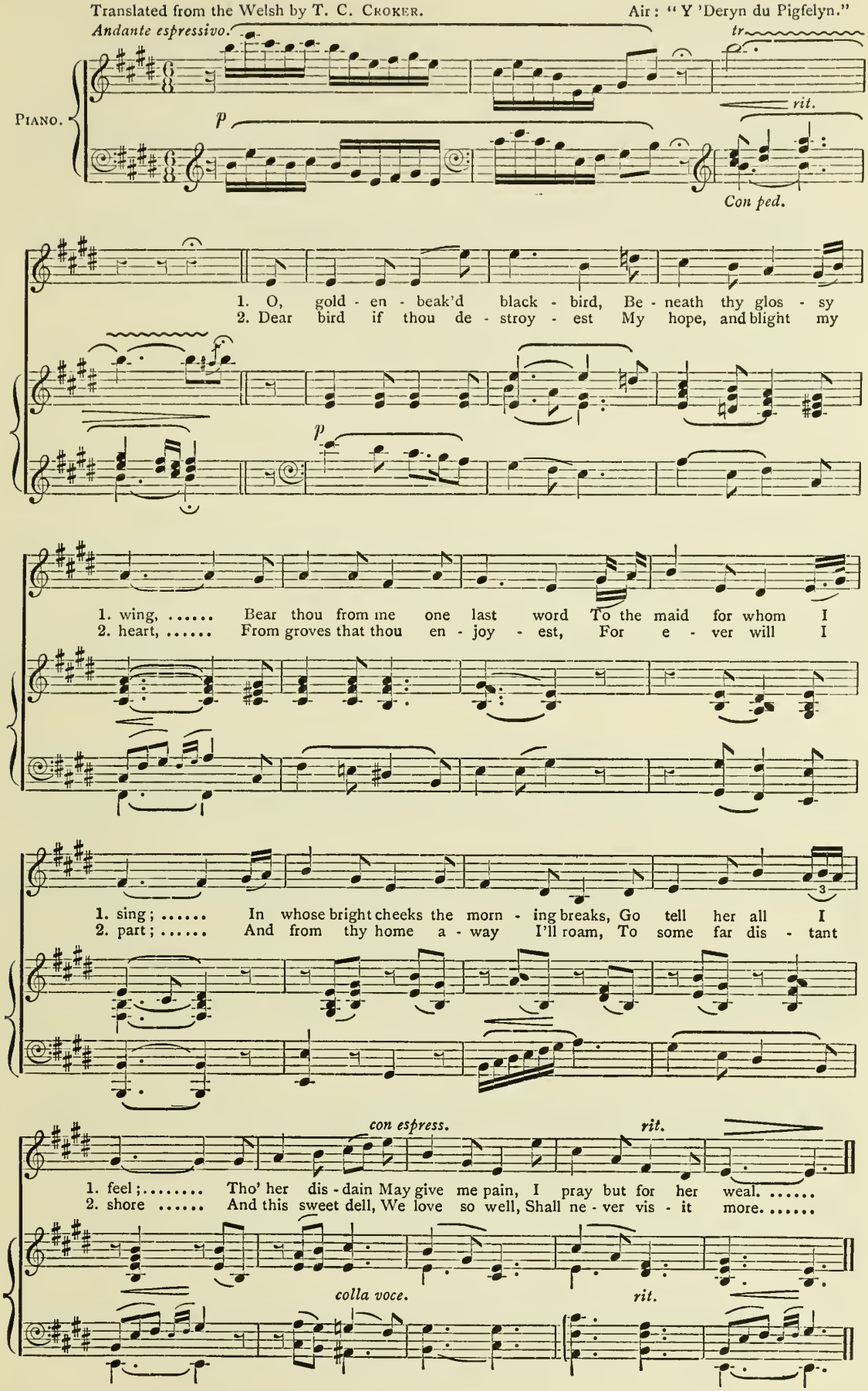
rit.

1. an - guish last - ing, That night or day Will not give way To mirth or fast - ing.
2. dark - ness bet - ter, Where all I can 'Neath na - ture's ban Is grief to ut - ter.
3. *Lord Al - migh - ty*, As I bleed, Oh! show in need Thy love and pi - ty!

rit.

Translated from the Welsh by T. C. Croker. Air: "Y 'Deryn du Pigfelyn."

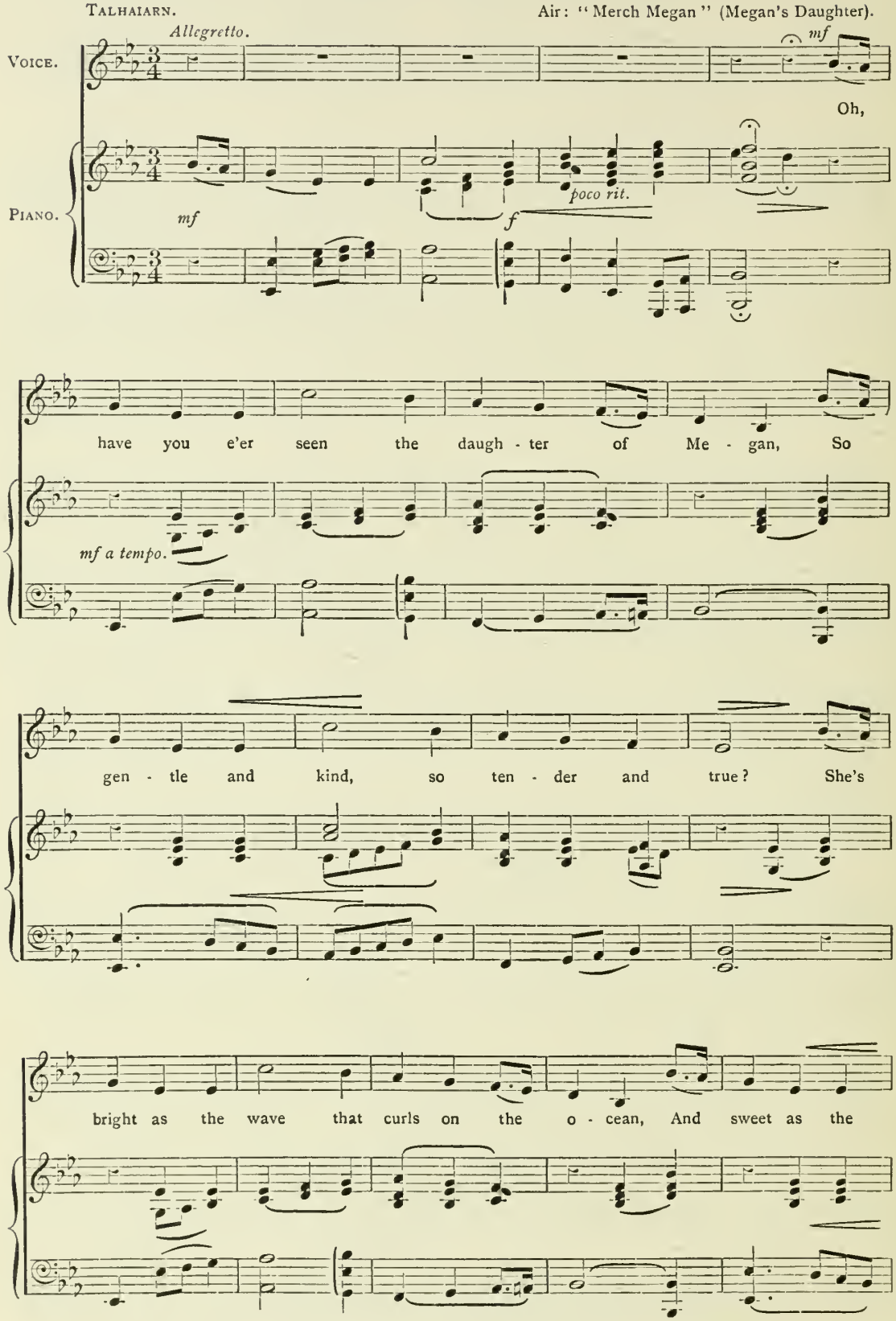
Andante espressivo.



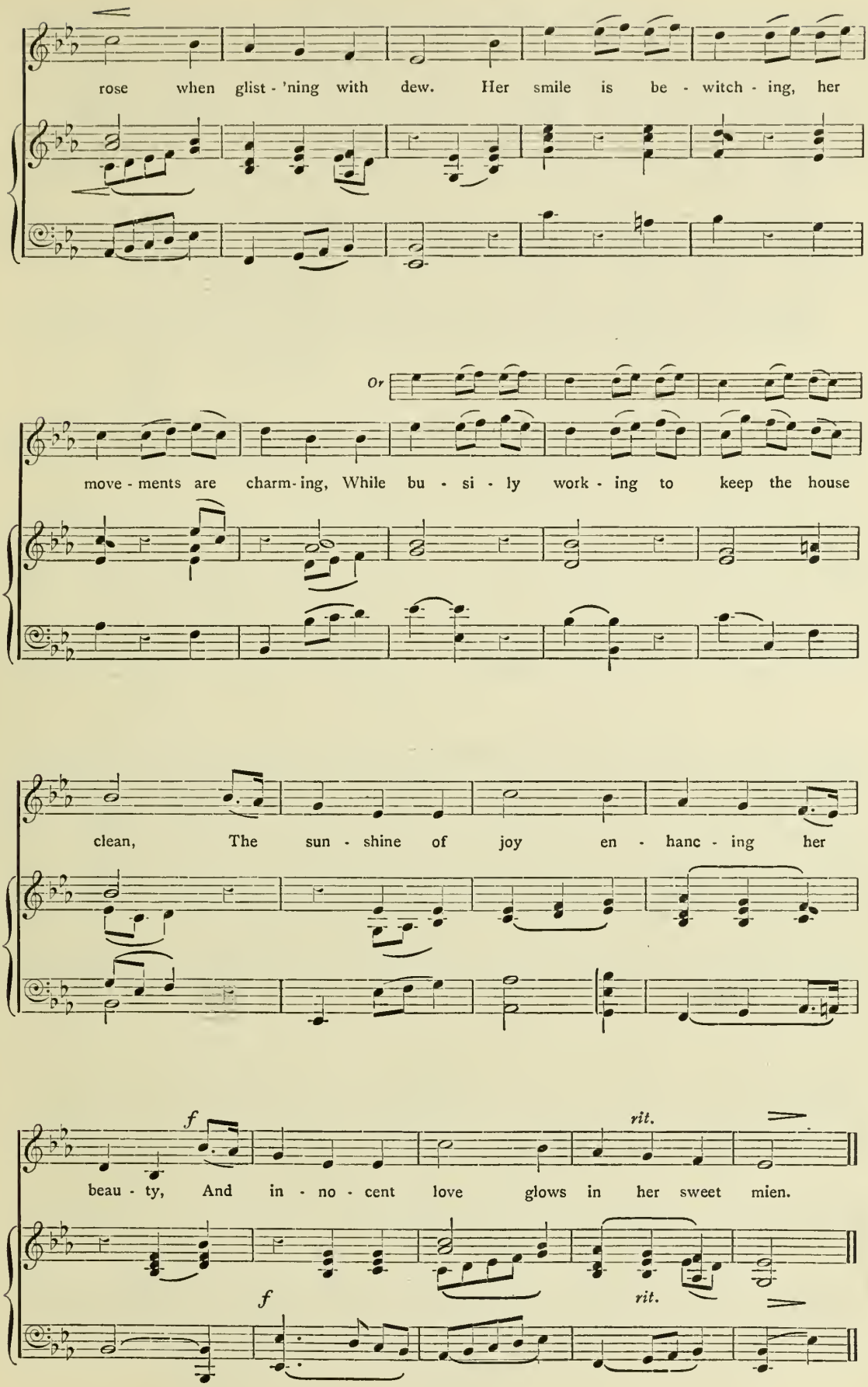
*Oh, have you e'er seen the daughter of Megan?

(MEGAN'S DAUGHTER.)

TALHAIARN. Air: "Merch Megan" (Megan's Daughter).



*From *Gems of Welsh Melody*, 1873, by kind permission of Messrs. Hughes & Son, Wrexham.

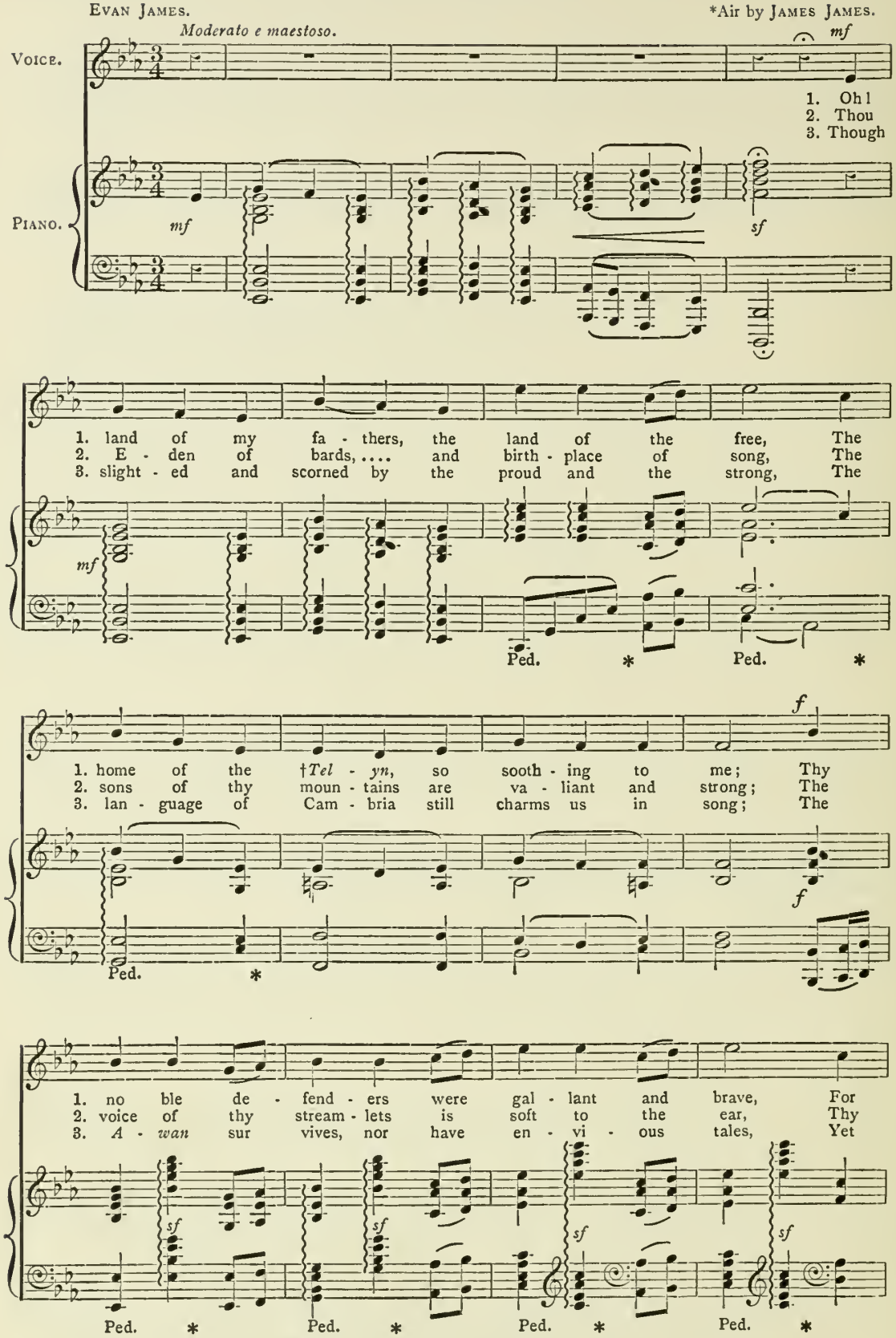

rose when glist - 'ning with dew. Her smile is be - witch - ing, her
Or
move - ments are charm - ing, While bu - si - ly work - ing to keep the house
clean, The sun - shine of joy en - hanc - ing her
f
rit.
beau - ty, And in - no - cent love glows in her sweet mien.
f
rit.

*Oh! Land of my fathers.

(LAND OF MY FATHERS.)

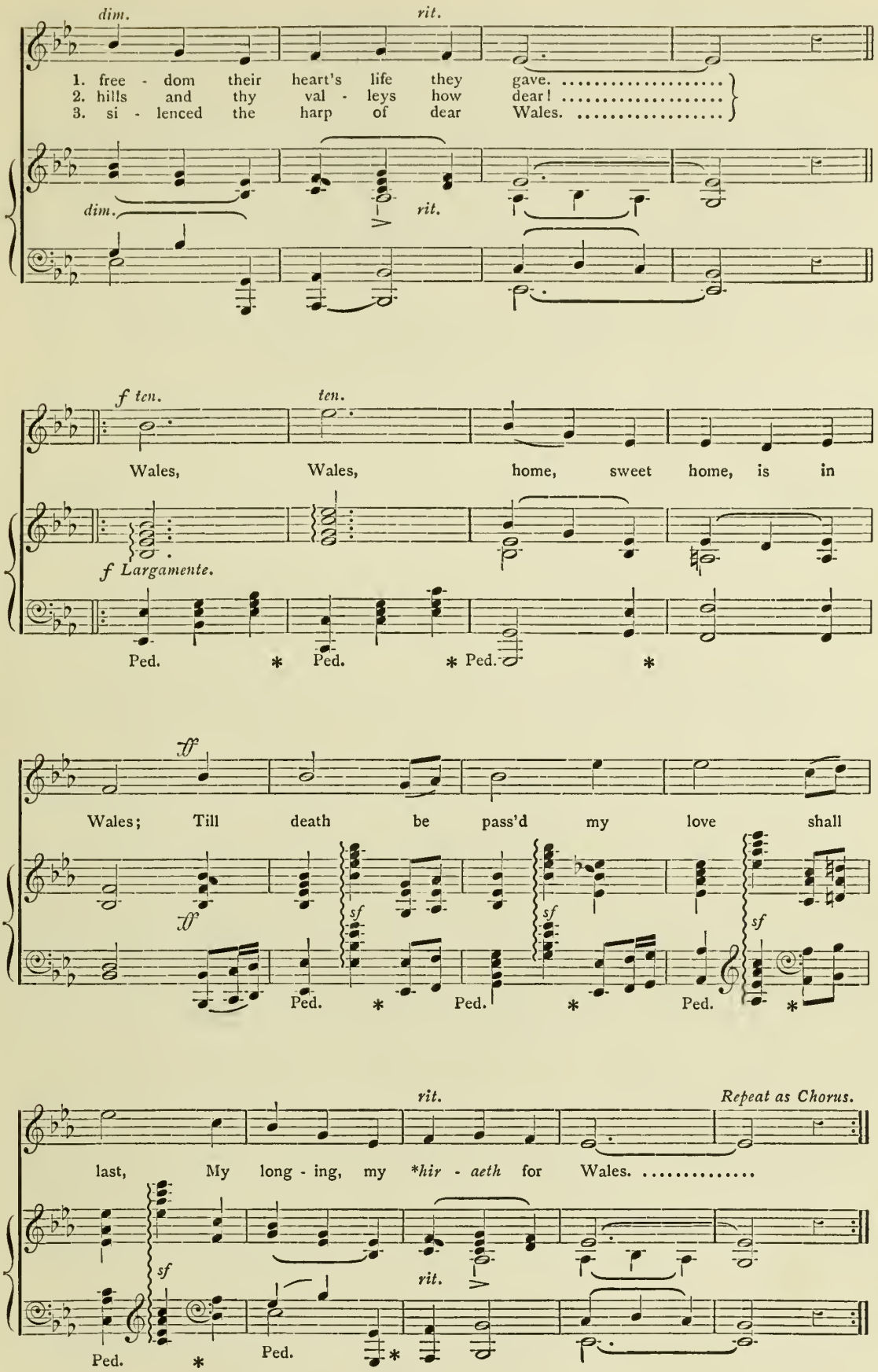
EVAN JAMES. *Air by JAMES JAMES.

Moderato e maestoso.



*From *Gems of Welsh Melody*, 1873, by kind permission of Messrs. Hughes & Son, Wrexham.

†*Telyn*, the harp.

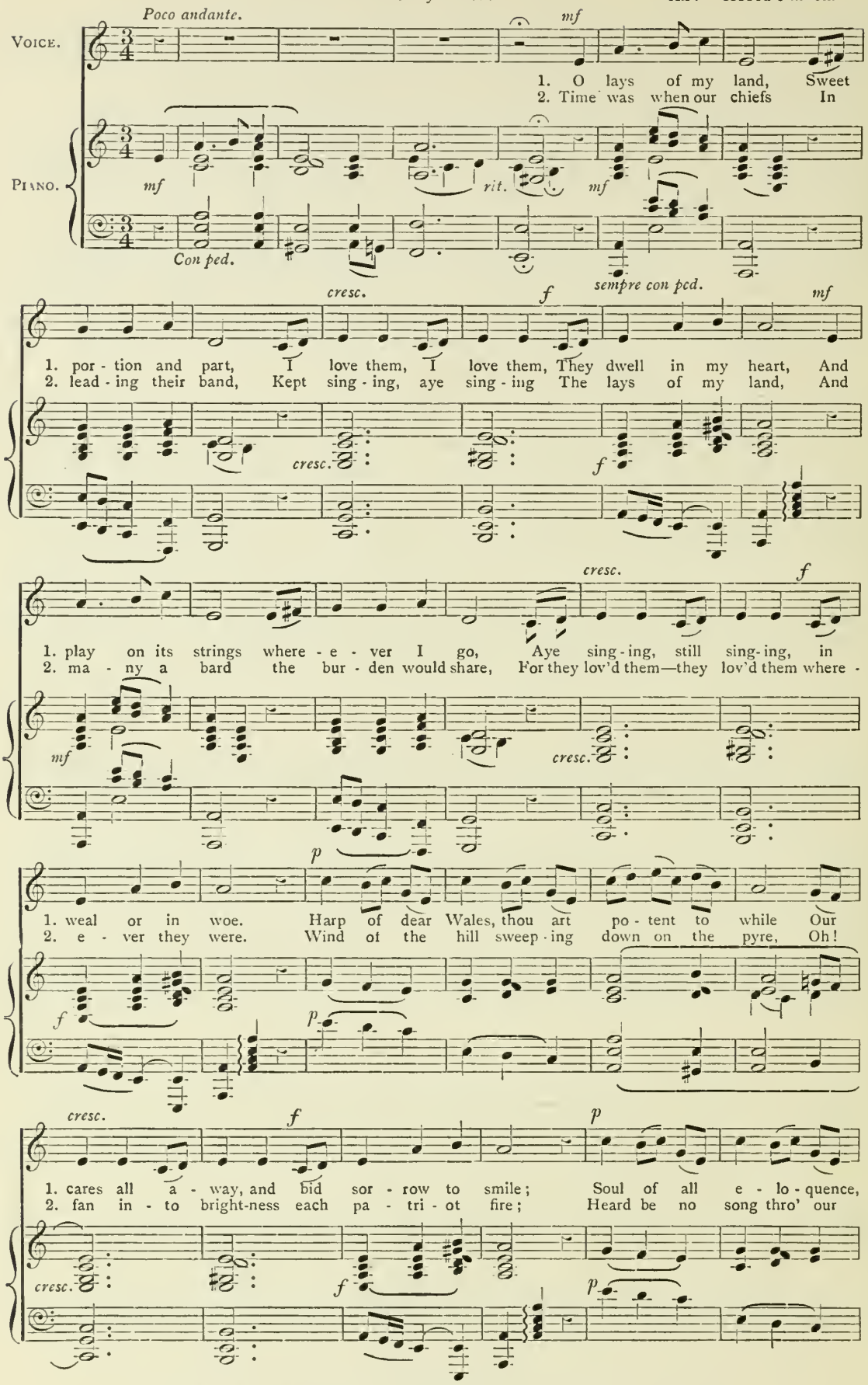


*hiraeth, yearning.

*O Lays of my land.

Translated from the Welsh of Idris Vychan by Estyn.

Air: "Hobed o hilion."



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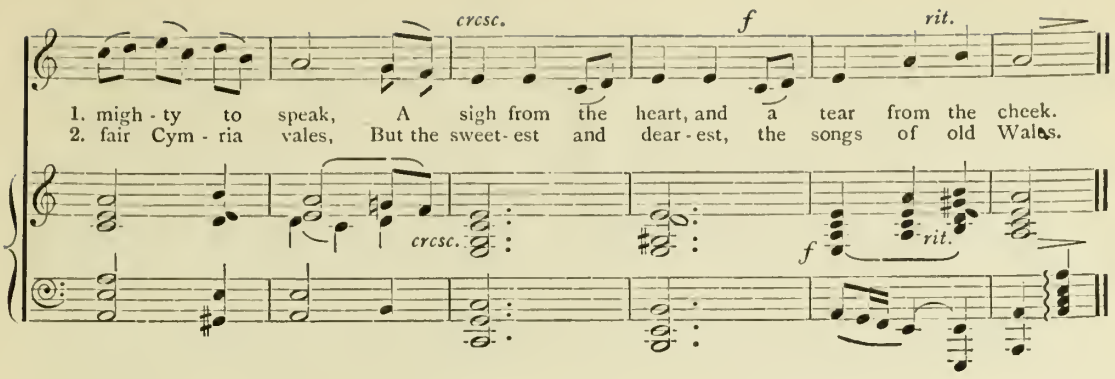
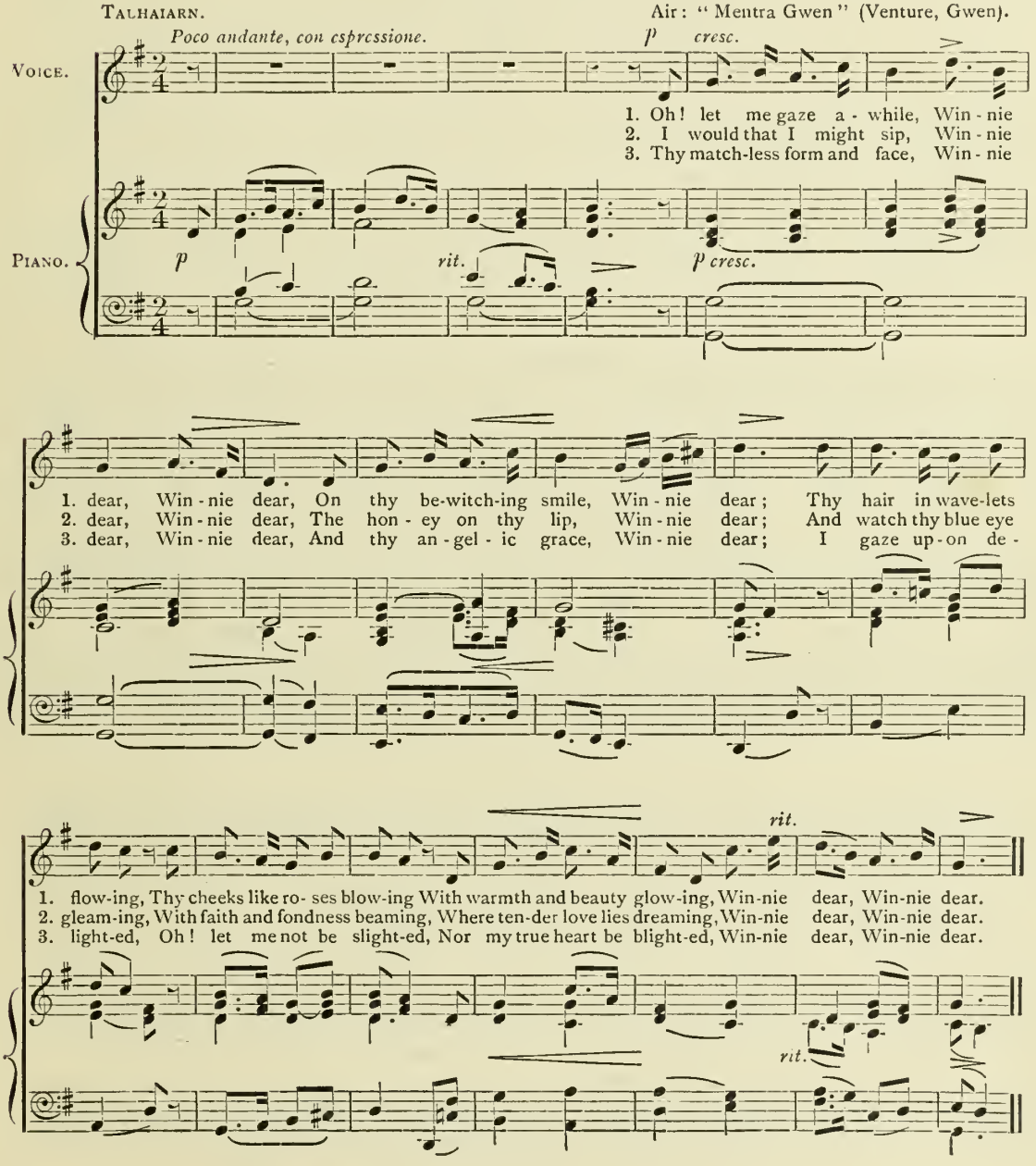


Oh! let me gaze awhile.

(WINNIE DEAR.)

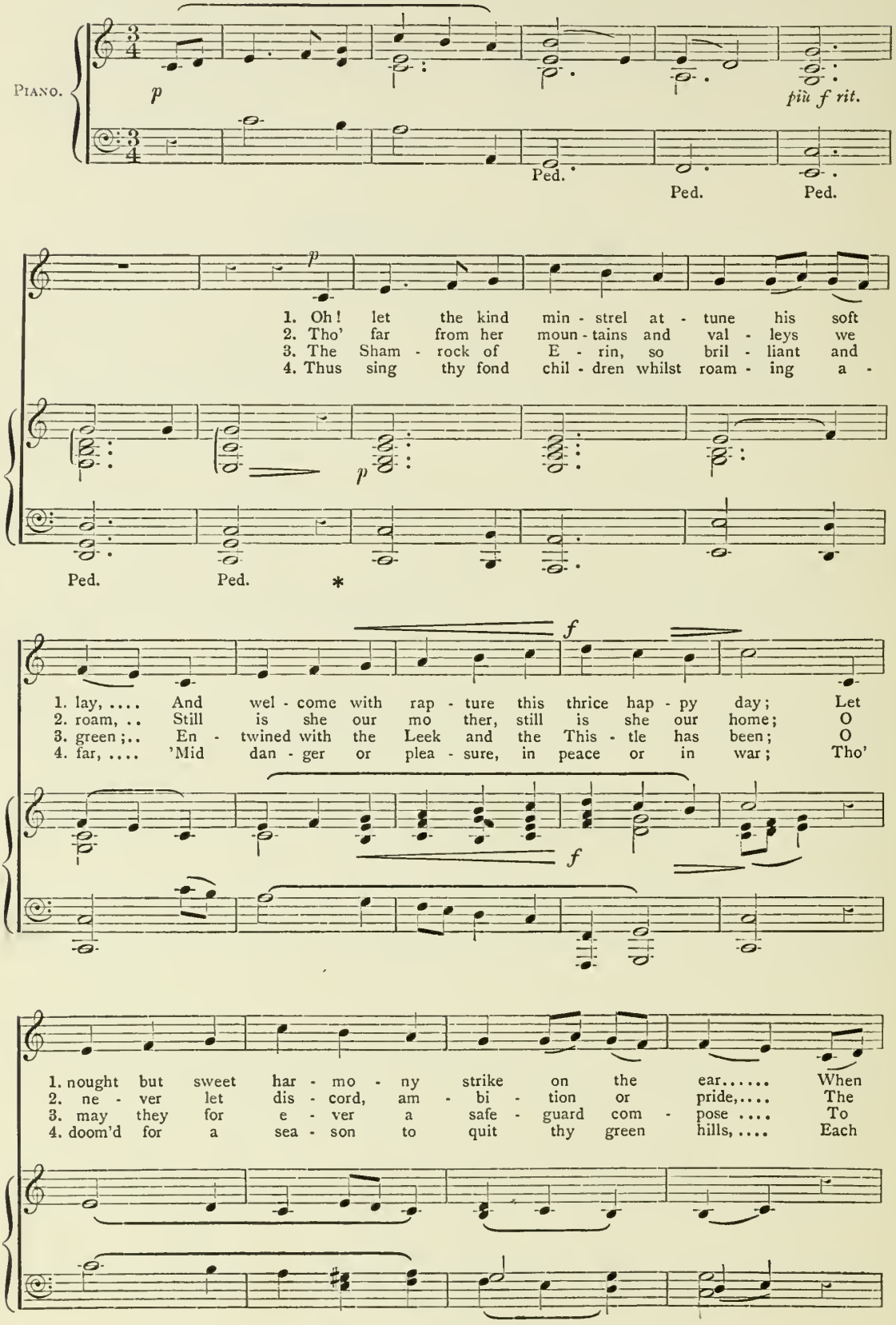
TALHAIARN. Air: "Mentra Gwen" (Venture, Gwen).

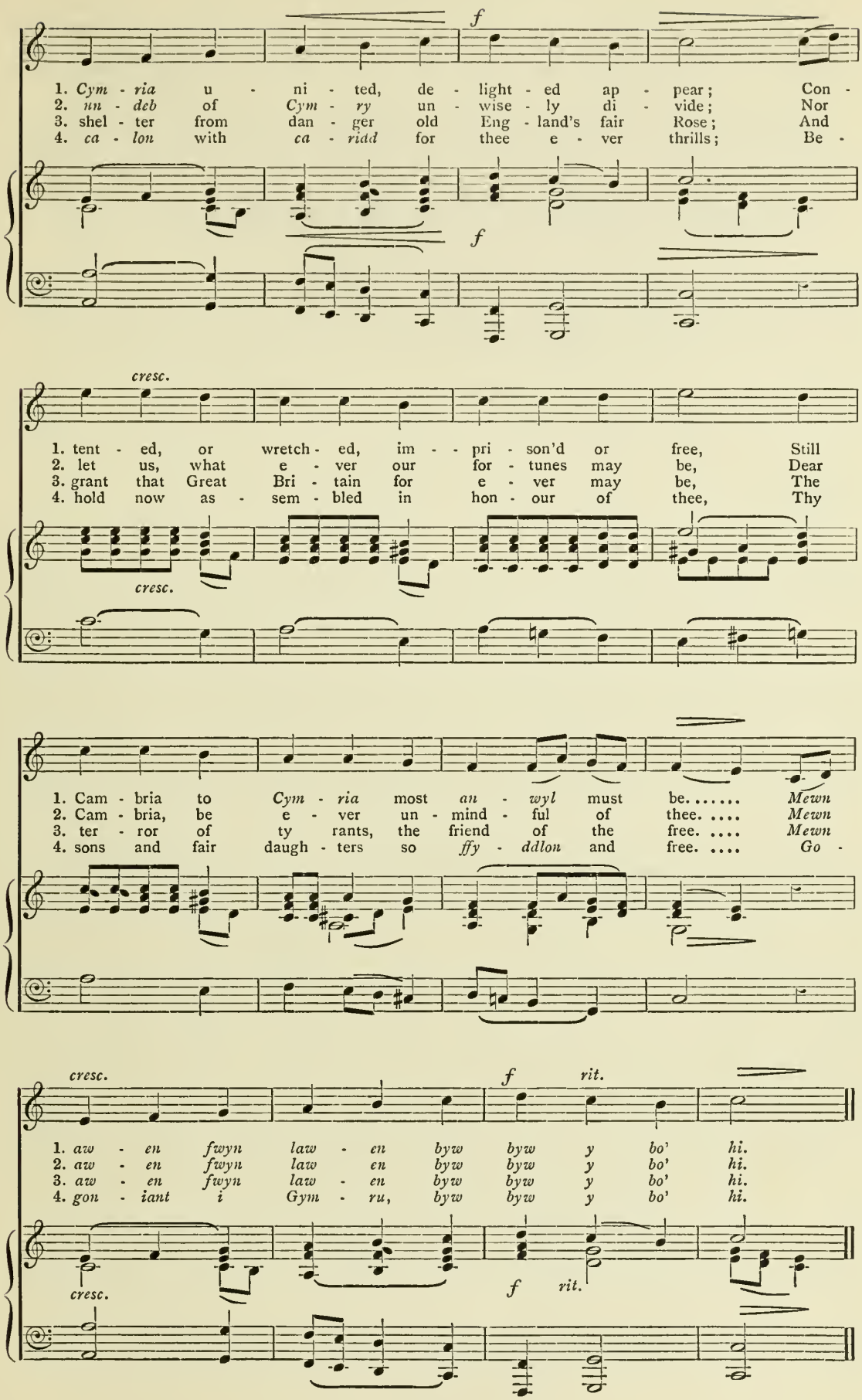


Oh! let the kind minstrel.

JOHN PARRY. Air: "Glan meddwdod mwyn" (Good humoured, but fairly tipsy).

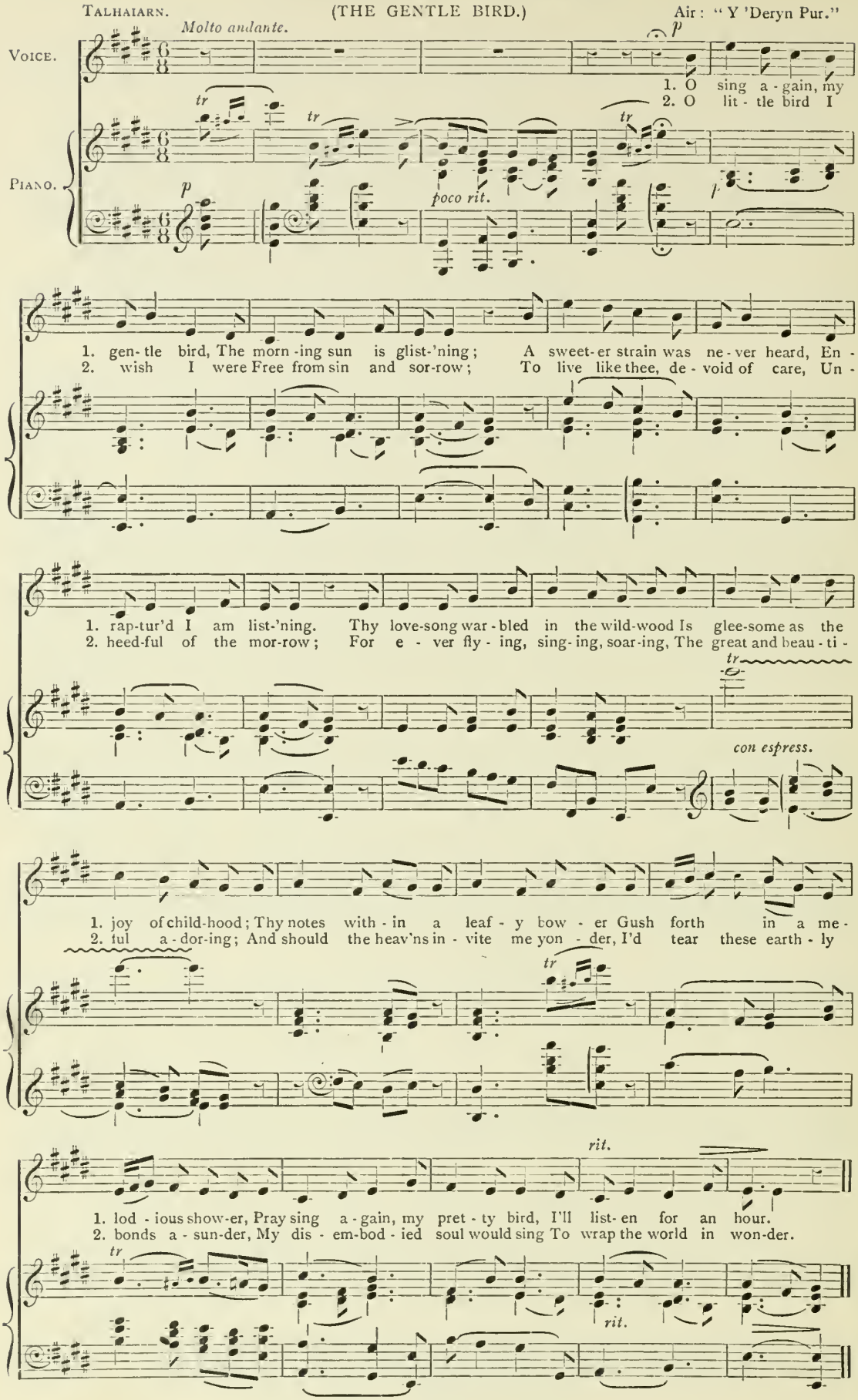
Andantino.




f
1. Cym - ria u - ni - ted, de - light - ed ap - pear; Con -
2. un - deb of Cym - ry un - wise - ly di - vide; Nor
3. shel - ter from dan - ger old Eng - land's fair Rose; And
4. ca - lon with ca - ridd for thee e - ver thrills; Be -
f
cresc.
1. tent - ed, or wretch - ed, im - pri - son'd or free, Still
2. let us, what e - ver our for - tunes may be, Dear
3. grant that Great Bri - tain for e - ver may be, The
4. hold now as - sem - bled in hon - our of thee, Thy
cresc.
1. Cam - bria to Cym - ria most an - wyl must be..... Mewn
2. Cam - bria, be e - ver un - mind - ful of thee. .... Mewn
3. ter - ror of ty rants, the friend of the free. .... Mewn
4. sons and fair daugh - ters so ffy - ddlon and free. .... Go -
cresc.
f rit.
1. aw - en fwyn law - en byw byw y bo' hi.
2. aw - en fwyn law - en byw byw y bo' hi.
3. aw - en fwyn law - en byw byw y bo' hi.
4. gon - iant i Gym - ru, byw byw y bo' hi.
cresc.
f rit.

O sing again, my gentle bird.

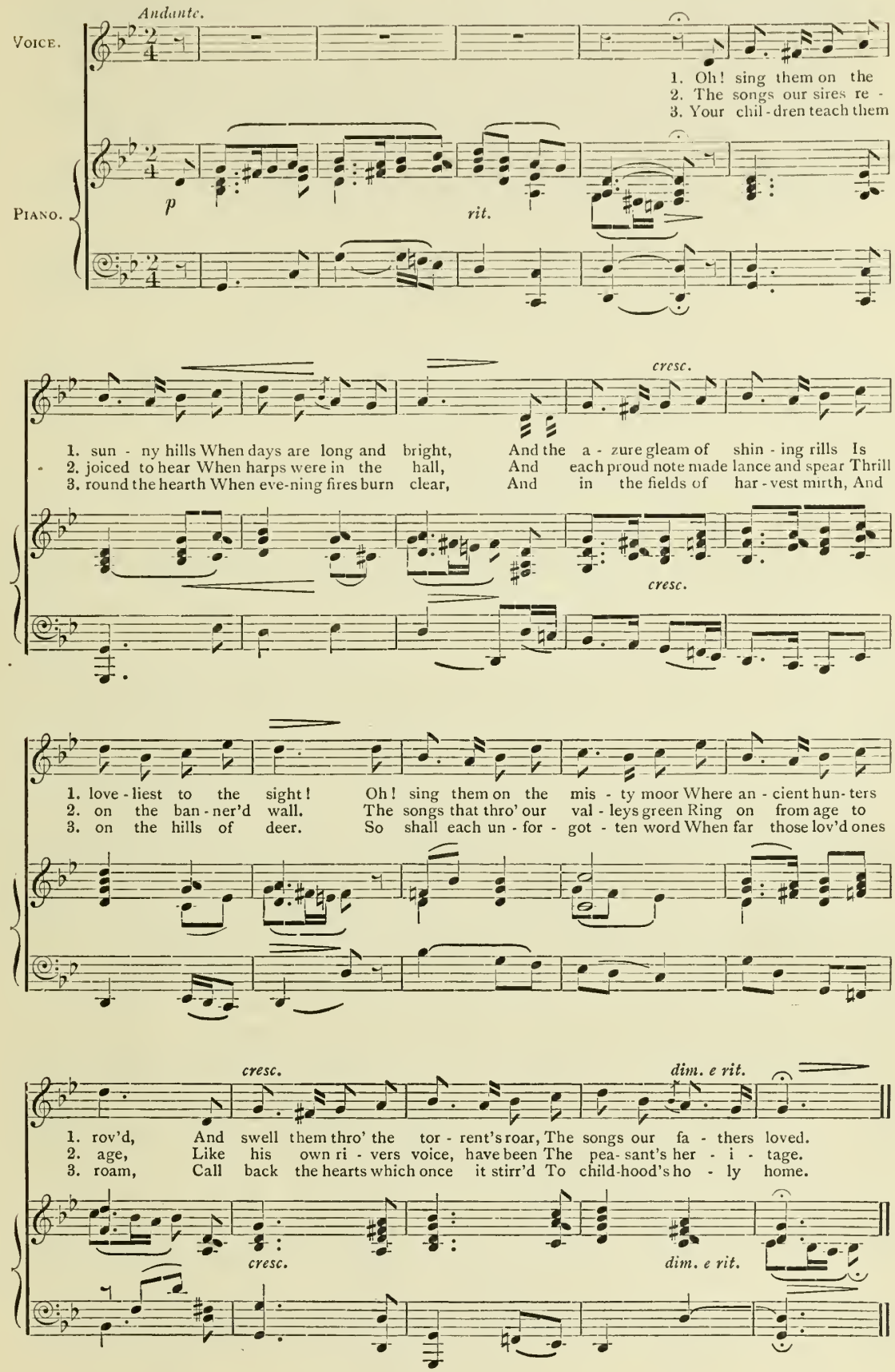
TALHAIARN. (THE GENTLE BIRD.) Air: "Y 'Deryn Pur."



Oh! sing them on the sunny hills.

(THE SONGS YOUR FATHERS LOVED.)

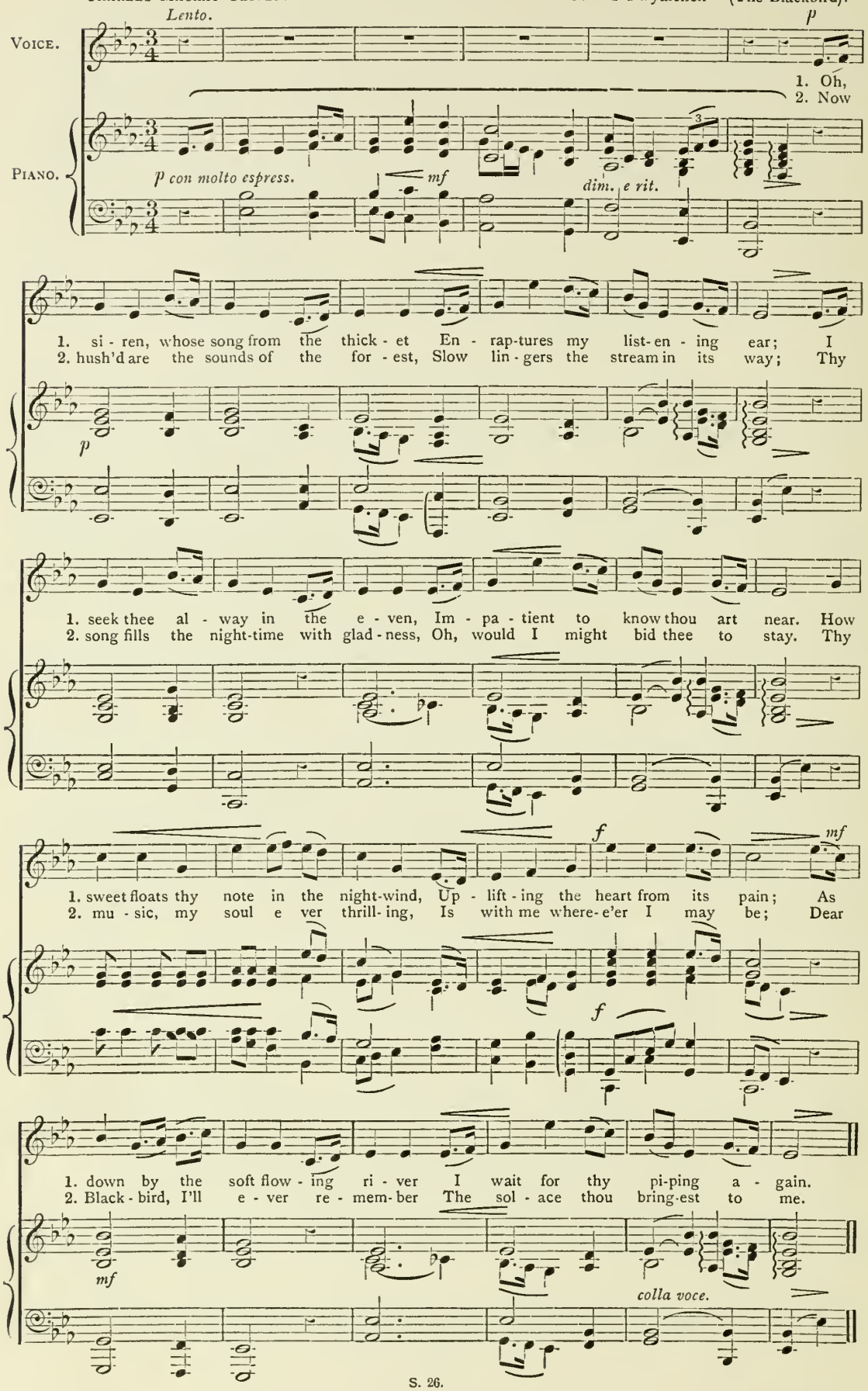
FELICIA HEMANS. Air: "Wyres Ned Puw" (Ned Pugh's Grand-daughter).



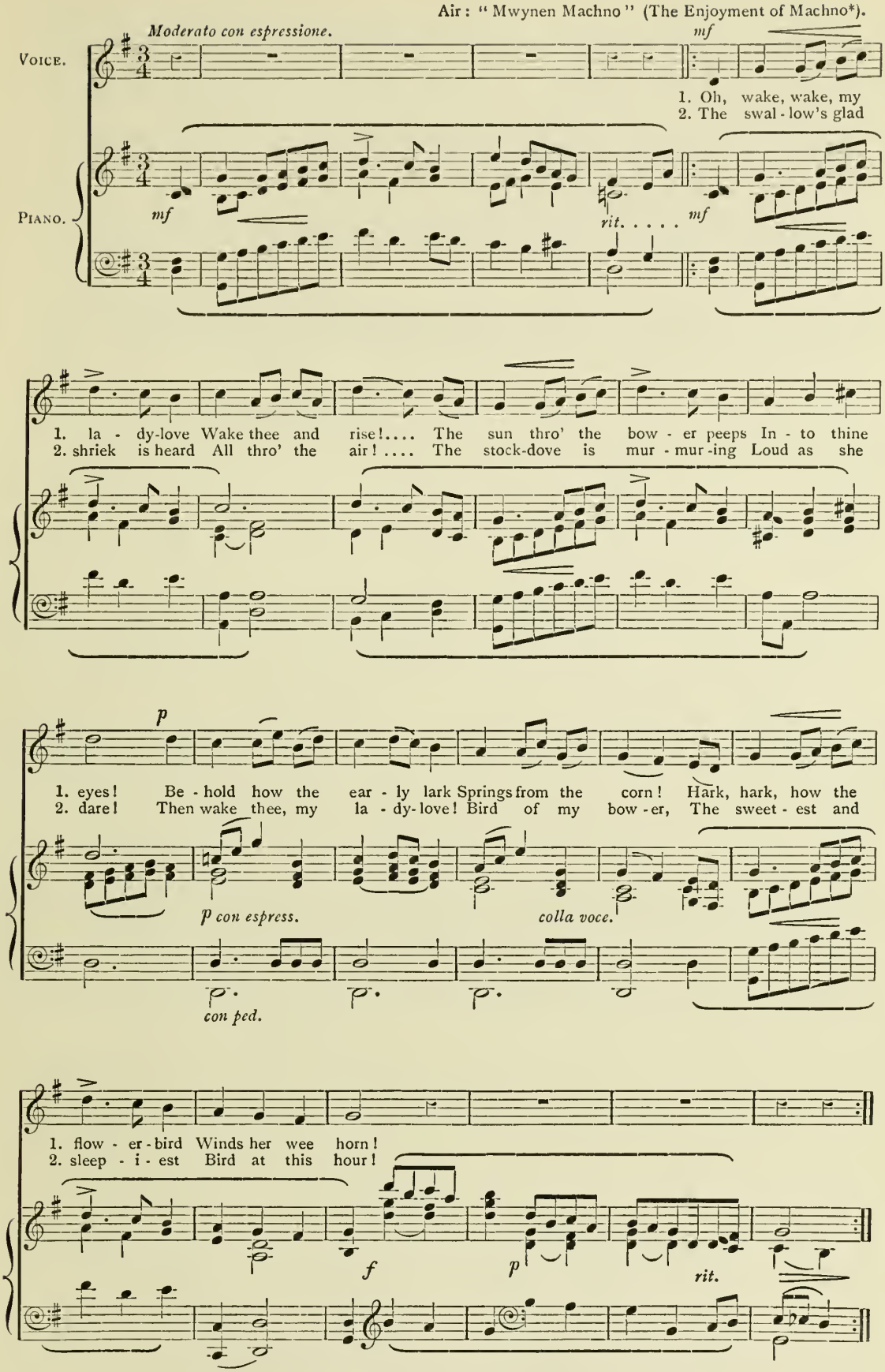
Oh, siren, whose song from the thicket.

(THE BLACKBIRD.)

CHARLES MACKAY OLIVER. Air: "Y Fwyalchen" (The Blackbird).



Air: "Mwynen Machno" (The Enjoyment of Machno*).



*A parish in Carnarvonshire.

O welcome bat and owlet gray.

JOANNA BAILLIE. Air: "Mantell Siani" (Jane's Mantle).

Allegretto.

Voice. Piano.

mf *f* *mf*

1. O
2. Up -

1. wel - come bat and owl - et gray, Thus wing-ing low.... your air - y way; And
2. on the soft wind floats her hair, Her breath is in ..... the dew - y air; Her

poco rit.

1. wel - come moth and drow - sy fly, That to mine ear .... come hum-ming by. And
2. steps are in the whis - per'd sound, That steals a - long.... the stil - ly ground. O

poco rit.

1. wel - come sha - dows long.... and deep, And stars that from the pale sky peep! O
2. dawn.... of day in ro - - sy bow'r, What art thou to this witch - ing hour! O

rit.

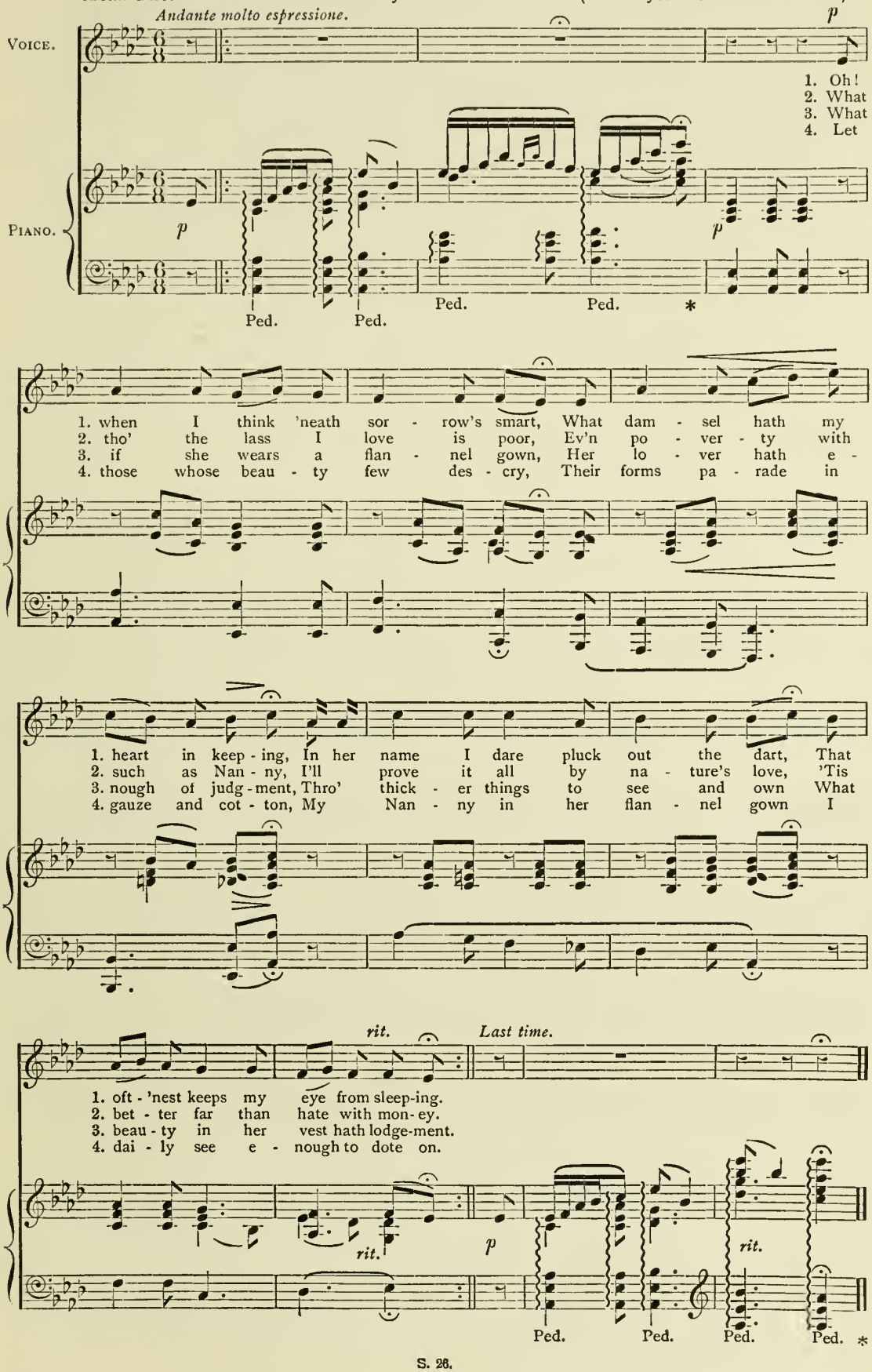
1. wel - come all; .. to me ye say My wood-land love.... is on her way.
2. noon of day .. in sun - shine bright, What art thou to..... the fall of night!

rit.

Oh! when I think 'neath sorrow's smart.

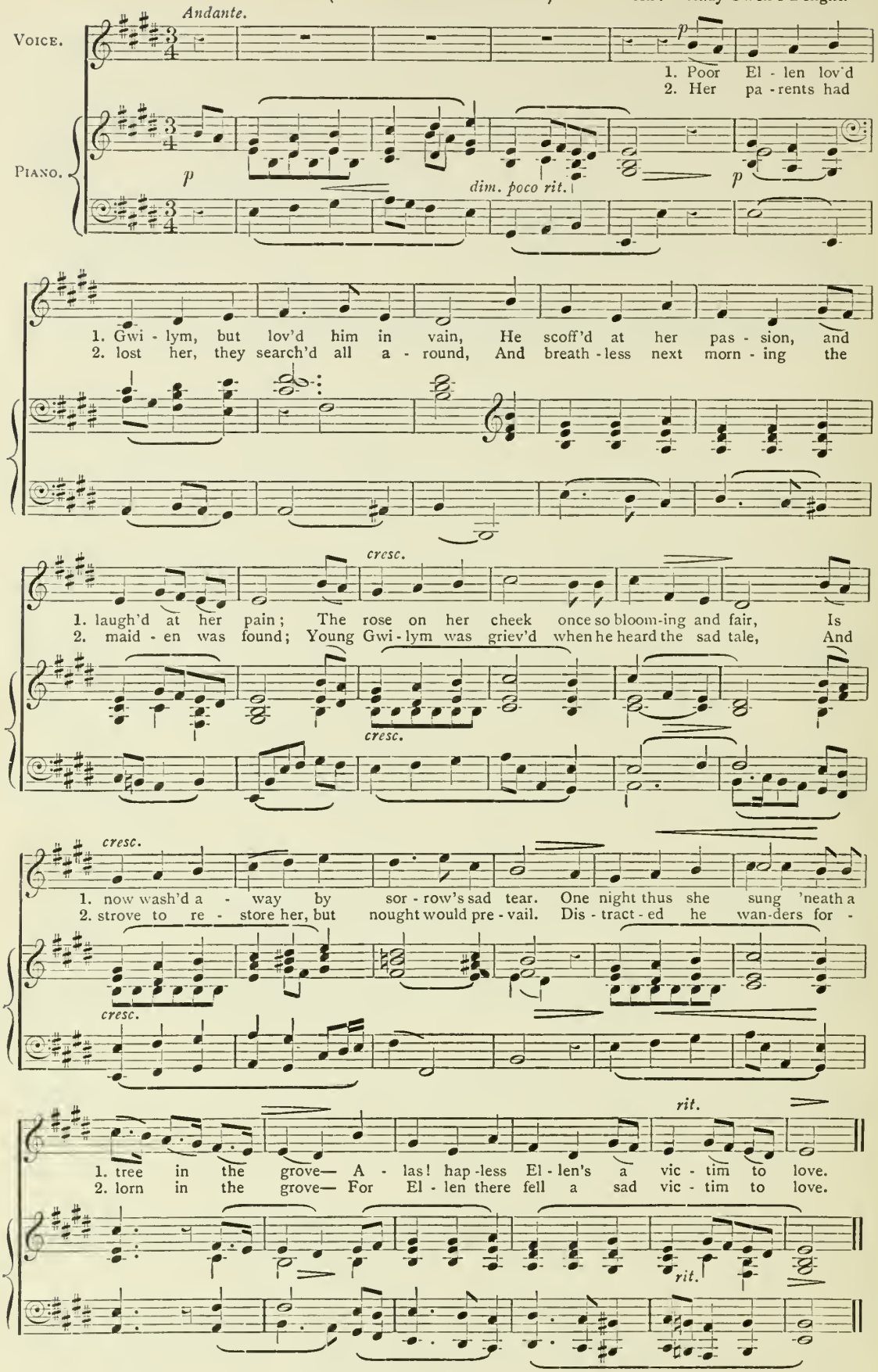
(MY NANNY.)

IEUAN DHU. Air: "Beth 'wedy di am fab i Ffarmer?" (What sayest thou of a farmer's son).



Poor Ellen lov'd Gwilym.

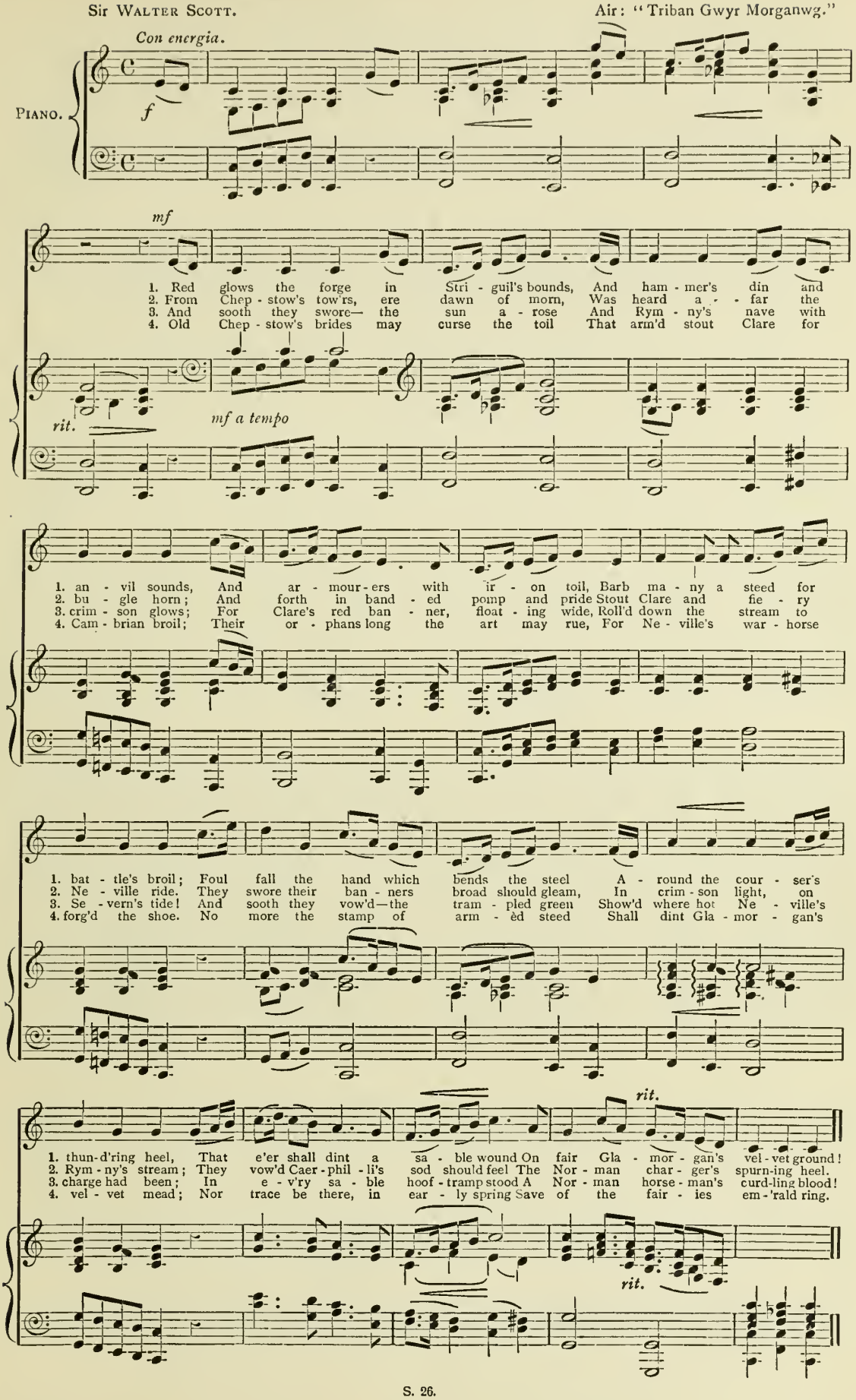
(*GWILYM AND ELLEN.) Air: "Lady Owen's Delight."



*This is an old-fashioned translation of an old Welsh song, the author of which was a person of the name of Gwilym Davydd; he is supposed to have been the original Gwilym of the song.

Red glows the forge in Striguil's bounds.

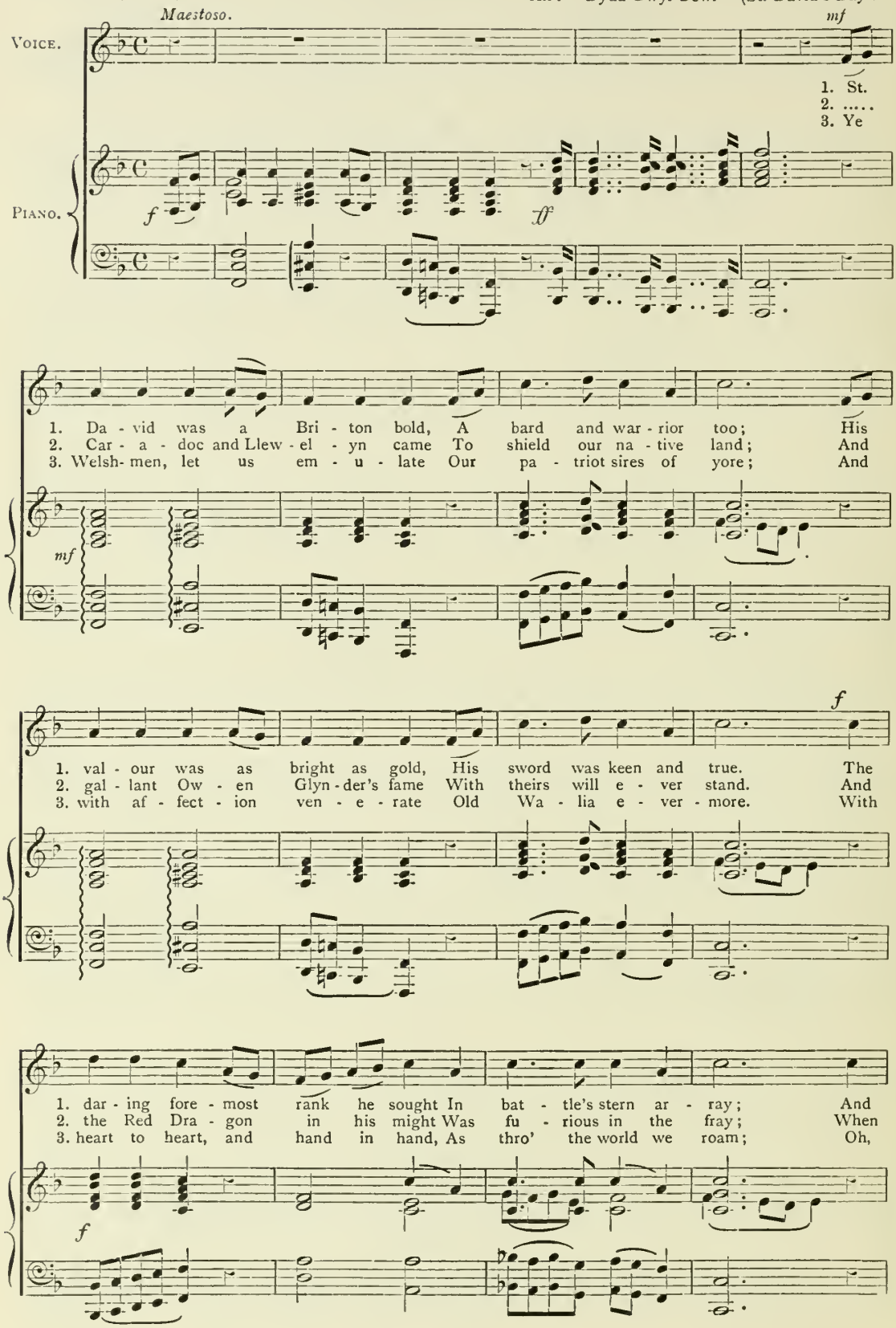
Sir Walter Scott. Air: "Triban Gwyr Morganwg."

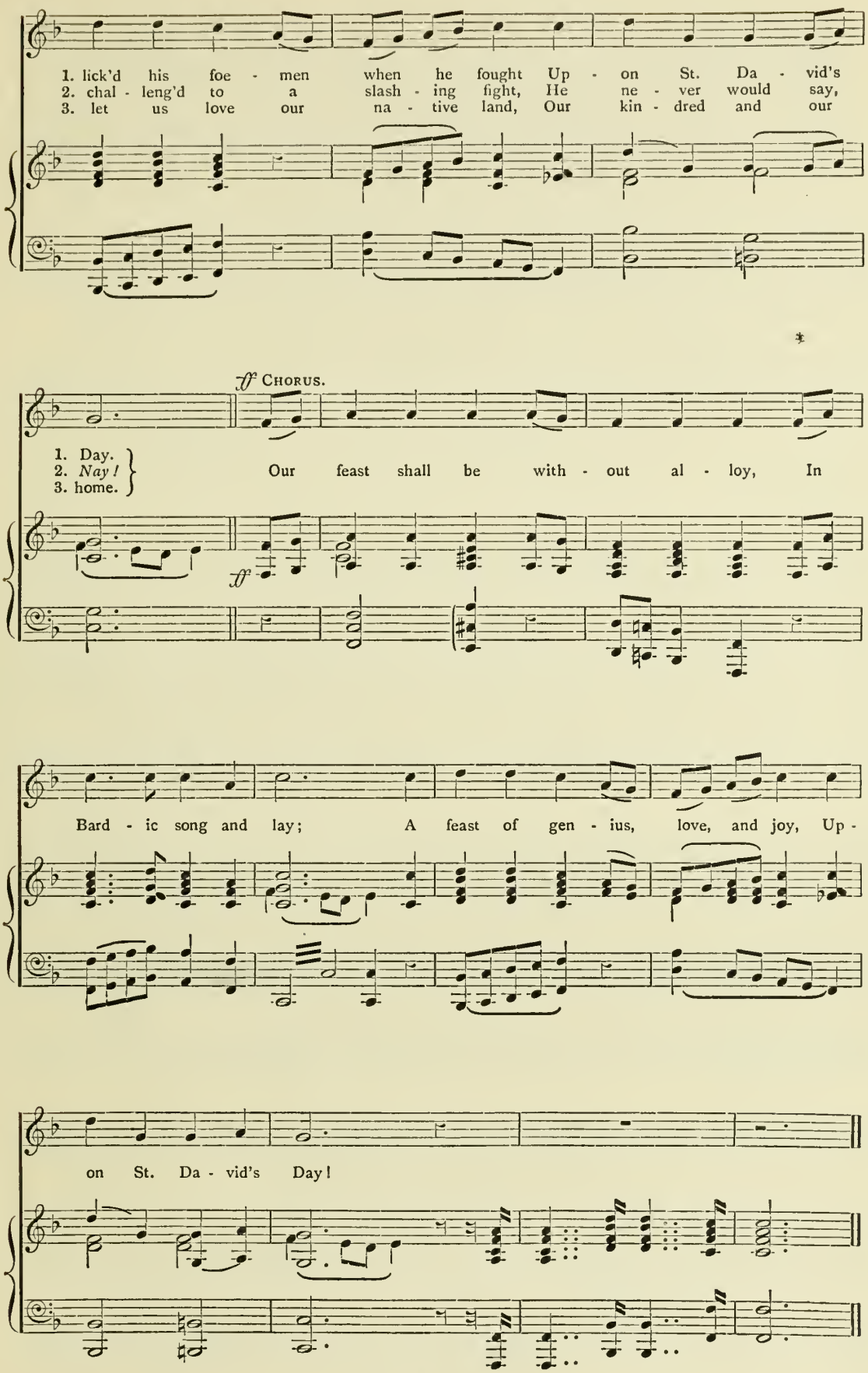


St. David was a Briton bold.

(ST. DAVID'S DAY.)

TALHAIARN. Air: "Dydd Gwyl Dewi" (St. David's Day.

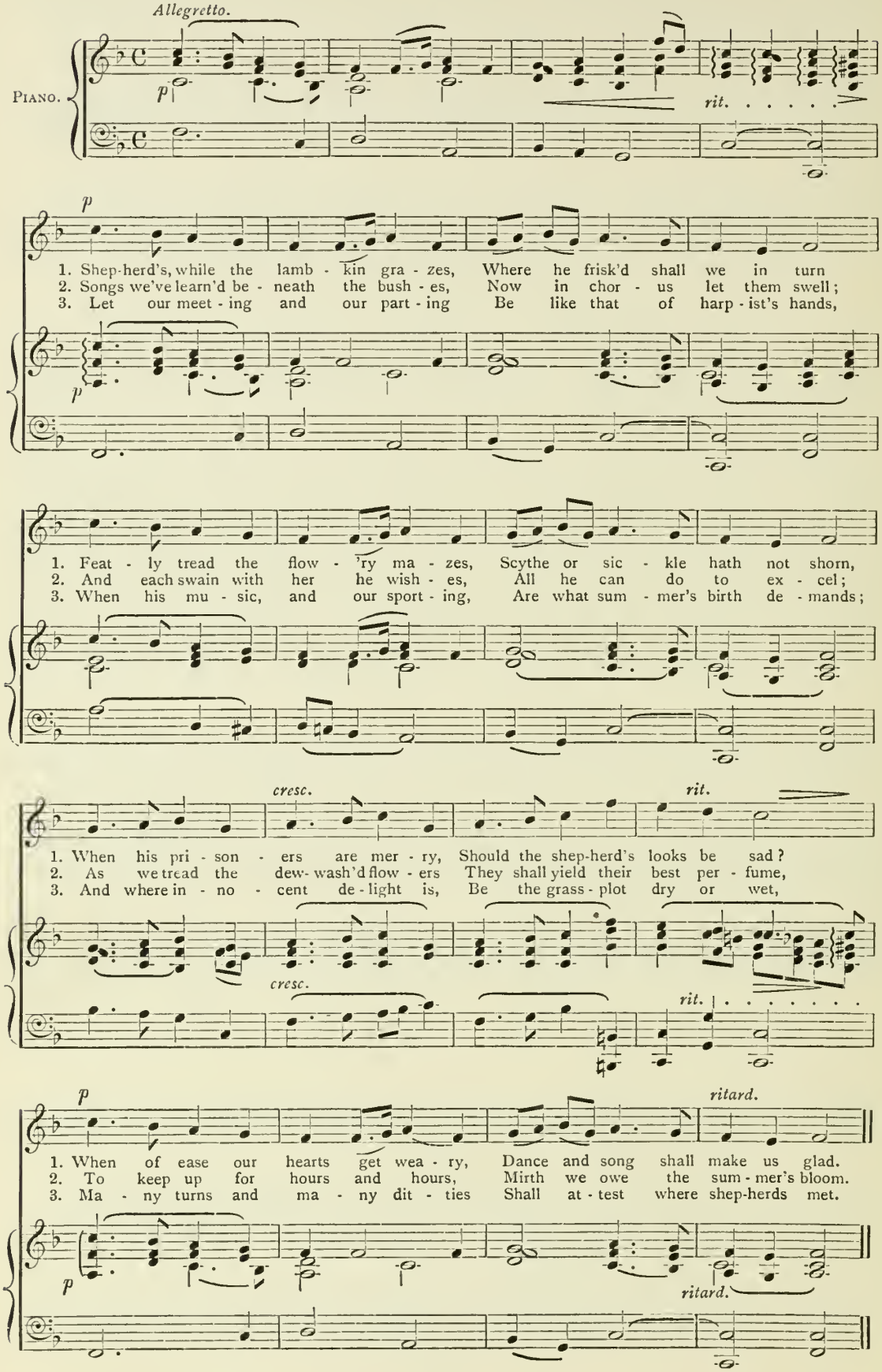



1. lick'd his foe - men when he fought Up - on St. Da - vid's
2. chal - leng'd to a slash - ing fight, He ne - ver would say,
3. let us love our na - tive land, Our kin - dred and our
ff CHORUS.
1. Day.
2. Nay!
3. home.
Our feast shall be with - out al - loy, In
ff
Bard - ic song and lay; A feast of gen - ius, love, and joy, Up -
on St. Da - vid's Day!

Shepherds, while the lambkin grazes.

(SHEPHERD'S SONG.)

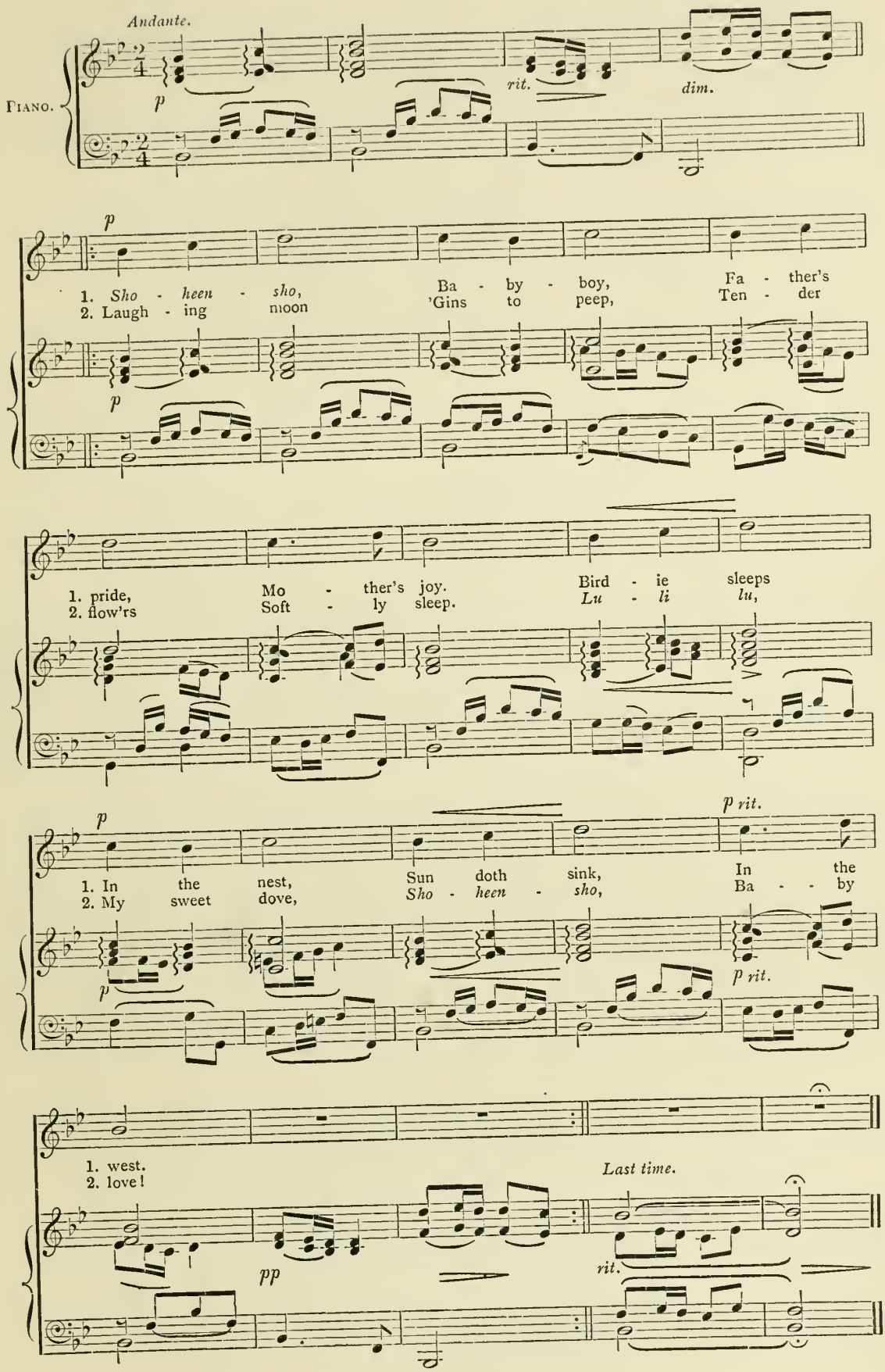
IEUAN DHU. Air: "Nos Galan" (New Year's Eve).



Shoheen=sho, Baby=boy.

(LULLABY.)

Air: "Hai Lwli."



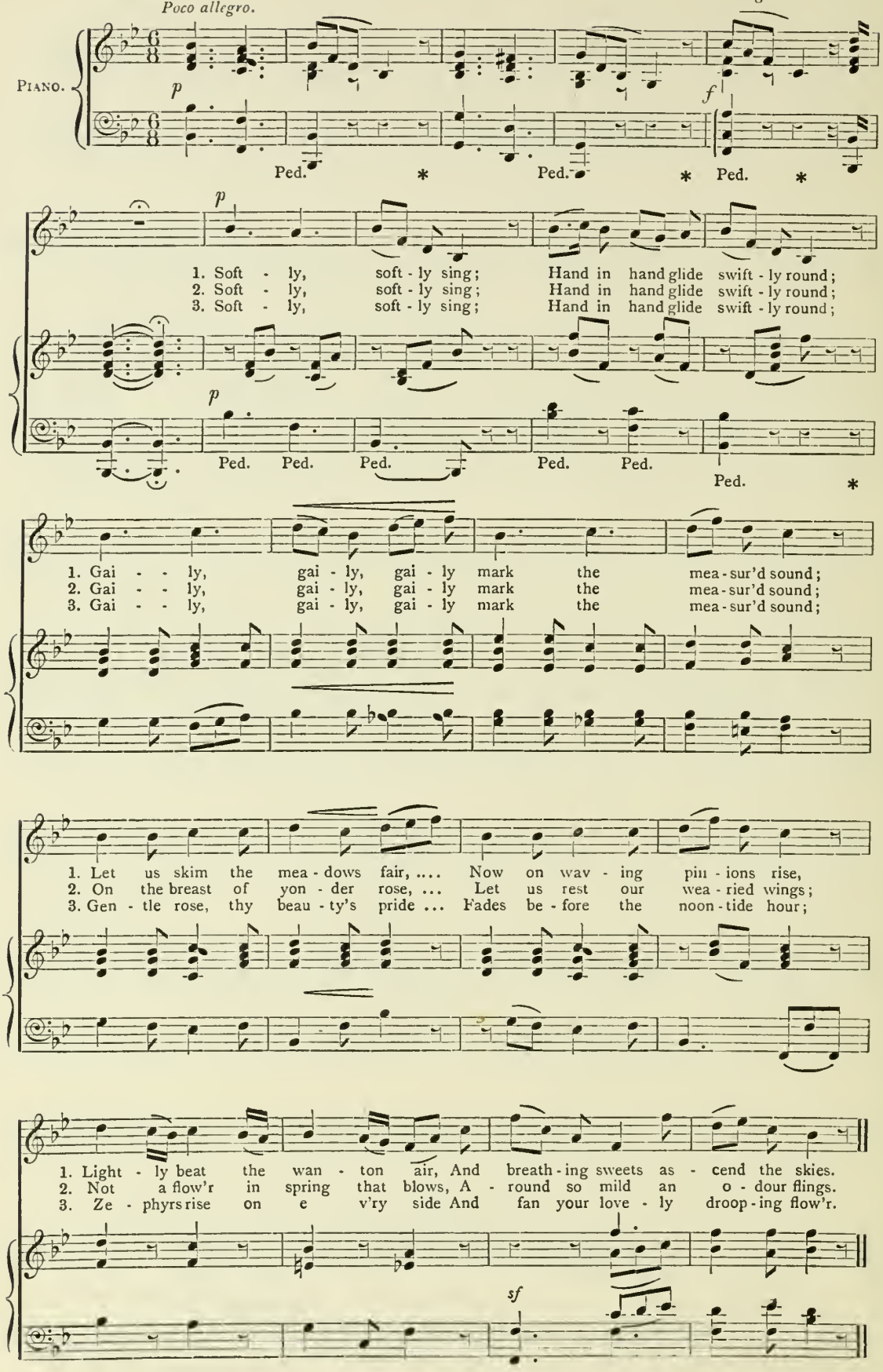
Softly, softly sing.

(THE SYLPHS.)

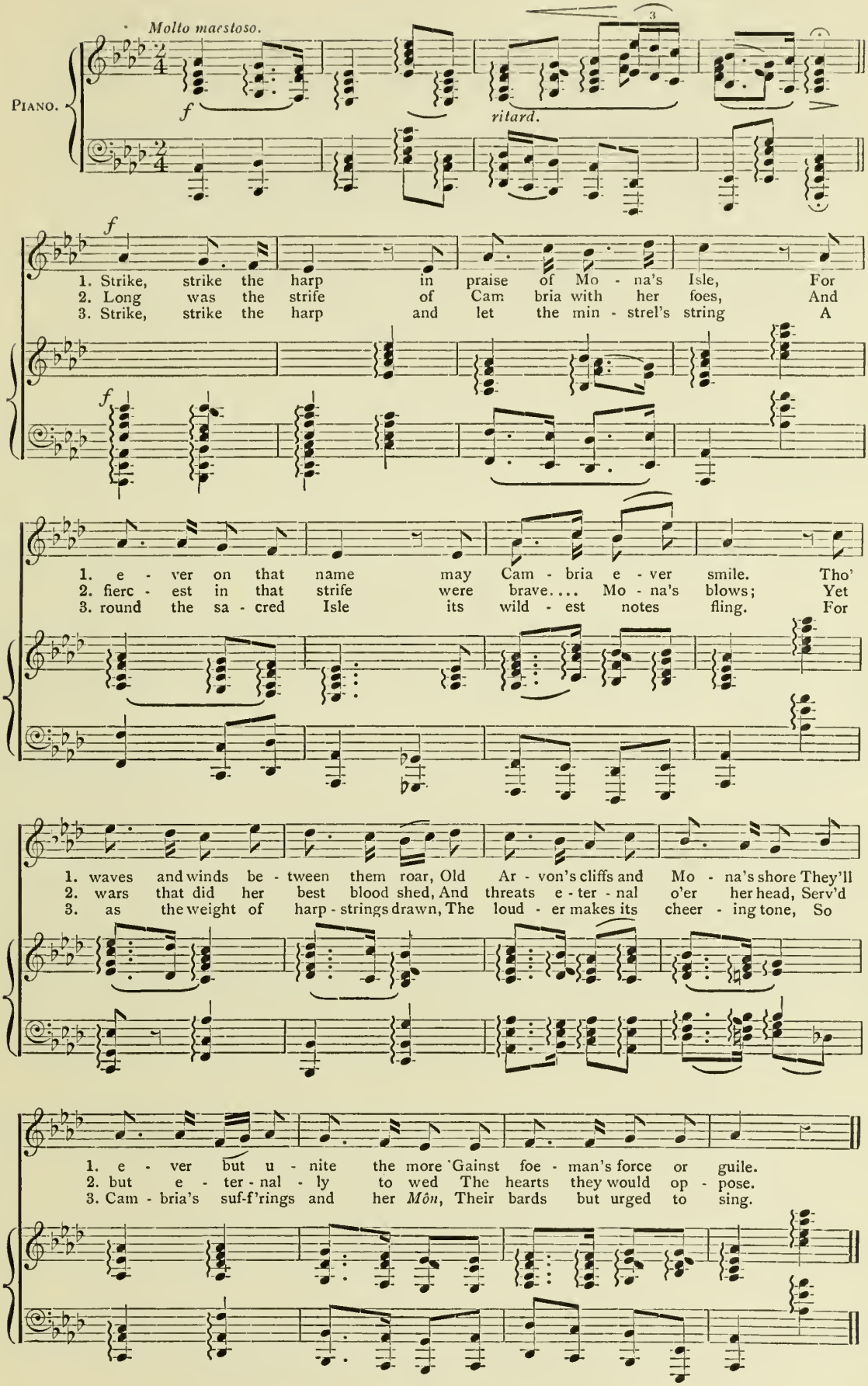
ANNE HUNTER.

Poco allegro.

Air: "The Rising of the Sun."



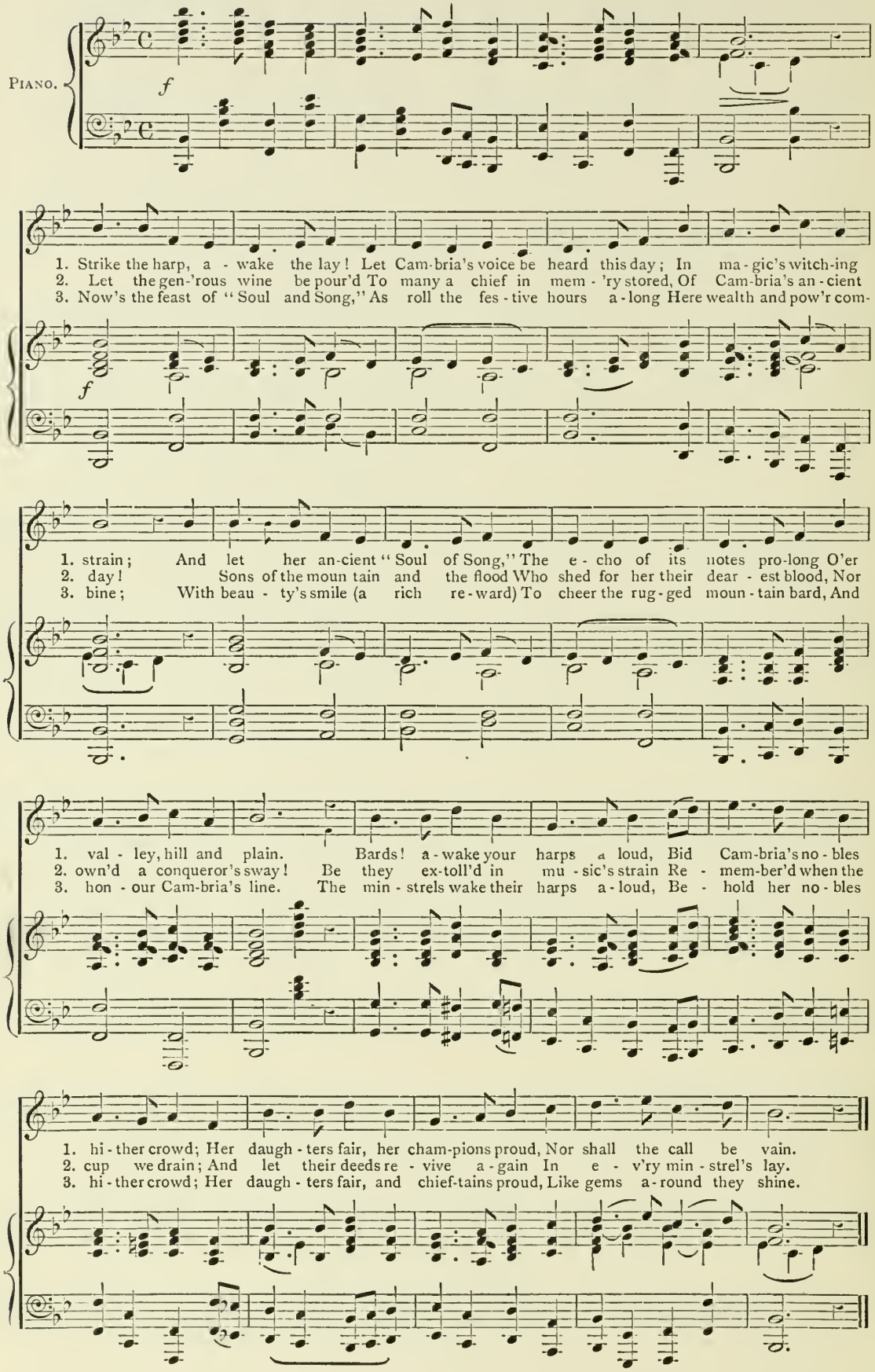
IEUAN DHU. Air: "Mwynen Gwynedd."



Strike the harp, awake the lay!

(THE EISTEDDFOD.)

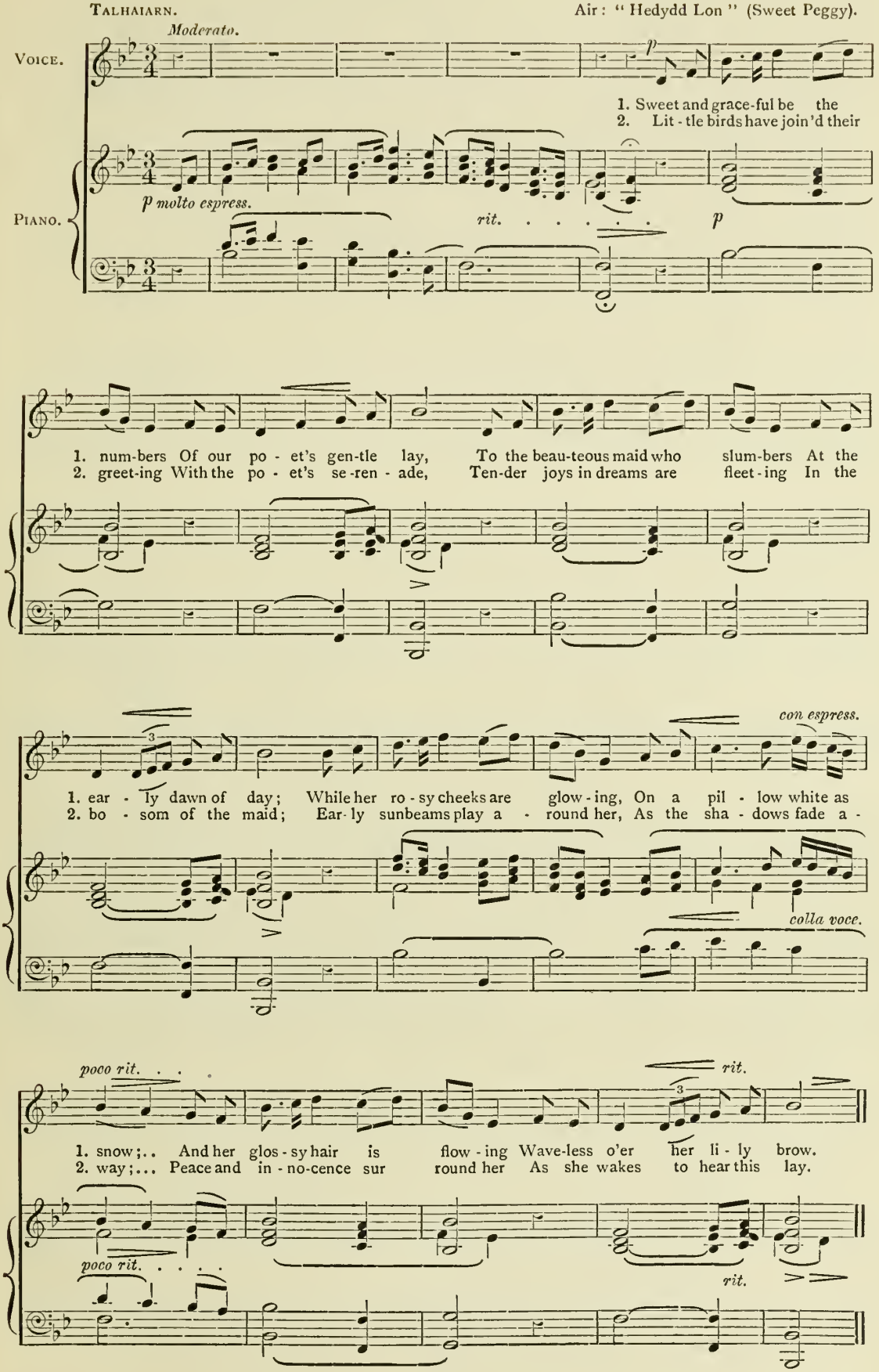
Molto maestoso. Air: "The Inspired Bard" (John Parry's version, 1829).



Sweet and graceful.

(SERENADE.)

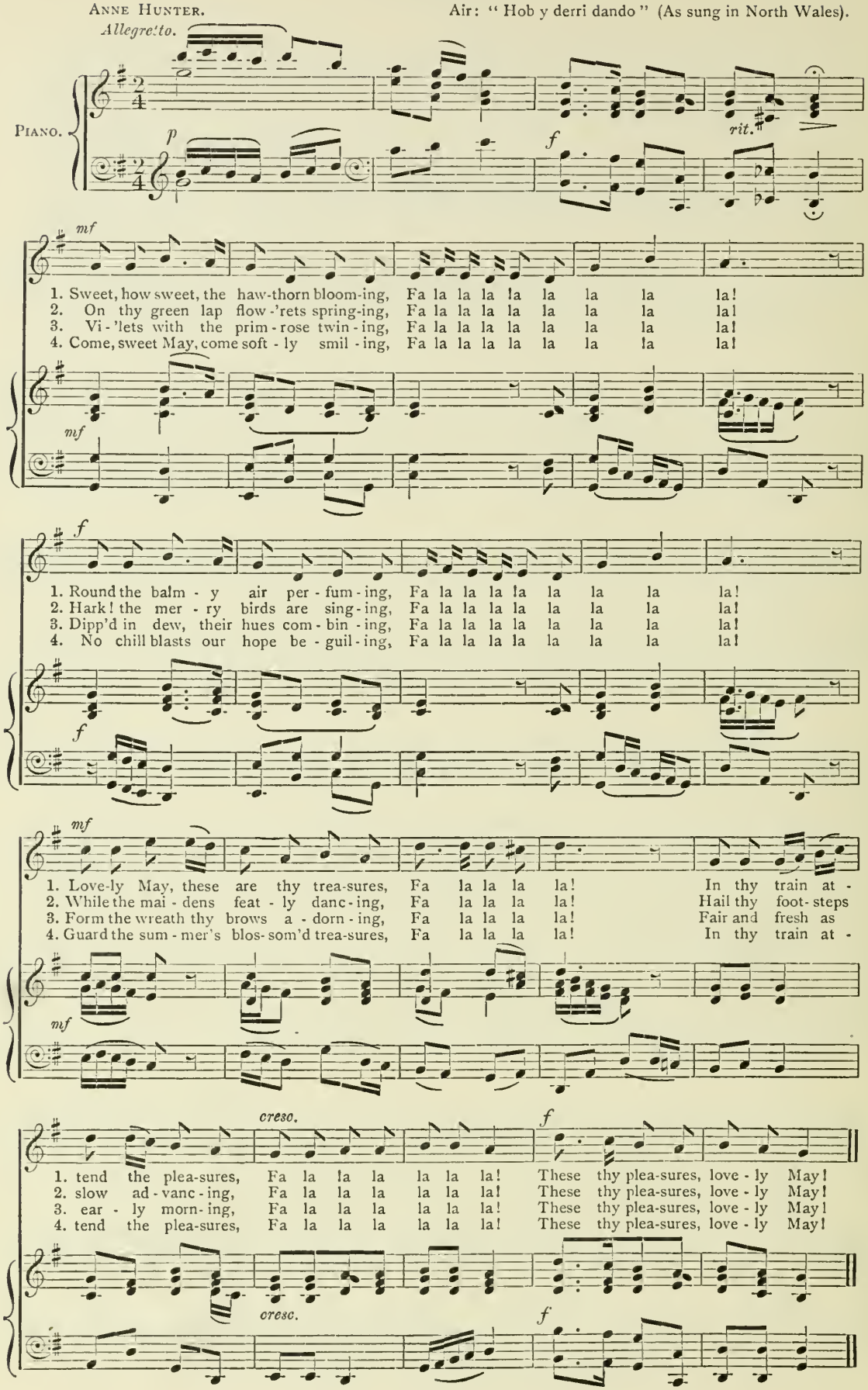
TALHAIARN. Air: "Hedydd Lon" (Sweet Peggy).



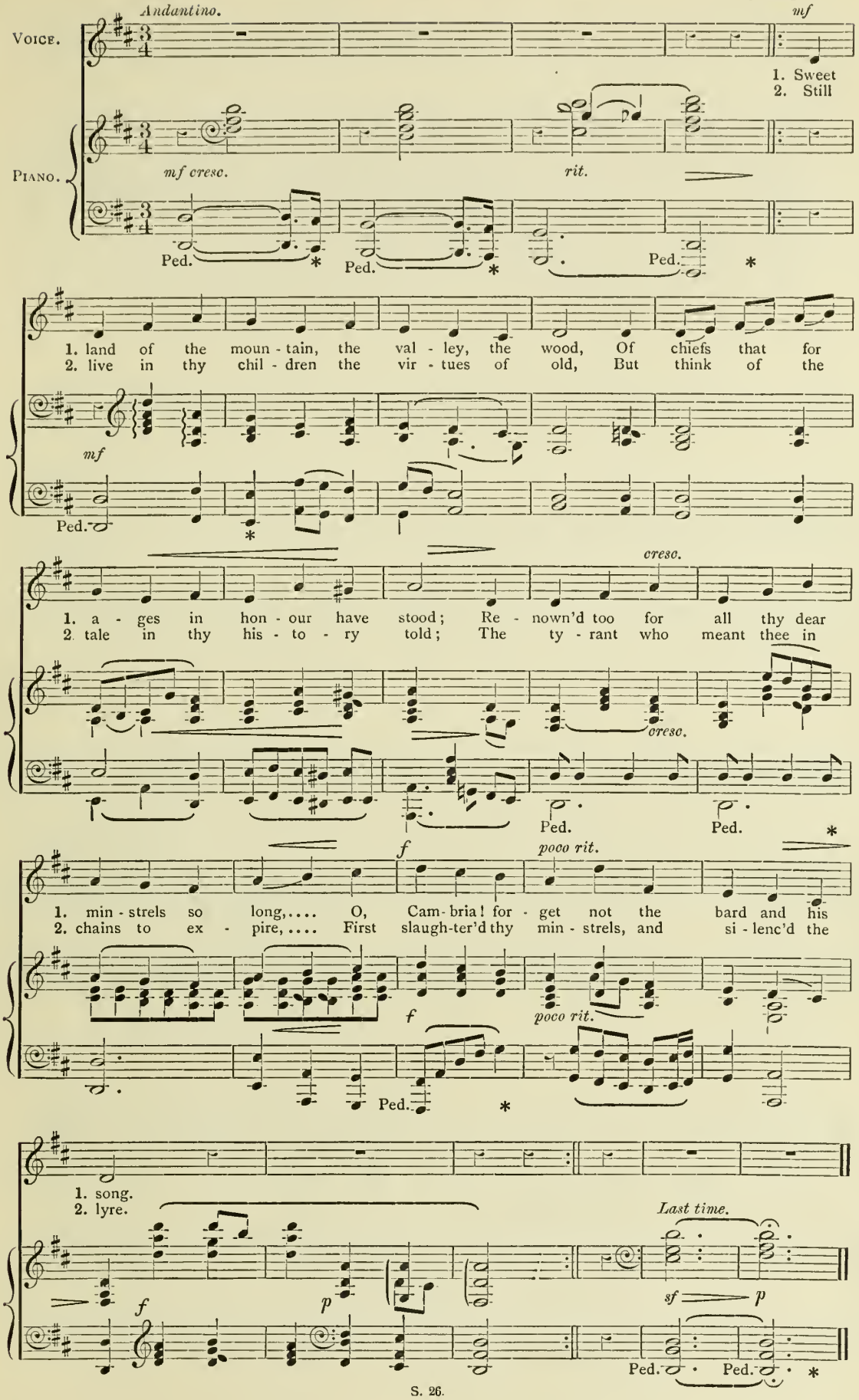
Sweet, how sweet, the hawthorn blooming.

(MAY-DAY.)

ANNE HUNTER. Air: "Hob y derri dando" (As sung in North Wales).



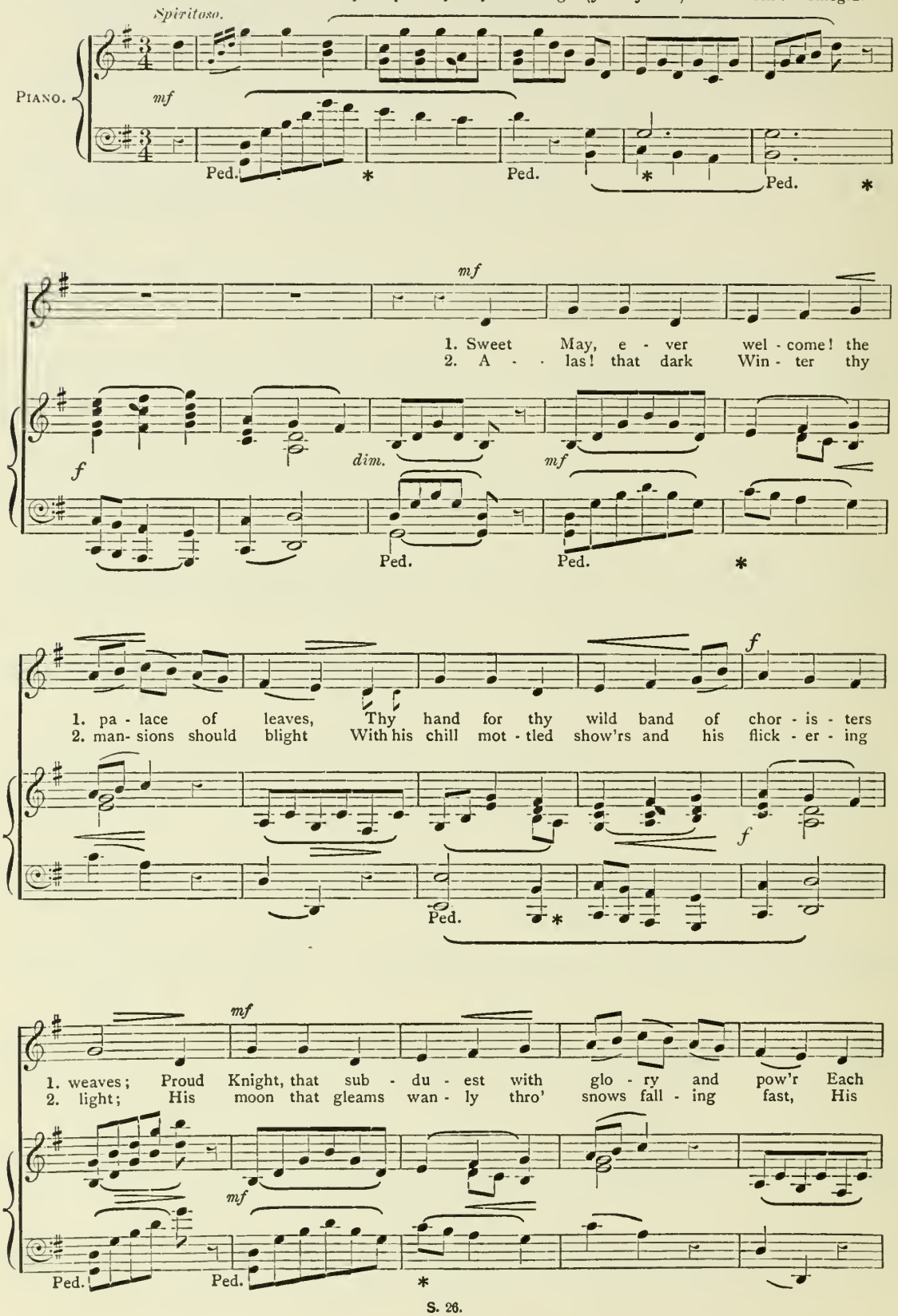
W. Smythe. Air: "Ffarwel Jeuengetid."

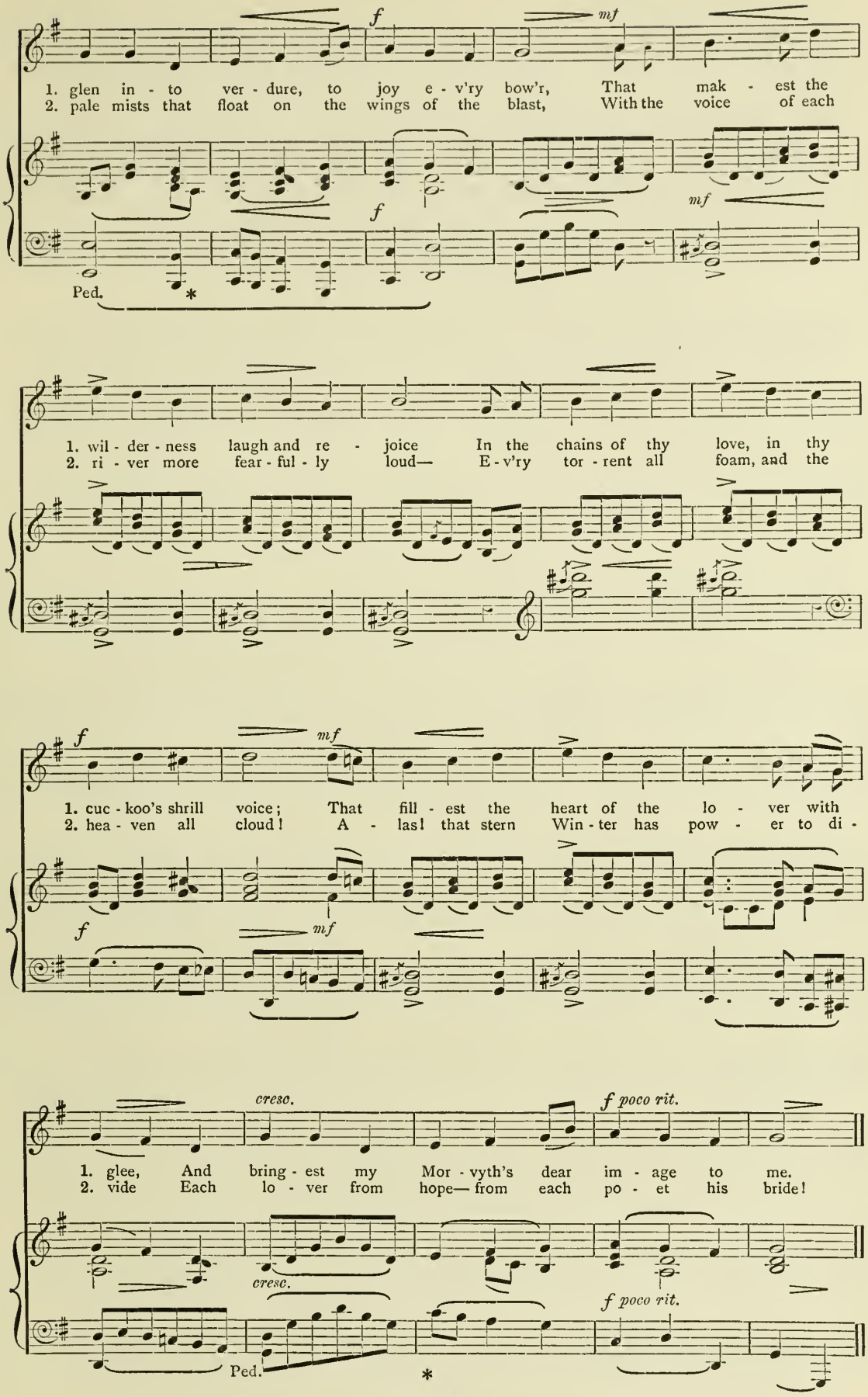


Sweet May, ever welcome.

(MAY AND NOVEMBER.)

Translated from the Welsh of Davydd ap Gwilym by "Maelog" (JOHN JONES). Air: "Rhegid."




f
mf
1. glen in - to ver - dure, to joy e - v'ry bow'r, That mak - est the
2. pale mists that float on the wings of the blast, With the voice of each
f
mf
Ped.
*
1. wil - der - ness laugh and re - joice In the chains of thy love, in thy
2. ri - ver more fear - ful - ly loud— E - v'ry tor - rent all foam, and the
f
mf
1. cuc - koo's shrill voice; That fill - est the heart of the lo - ver with
2. hea - ven all cloud! A - las! that stern Win - ter has pow - er to di -
f
mf
cresc.
f poco rit.
1. glee, And bring - est my Mor - vyth's dear im - age to me.
2. vide Each lo - ver from hope— from each po - et his bride!
cresc.
f poco rit.
Ped.
*

Sweet Vale of Llandovery!

(HOME OF MY HEART.)

MARY SOPHIA LAURENCE.

Air: "Dynevor Castle."

Andantino.

Voice.

Piano.

mf

1. Sweet Vale of Llan -
2. Dear hill-belt - ed

p *rit.* *mf*

1. do - v'ry! in sor - row I leave thee, All woe - ful I feel from thy wild - woods to
2. val - ley! how grand are the moun-tains Which form of thy land-scape so love - ly a

più f

1. part; Nor ab - sence, nor time of my love shall be - reave thee For thou art the
2. part; How sweet are the wa - ters which flow from thy foun-tains, Thou e - ver-lov'd

più f

p *cresc.*

1. home of my youth .. and my heart! Tho' charms I be - held in the land of the
2. home of my youth .. and my heart! Sweet vis - ions of thee their soft charm still dif -

cresc.

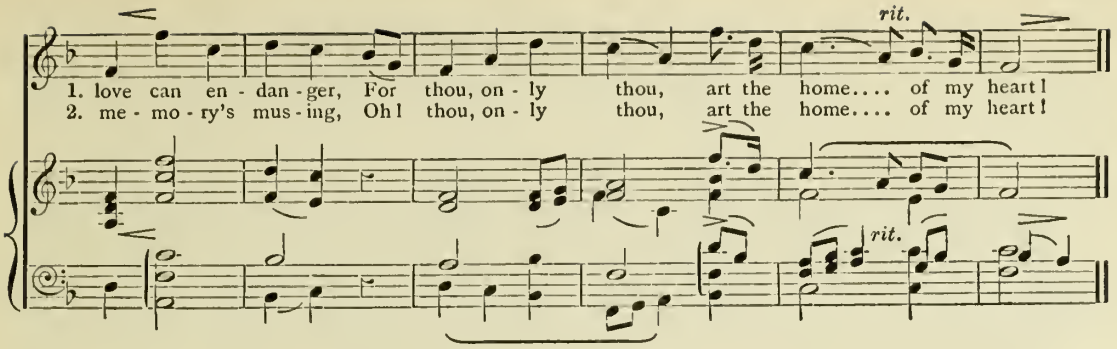
p

dim. e rit.

3

1. stran-ger, Thy beau-ties are bright-er on mem - o - ry's chart, Not wealth's mighty ma-gic my
2. fus - ing To night's wea-ry watch-es a joy can im - part, The bright po-lar star of my

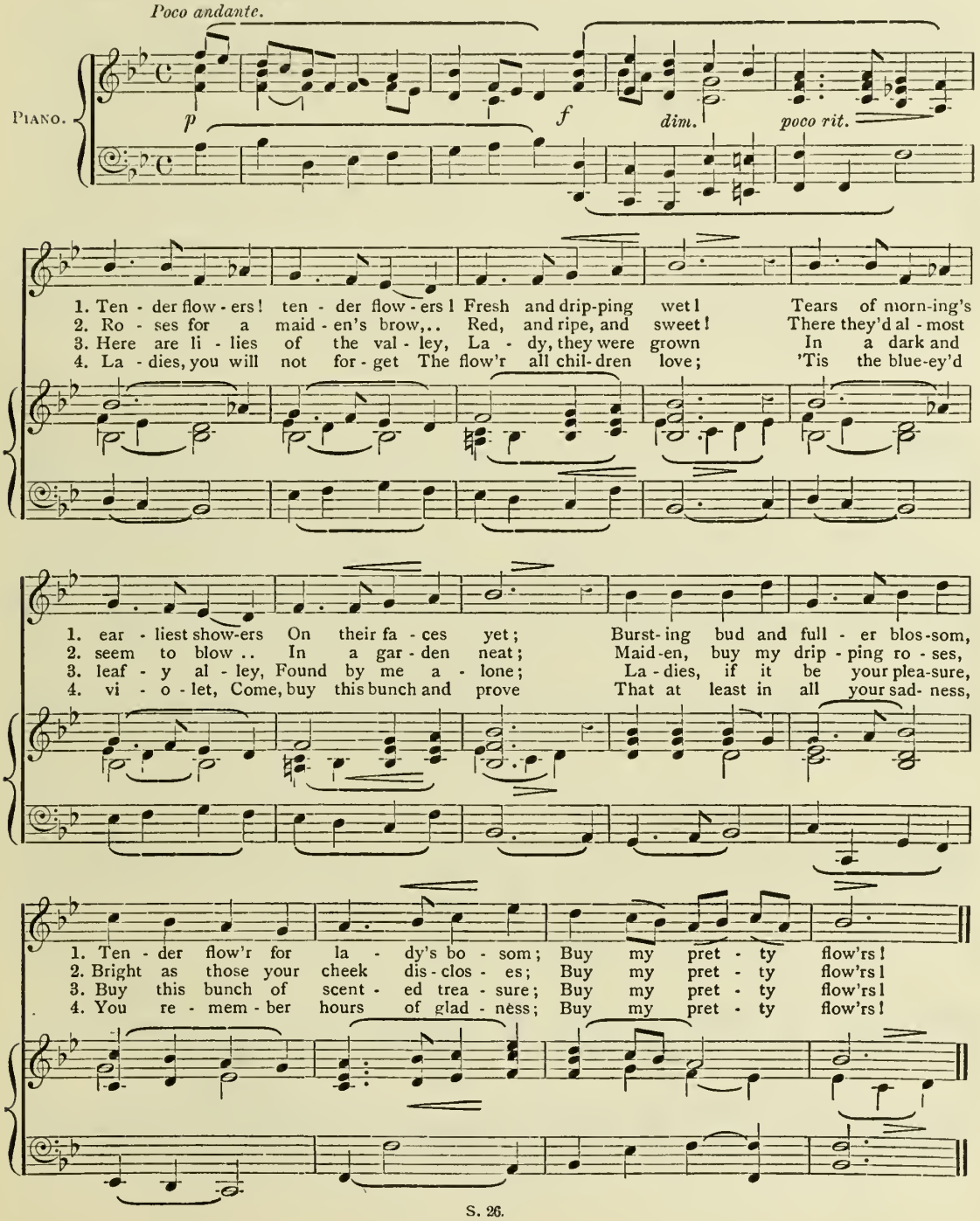
colla voce.



Tender Flowers!

(THE FLOWER GIRL'S SONG.)

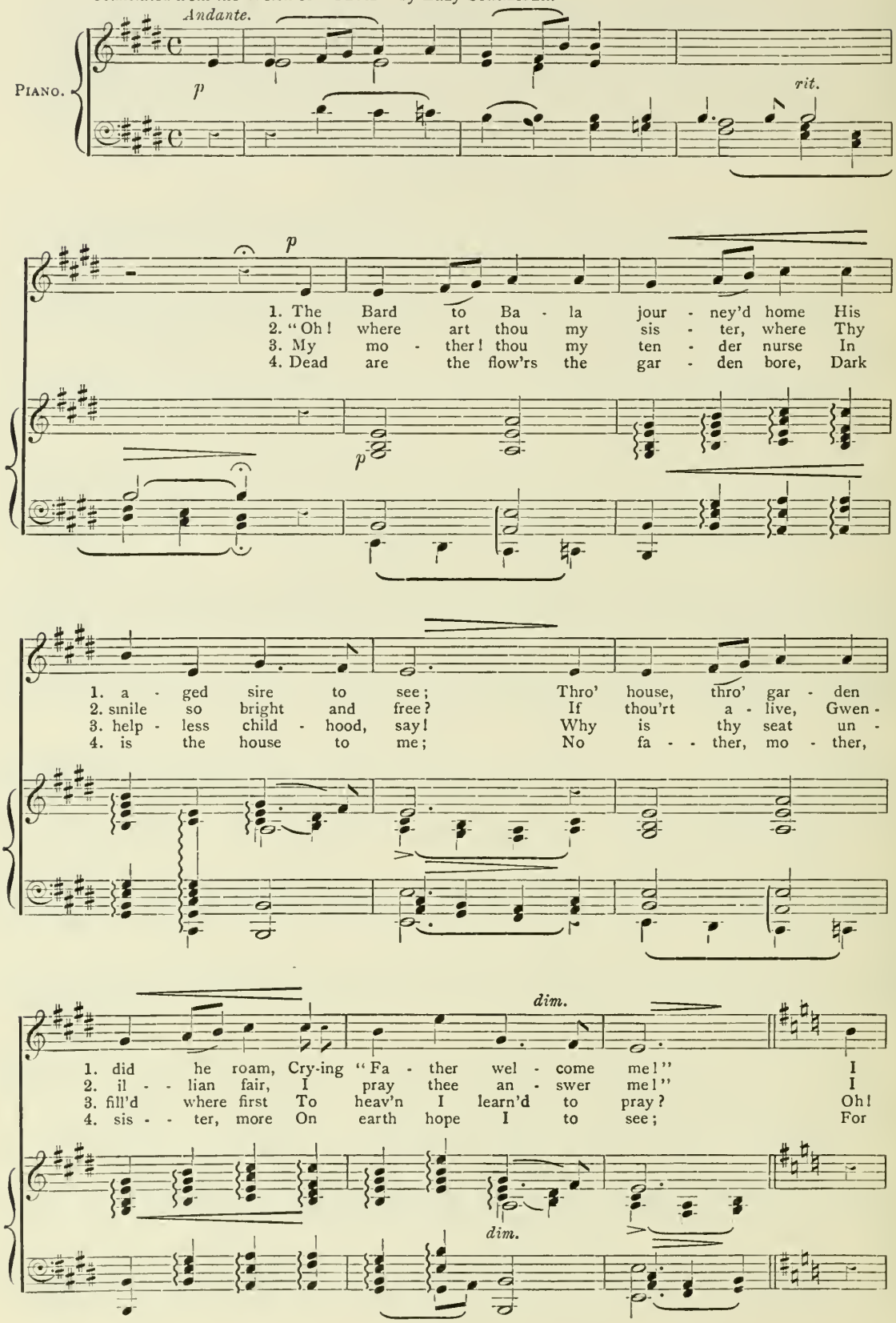
Miss Roscoe (In the *Cambrian Album*, 1829). Air: "Mwynen Dolgellau" (The Fair One of Dolgellau).

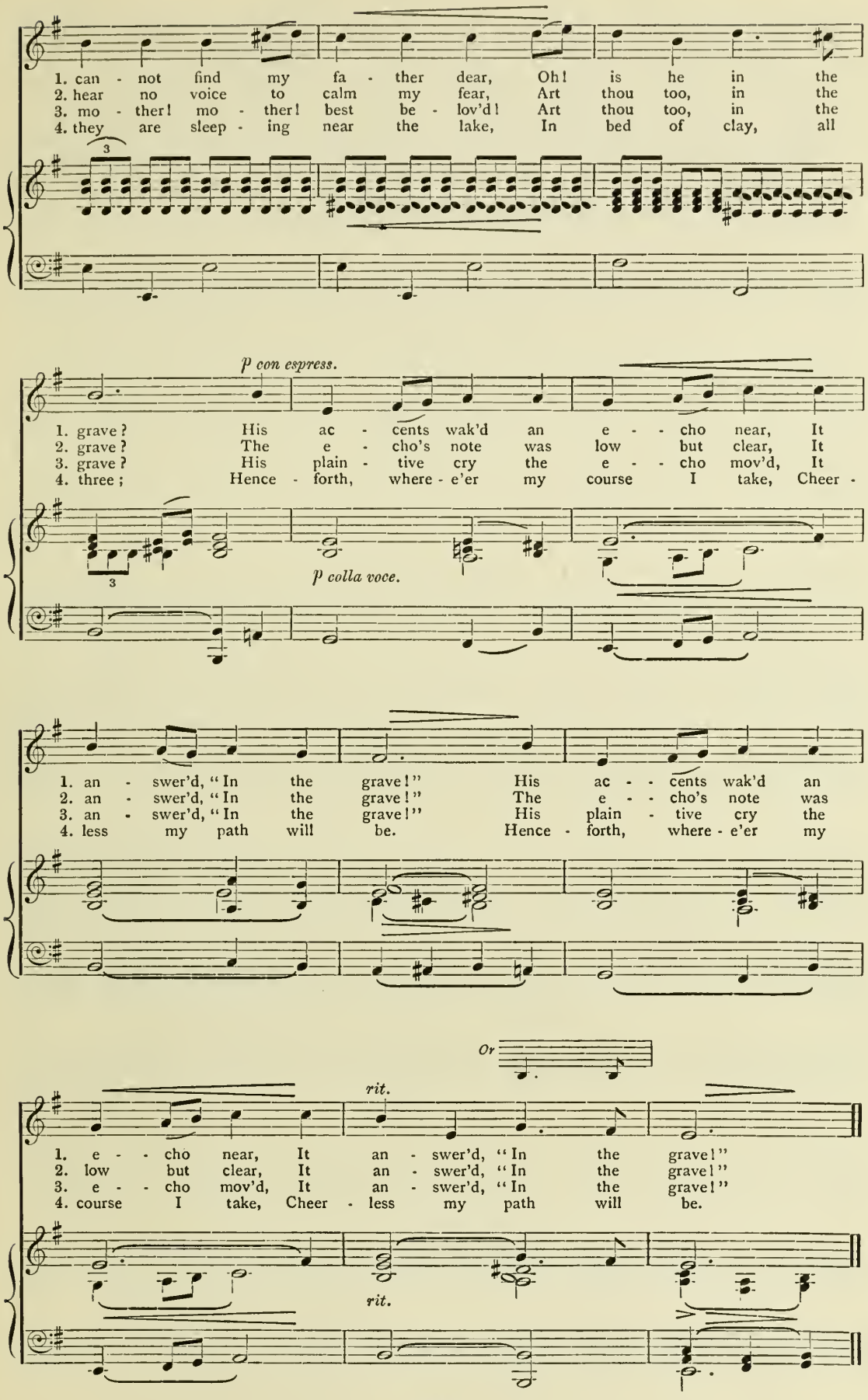


The Bard to Bala journey'd home.

(THE BARD'S VISIT.)

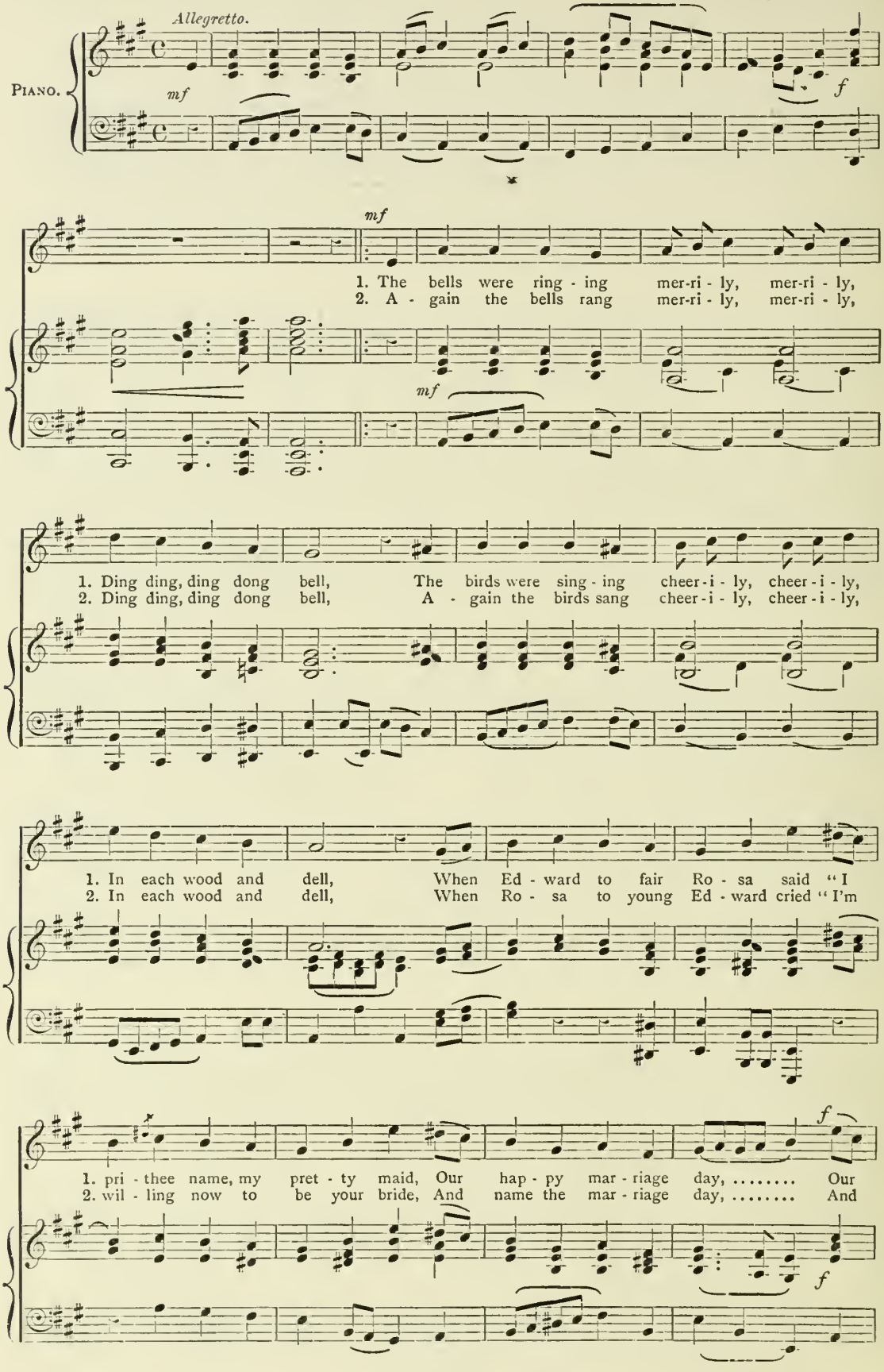
Translated from the Welsh of "Tegid" by Lady Schreiber.

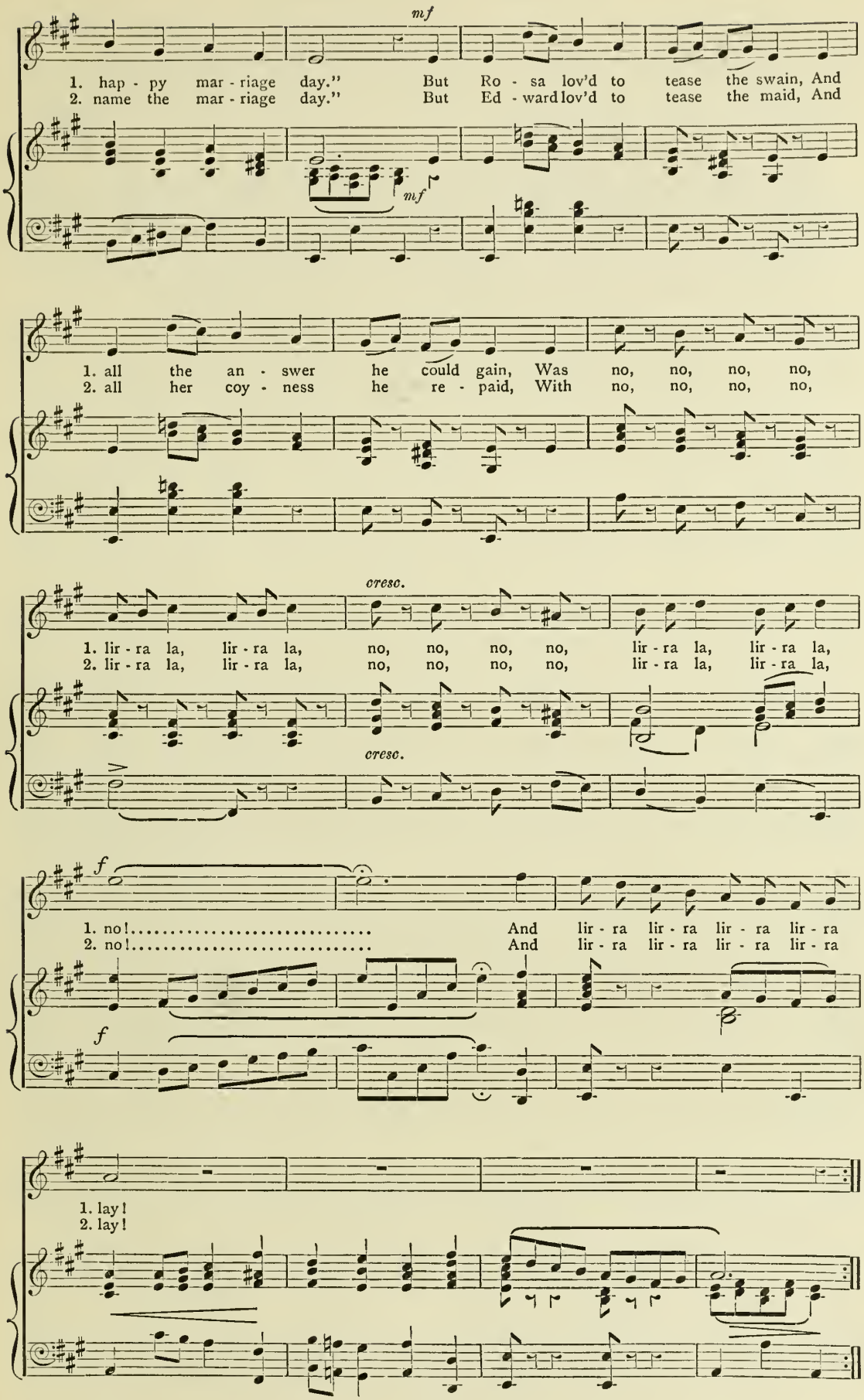



1. can - not find my fa - ther dear, Oh! is he in the
2. hear no voice to calm my fear, Art thou too, in the
3. mo - ther! mo - ther! best be - lov'd! Art thou too, in the
4. they are sleep - ing near the lake, In bed of clay, all
p con espress.
1. grave? His ac - cents wak'd an e - - cho near, It
2. grave? The e - cho's note was low but clear, It
3. grave? His plain - tive cry the e - - cho mov'd, It
4. three; Hence - forth, where - e'er my course I take, Cheer -
p colla voce.
1. an - swer'd, "In the grave!" His ac - - cents wak'd an
2. an - swer'd, "In the grave!" The e - - cho's note was
3. an - swer'd, "In the grave!" His plain - tive cry the
4. less my path will be. Hence - forth, where - e'er my
Or
rit.
1. e - - cho near, It an - swer'd, "In the grave!"
2. low but clear, It an - swer'd, "In the grave!"
3. e - - cho mov'd, It an - swer'd, "In the grave!"
4. course I take, Cheer - less my path will be.
rit.

The bells were ringing merrily.

JOHN PARRY. From "A Trip to Wales."



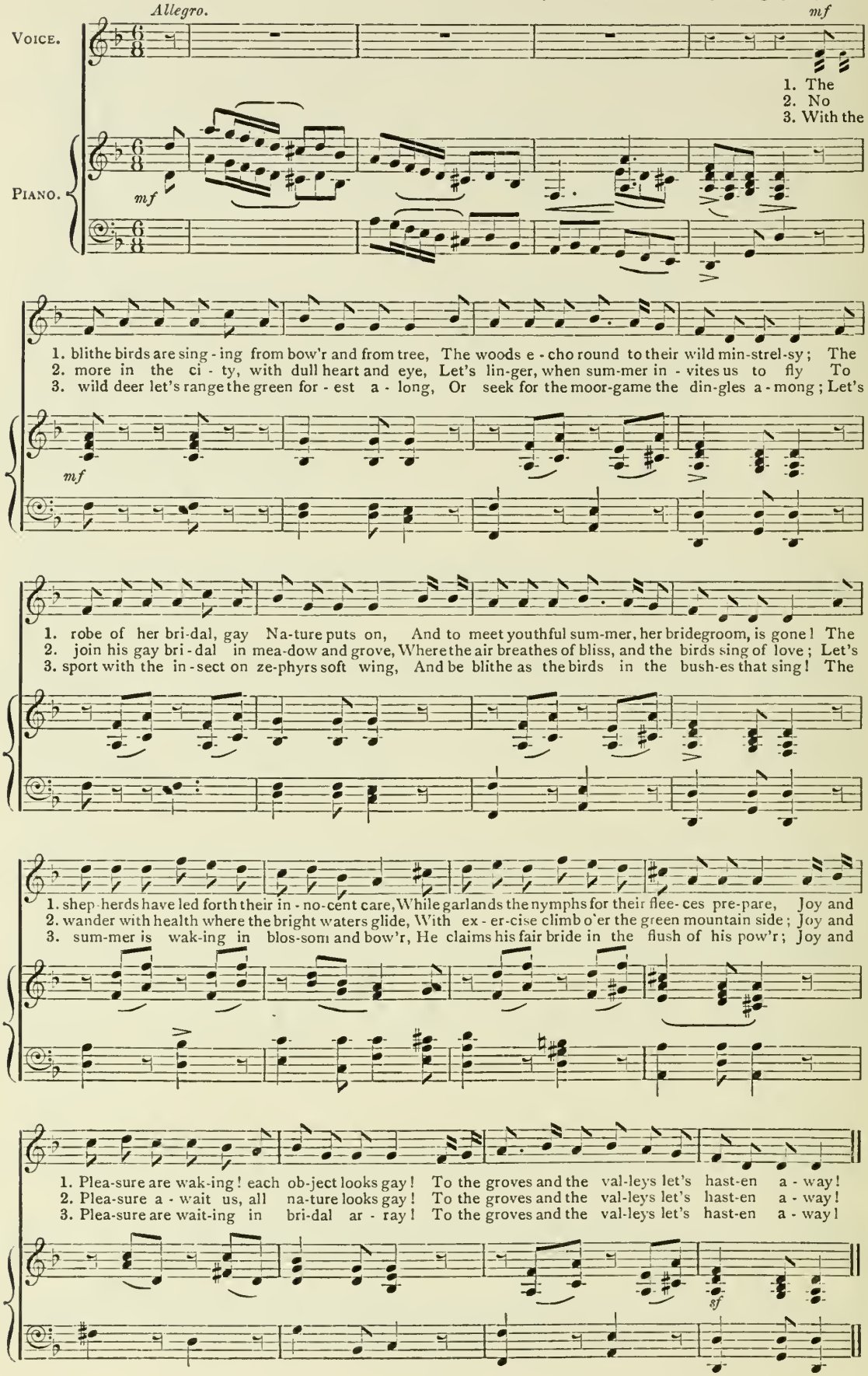

mf
1. hap - py mar - riage day." But Ro - sa lov'd to tease the swain, And
2. name the mar - riage day." But Ed - ward lov'd to tease the maid, And
mf
1. all the an - swer he could gain, Was no, no, no, no,
2. all her coy - ness he re - paid, With no, no, no, no,
cresc.
1. lir - ra la, lir - ra la, no, no, no, no, lir - ra la, lir - ra la,
2. lir - ra la, lir - ra la, no, no, no, no, lir - ra la, lir - ra la,
cresc.
f
1. no!..... And lir - ra lir - ra lir - ra lir - ra
2. no!..... And lir - ra lir - ra lir - ra lir - ra
f
1. lay!
2. lay!

The blithe birds are singing.

C. B. Wilson.

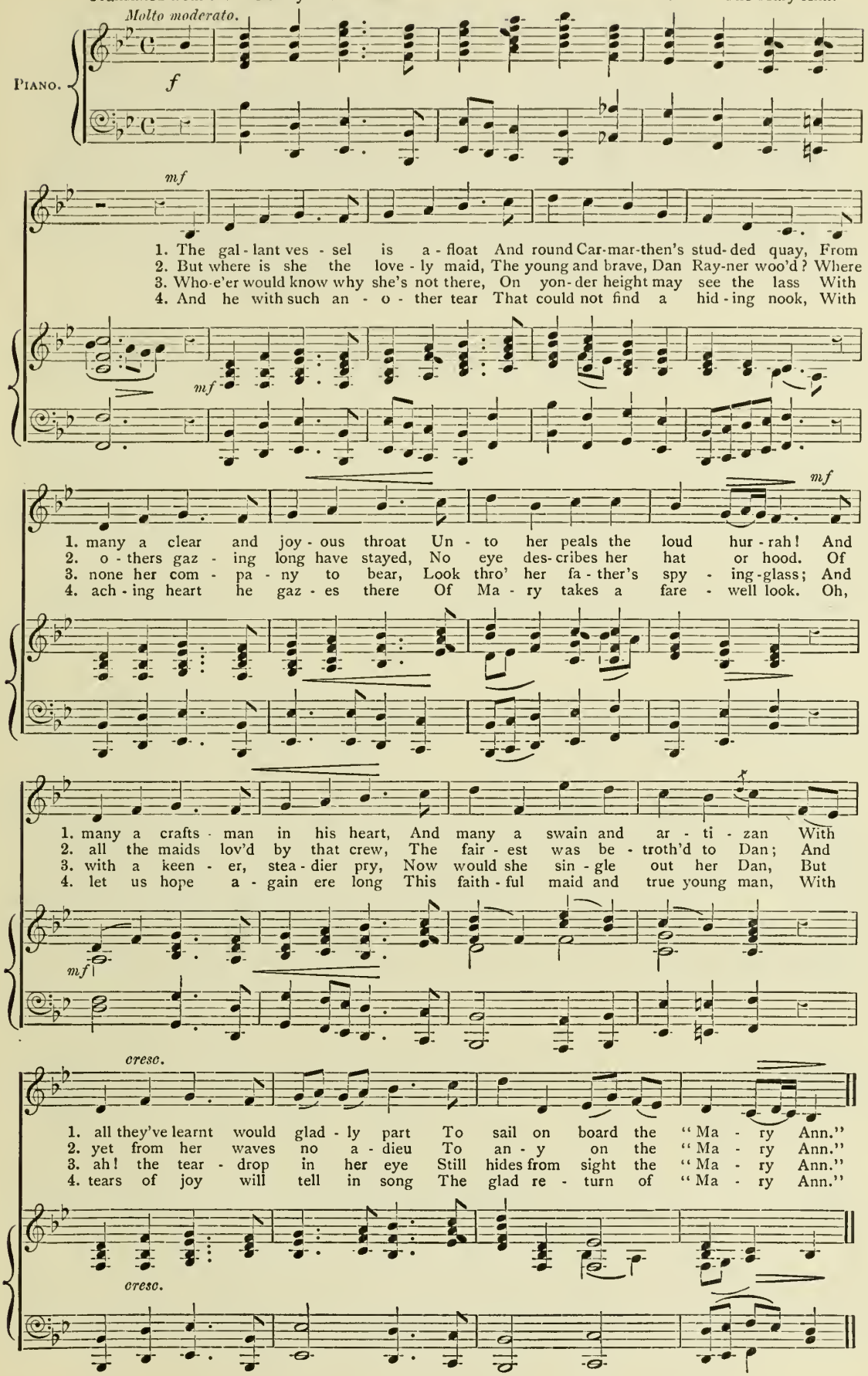
Air: "Tôn y Fammaeth" or "Difyrwch gwyr Dyfi."

Allegro.



The gallant vessel is afloat.

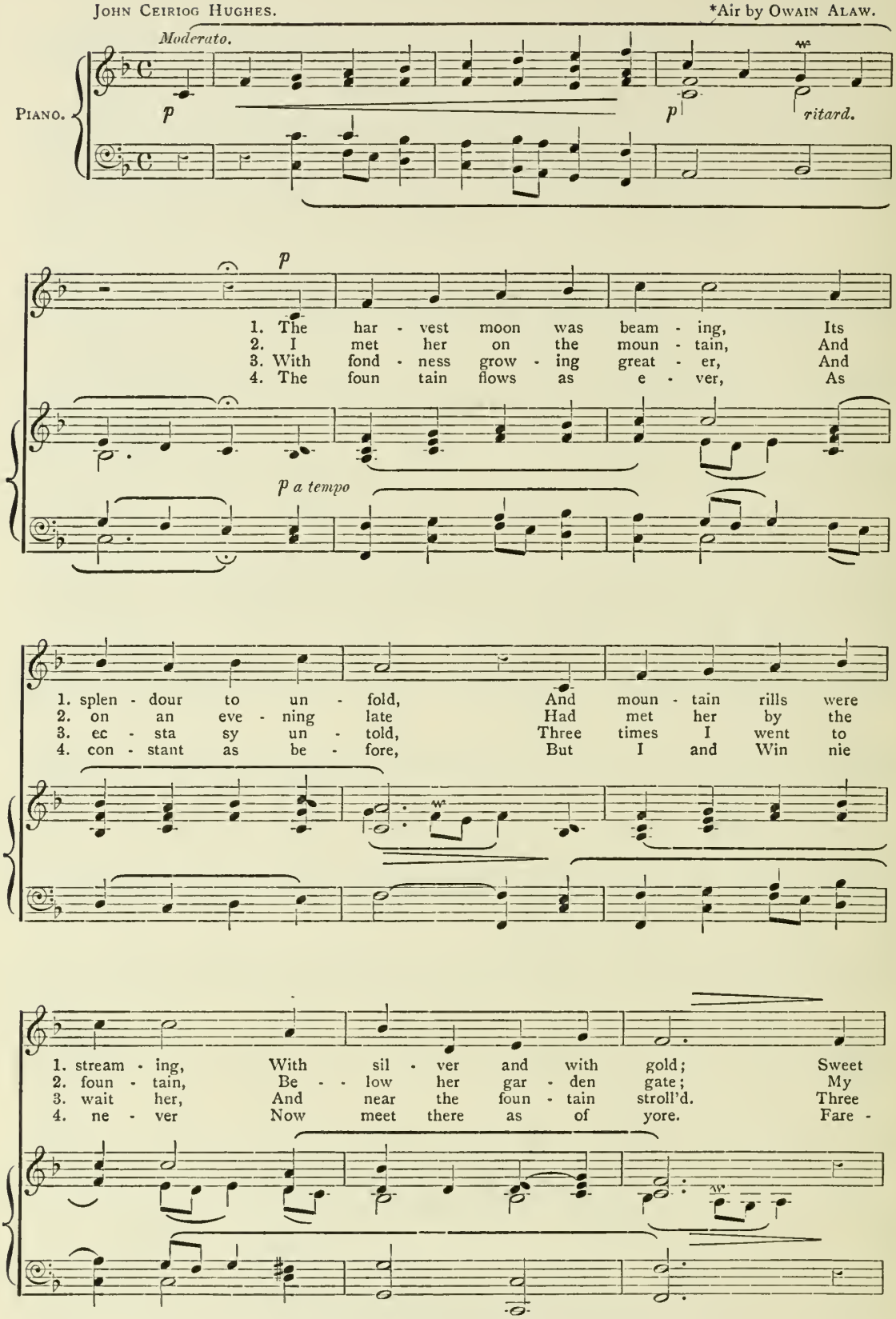
Translated from the Welsh by Ieuan Dhu. Air: "The Mary Ann."



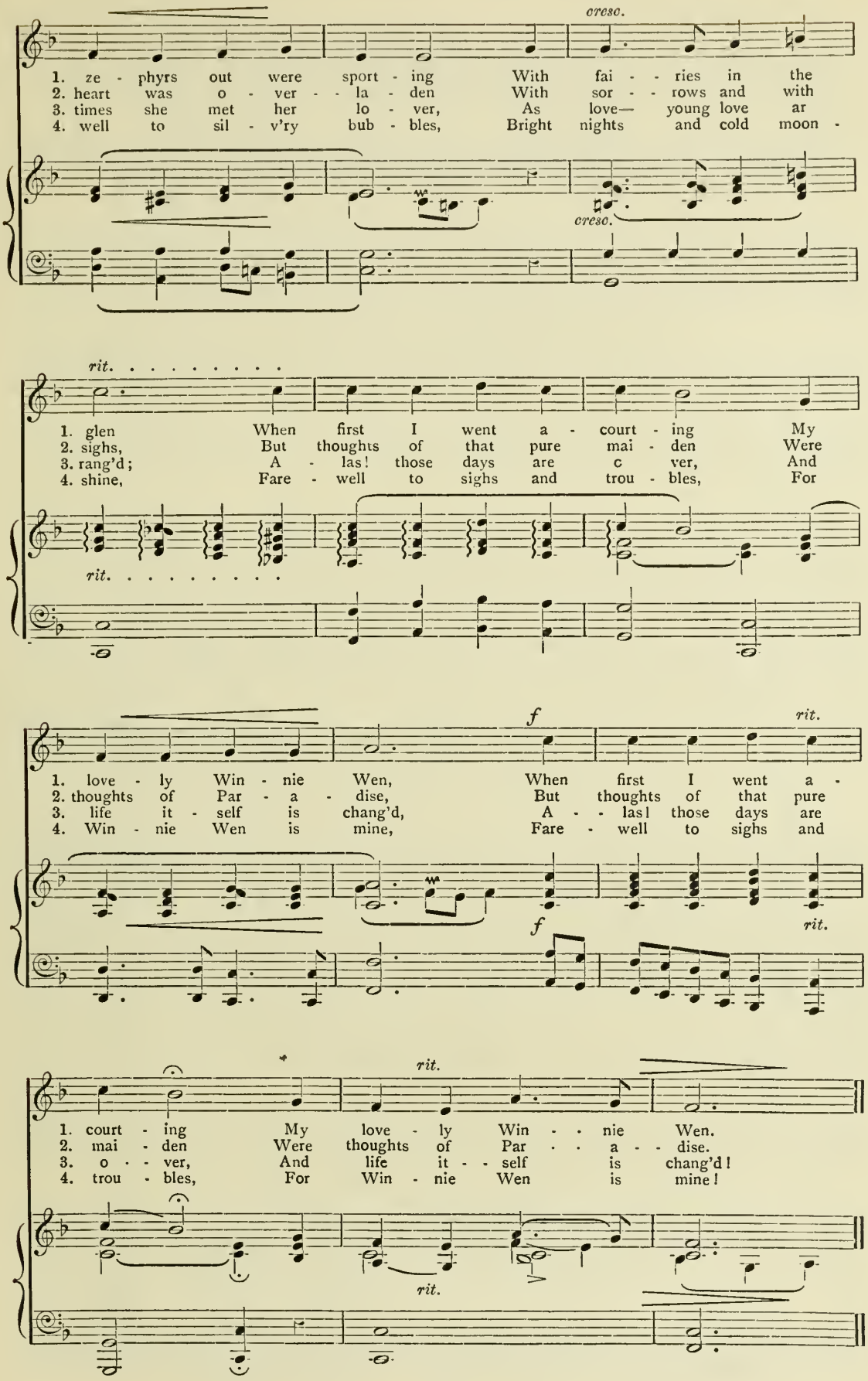
The Harvest Moon was beaming.

(*WINNIE WEN.)

JOHN CEIRIOG HUGHES. *Air by OWAIN ALAW.



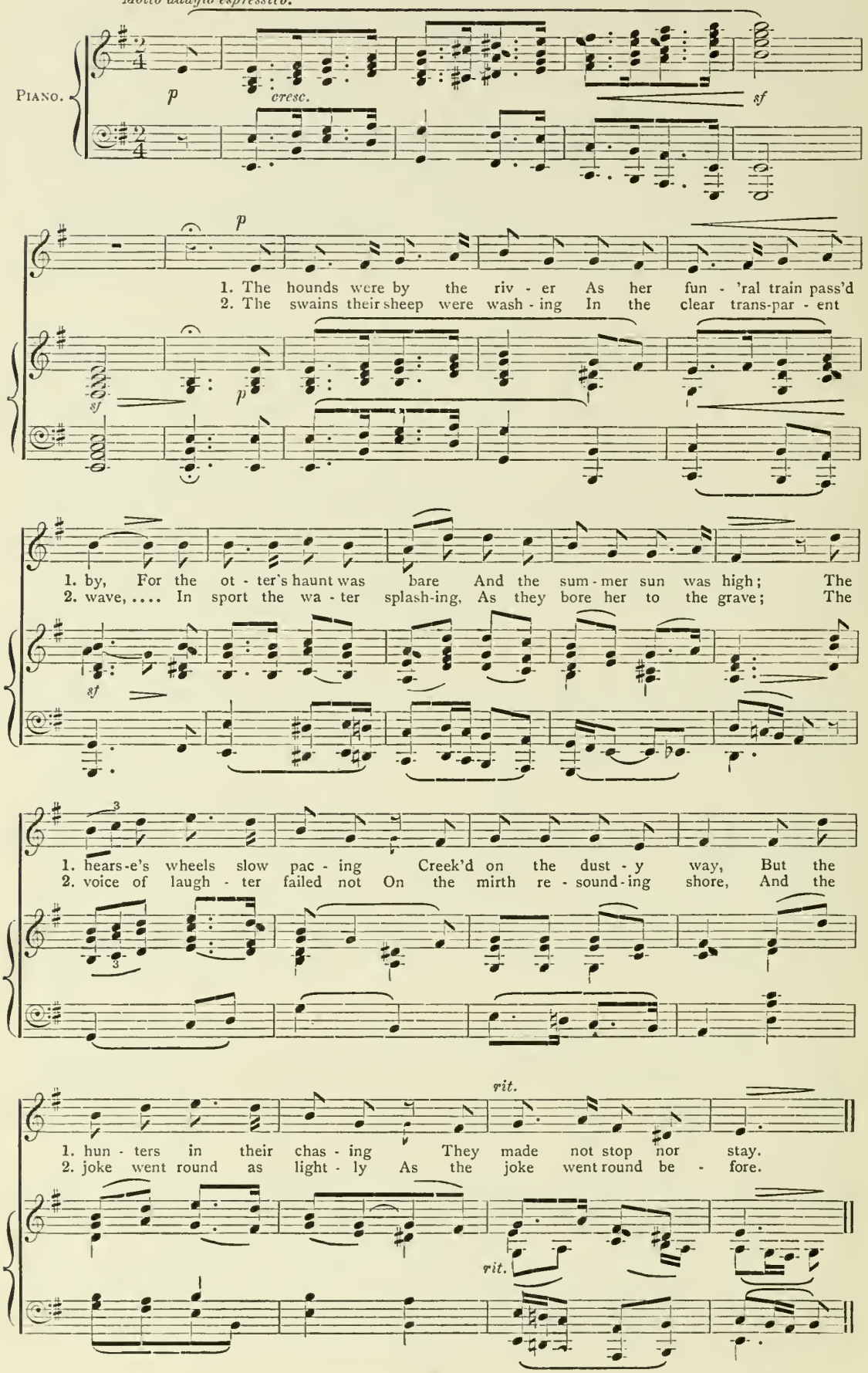
*From *Gems of Welsh Melody*, 1873, by kind permission of Messrs. Hughes & Son, Wrexham.


cresc.
1. ze - phyrs out were sport - ing With fai - ries in the
2. heart was o - ver - la - den With sor - rows and with
3. times she met her lo - ver, As love— young love ar
4. well to sil - v'ry bub - bles, Bright nights and cold moon -
cresc.
rit.
1. glen When first I went a - court - ing My
2. sighs, But thoughts of that pure mai - den Were
3. rang'd; A - las! those days are c ver, And
4. shine, Fare - well to sighs and trou - bles, For
rit.
f
rit.
1. love - ly Win - nie Wen, When first I went a -
2. thoughts of Par - a - dise, But thoughts of that pure
3. life it - self is chang'd, A - las! those days are
4. Win - nie Wen is mine, Fare - well to sighs and
f
rit.
rit.
1. court - ing My love - ly Win - nie Wen.
2. mai - den Were thoughts of Par - a - dise.
3. o - ver, And life it - self is chang'd!
4. trou - bles, For Win - nie Wen is mine!
rit.

The hounds were by the river.

JOHN LLOYD. Air: "Glyn Tawy."

Molto adagio espressivo.



The morning air plays on my face.

JOANNA BAILLIE. Air: "The Welcome of our Hostess."

Allegretto con grazia.

PIANO.

p *pooo rit.*

p

1. The morn-ing air plays on my face, And thro' the grey mists peer - ing; The
2. The dew - y haw-thorn bright-ly shines, And each sweet herb is grow - ing; To
3. How slow - ly moves the ris - ing latch! How quick my heart is beat - ing! That

a tempo

cresc. *f*

1. soft - ten'd sil - v'ry sun I trace, Wood, wild, and moun - tain cheer - ing.
2. him whose will - ing heart in - clines Up - on the way he's go - ing.
3. world - ly dame is on the watch To frown up - on our meet - ing.

cresc. *f*

p

1. Larks a - loft are spring - ing; Hares from co - vert spring - ing, And
2. Fan - cy bids me see, now, What will short - ly be, now, I'm
3. Fie! why should I mind her? See who stands be - hind her! Whose

p

poco rit.

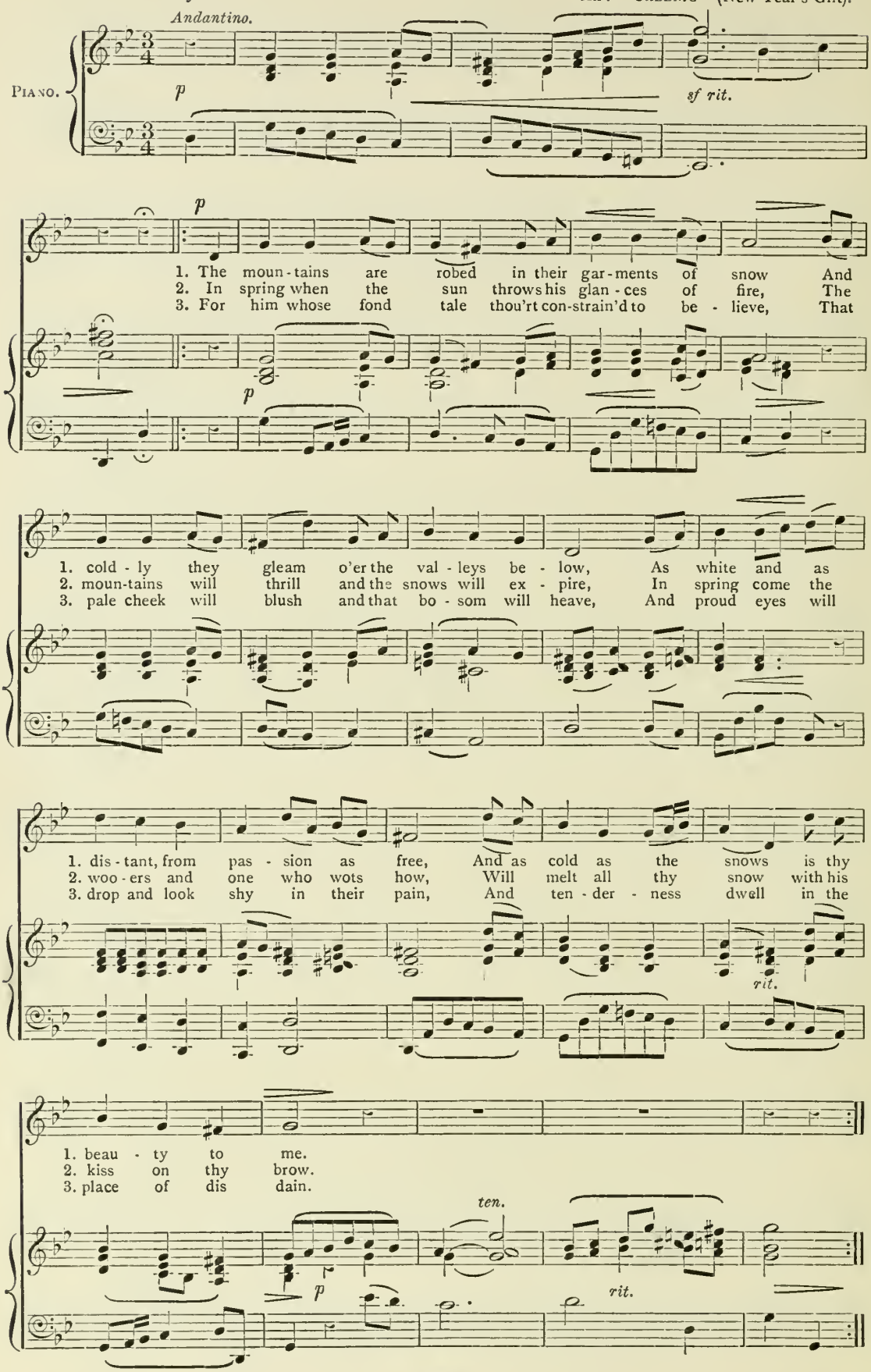
1. o'er the fen the wild duck's brood, Their ear - ly flight are wing - ing.
2. pat - ting at her door, poor Tray, Who fawns and wel - comes me, now.
3. eye doth on the trav - 'ller look The sweet - er and the kind - er.

poco rit.

The mountains are robed.

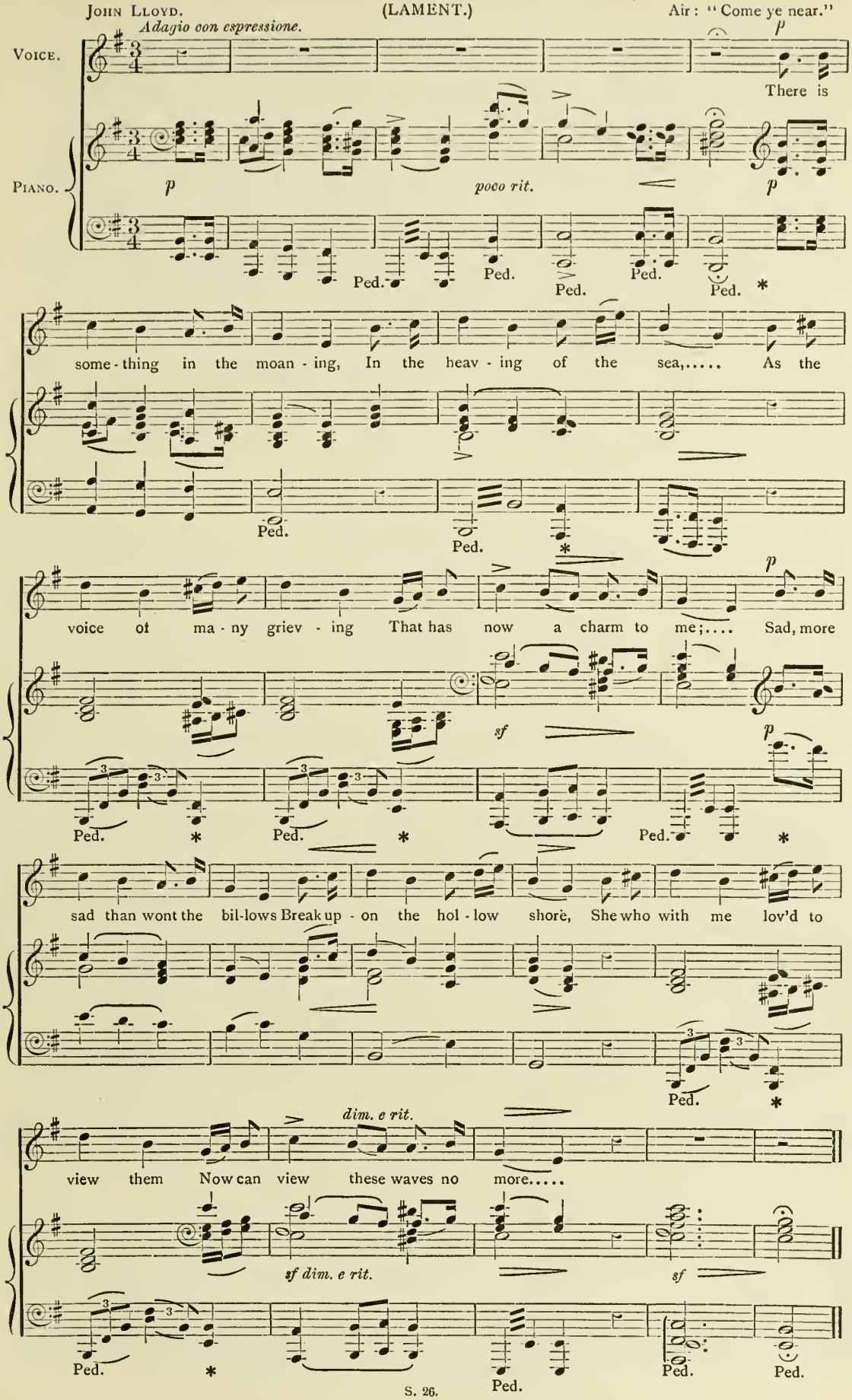
(AS COLD AS THE SNOWS.)

L. Stanley Jast. Air: "Calenig" (New Year's Gift).



JOHN LLOYD. (LAMENT.) Air: "Come ye near."

Adagio con espressione.



There lives a lass by yonder mill.

IEUAN DHU. (SALLY OF THE MILL.) Air: "Banks of Daises."

Moderato con espressione.

PIANO.

p *rit.*

p *ritard.*

1. There lives a lass by yon - der mill, And all speak high - ly of her,
2. See of the crowd we beau - ties call, How few pos - sess the gra - ces,
3. Late - ly I did to her con - fess, Al - though she's deem'd so beau - teous,
4. When - e - ver comes that hon - ey - moon For which I'm loath to tar - ry,

p *ritard.*

poco rit. *a tempo.*

1. If I've the me - rit, I've the will To be her con - stant lo - ver. For
2. Man would ex - pect to find in all That own such win - ning fa - ces? ....
3. Of all her charms my soul thought less Than of her heart so du - teous. And
4. Old Cym-ria's harp shall play the tune That makes the heart most mer - ry. But

poco rit.

1. she has won her pa - rent's praise, And love of all the val - ley— Who
2. But what - e'er be o - thers' part, With whom the young men dal - ly; Her
3. what my fair one did re - ply I'm not a - sham'd to tell ye— Who
4. where her man - y vir - tues shine, So bright - ly in yon val - ley; ....

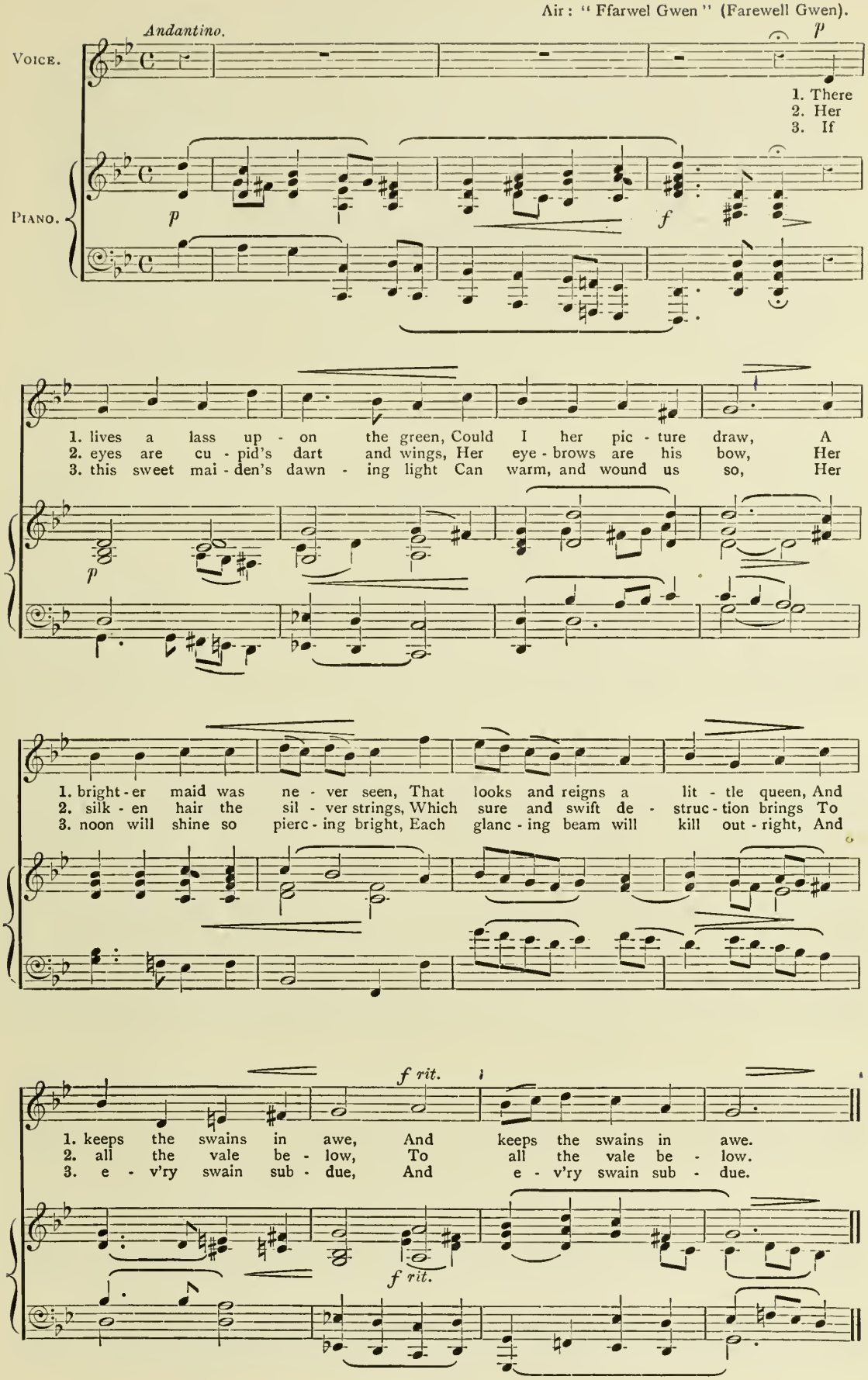
a tempo.

ritard.

1. hath the use of ears and eyes, Would he not love sweet Sal - ly?
2. lip and cheek, and eye and heart, Say all the same for Sal - ly.
3. sought her but to please his eye, Should ne'er call her his Sal - ly.
4. Man - y a moon will thus be mine As bright as that with Sal - ly.

ritard.

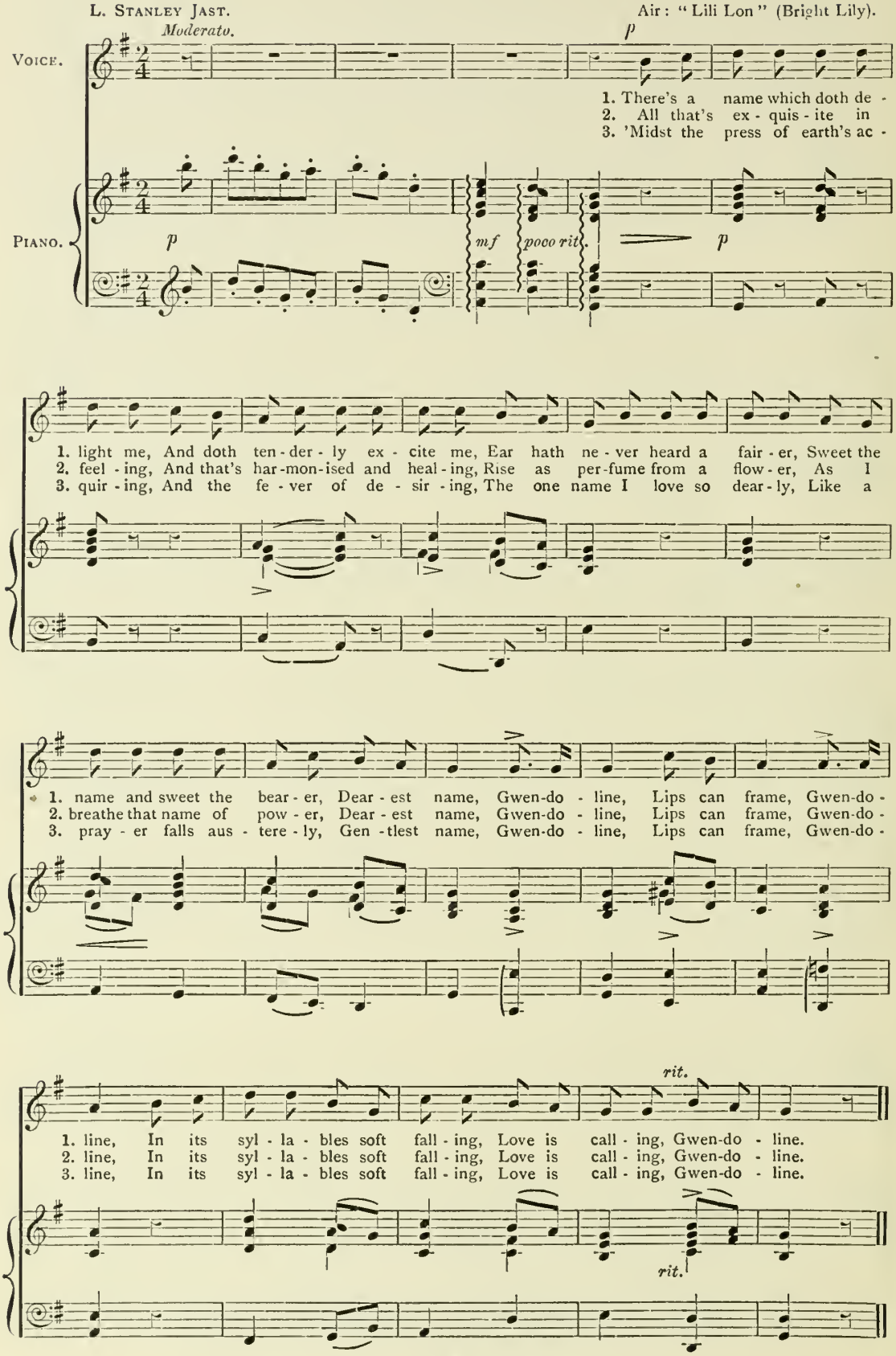
Air: "Ffarwel Gwen" (Farewell Gwen).



There's a name which doth delight me.

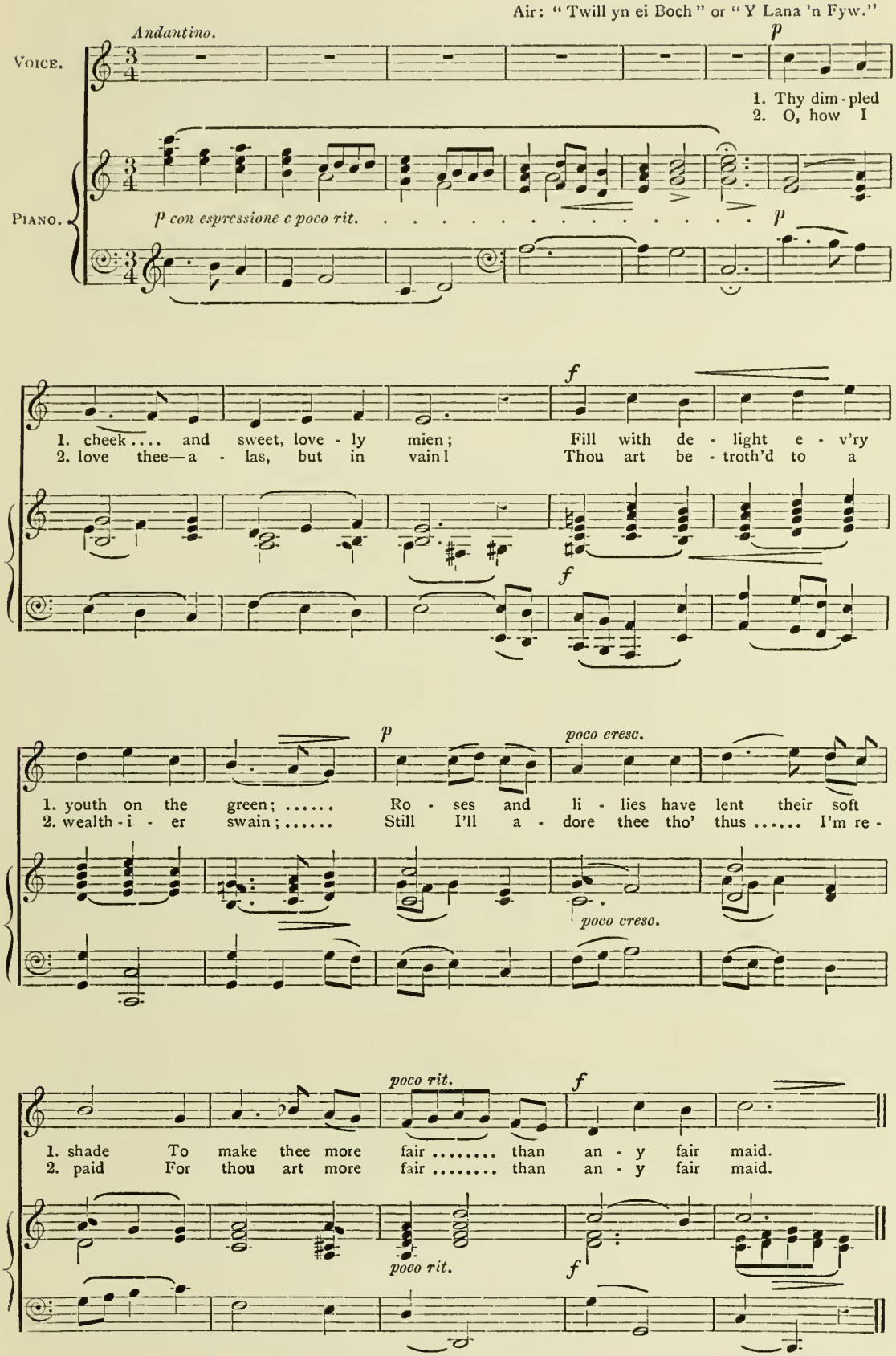
(GWENDOLINE.)

L. Stanley Jast. Air: "Lili Lon" (Bright Lily).



Thy dimpled cheek.

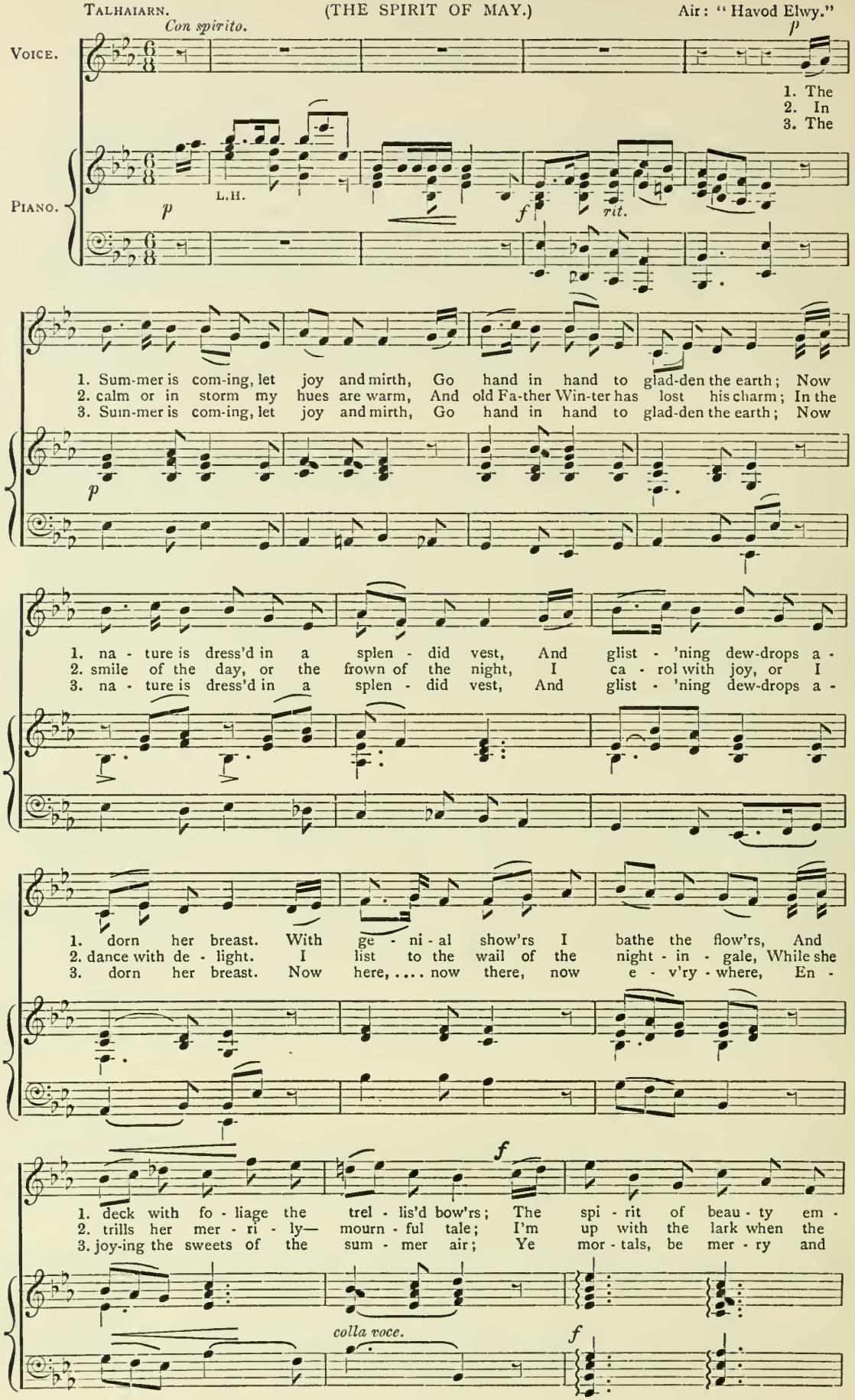
Air: "Twill yn ei Boch" or "Y Lana 'n Fyw."

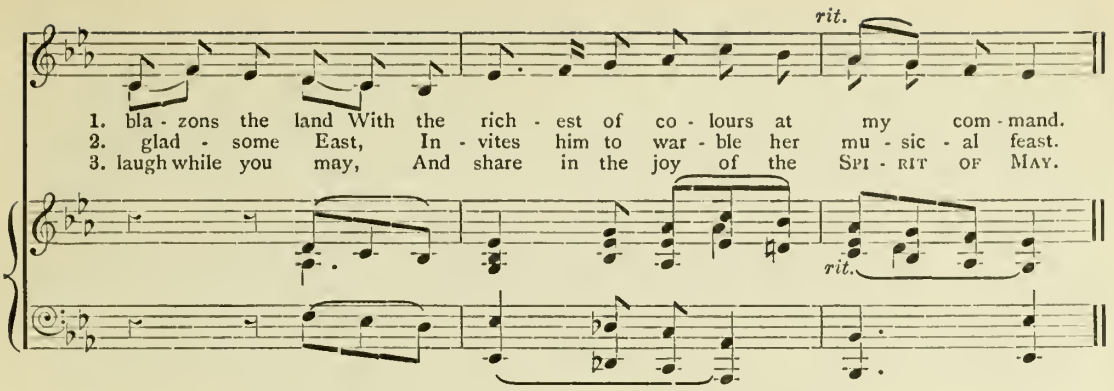


The Summer is coming.

TALHAIARN. (THE SPIRIT OF MAY.) Air: "Havod Elwy."

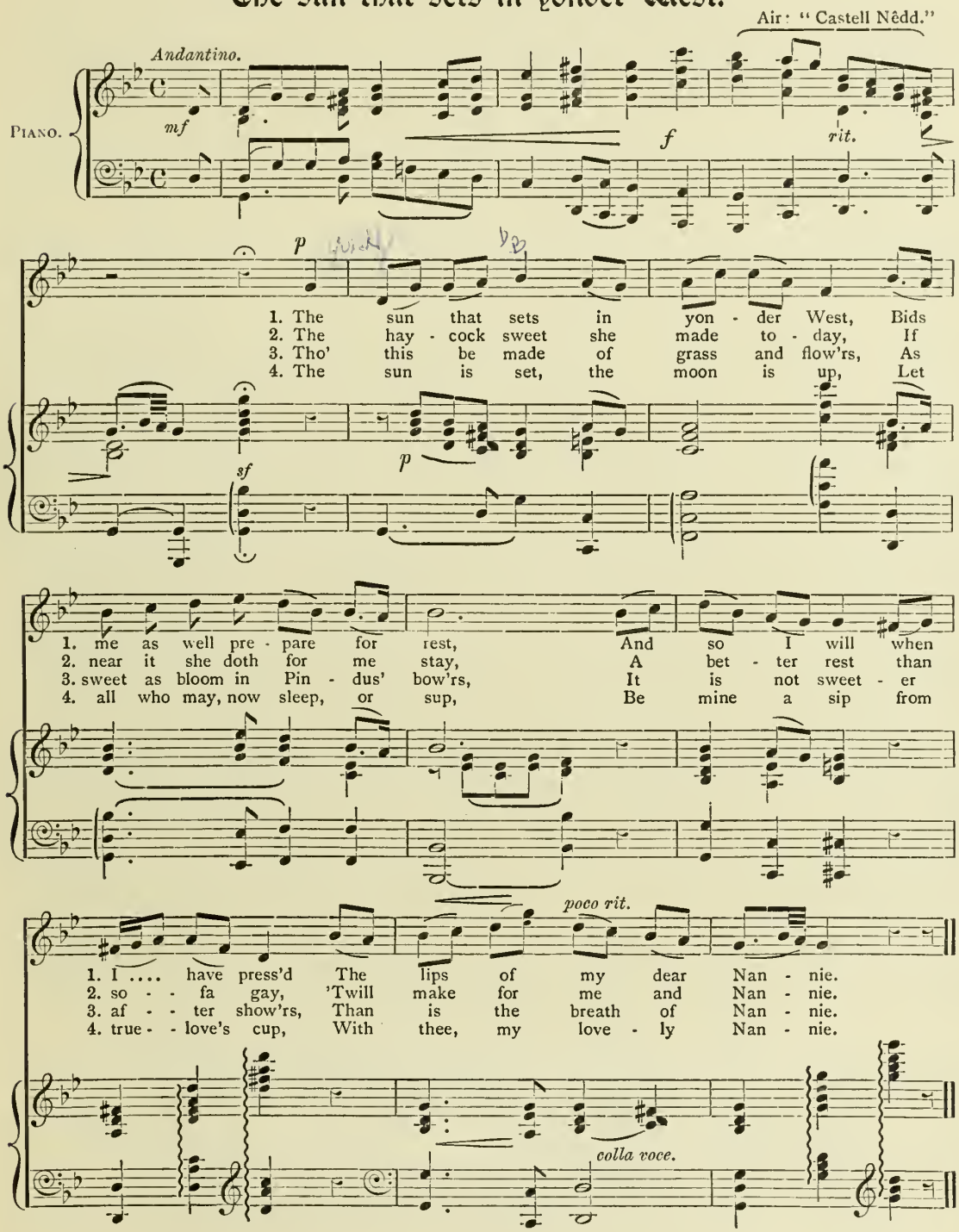
Con spirito.





The sun that sets in yonder West.

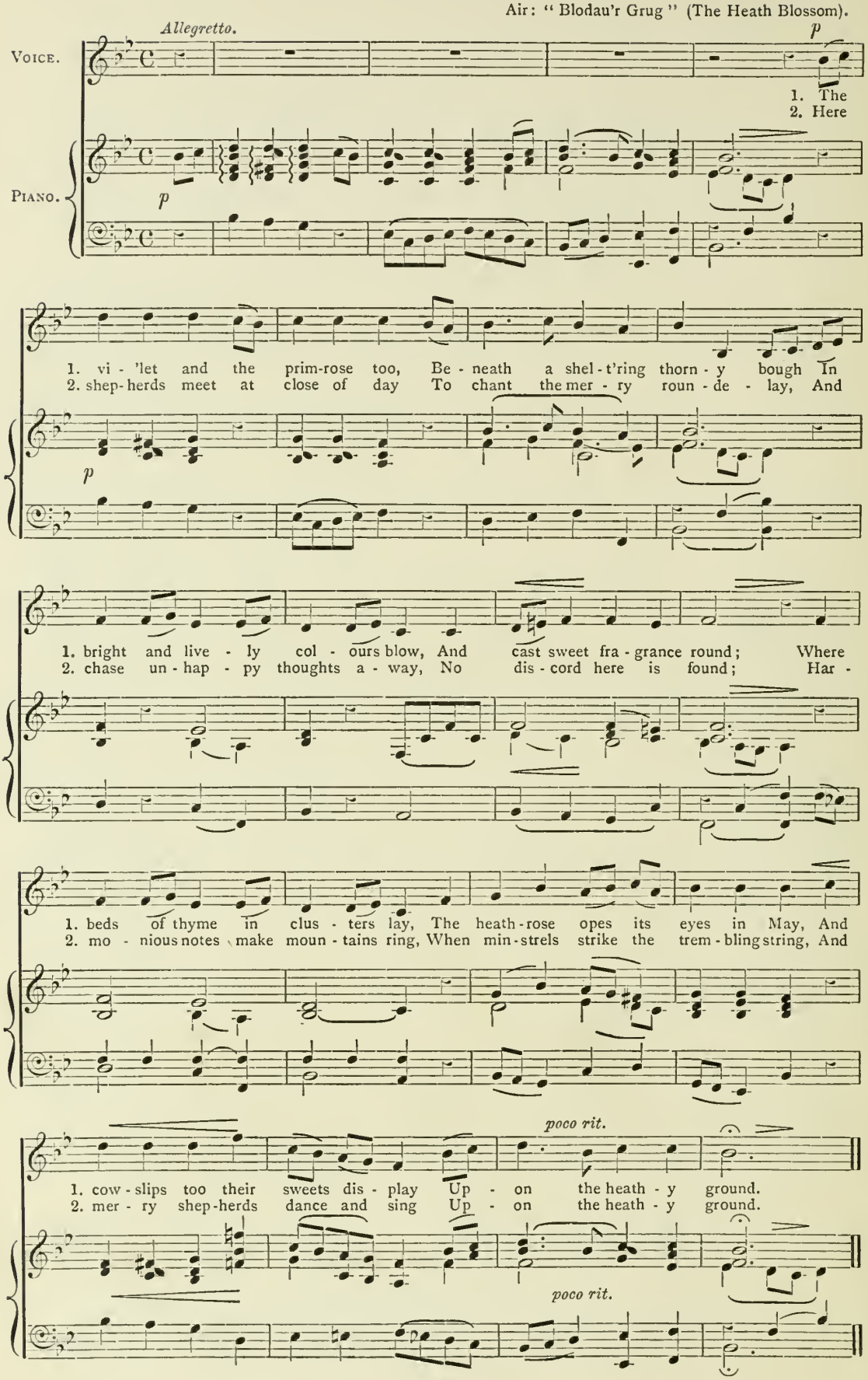
Air: "Castell Nêdd."



The violet and the primrose.

(THE FLOWERS OF THE HEATH.)

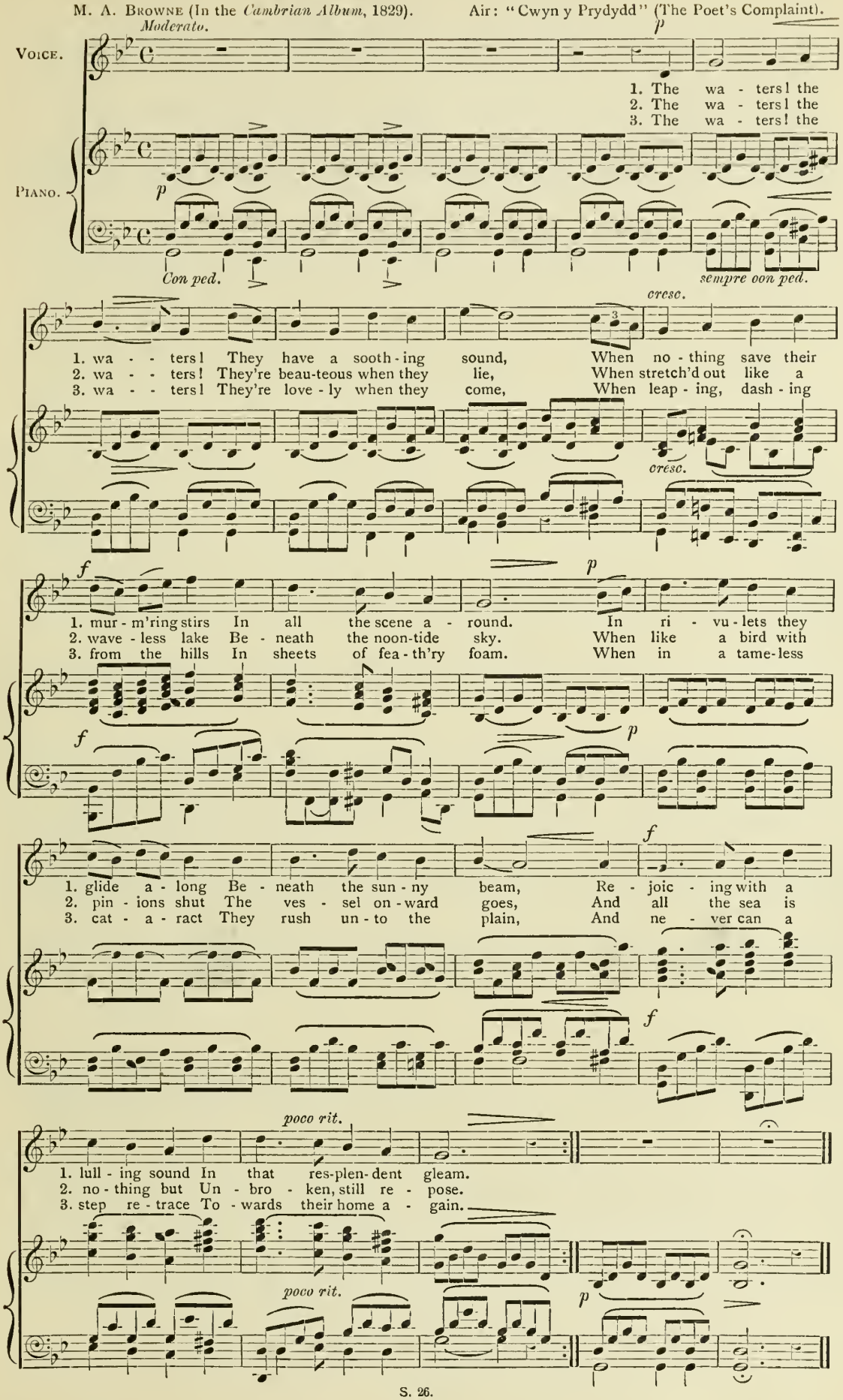
Air: " Blodau'r Grug " (The Heath Blossom).



The waters! the waters!

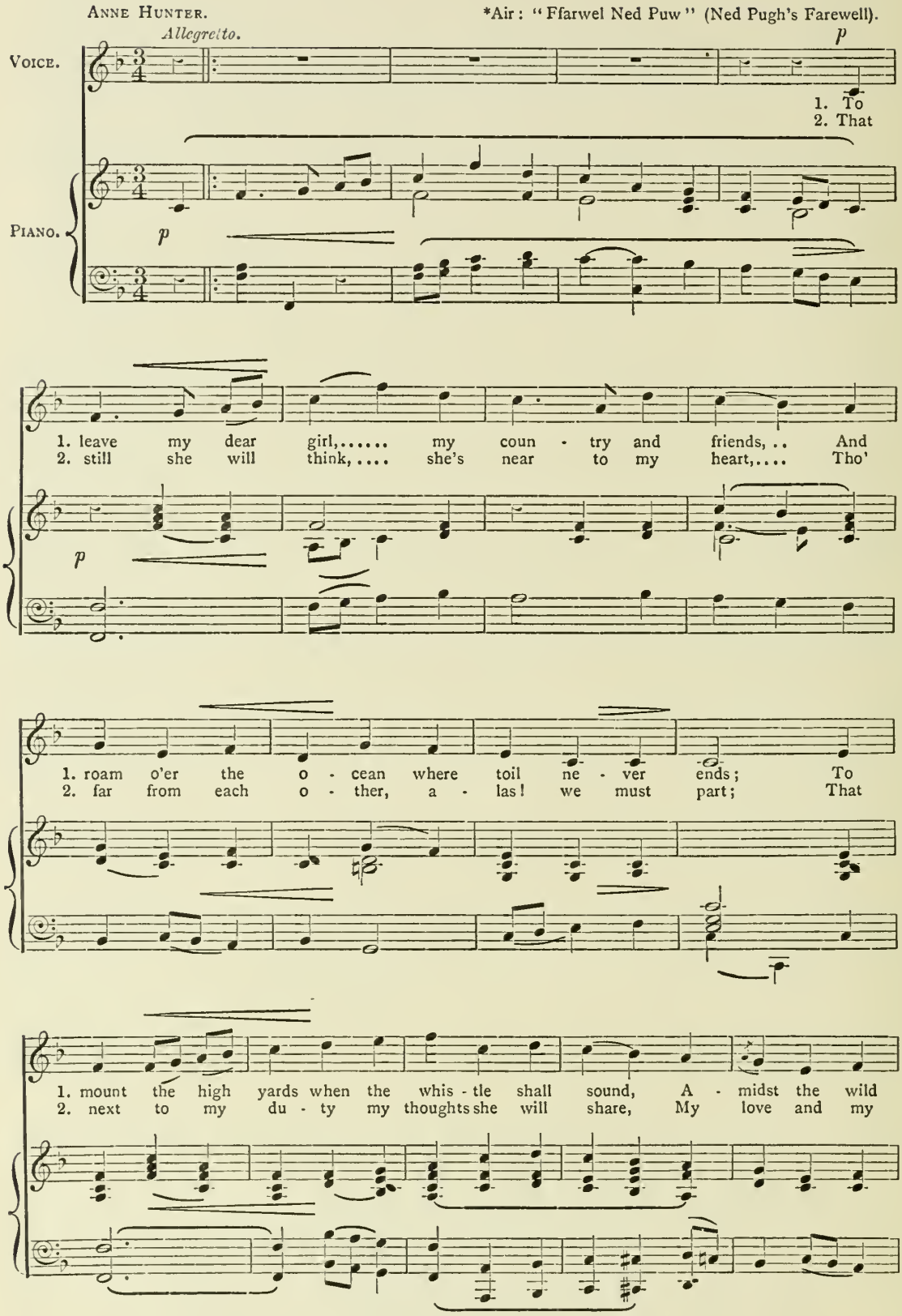
M. A. Browne (In the *Cambrian Album*, 1829). Air: "Cwyn y Prydydd" (The Poet's Complaint).

Moderato.

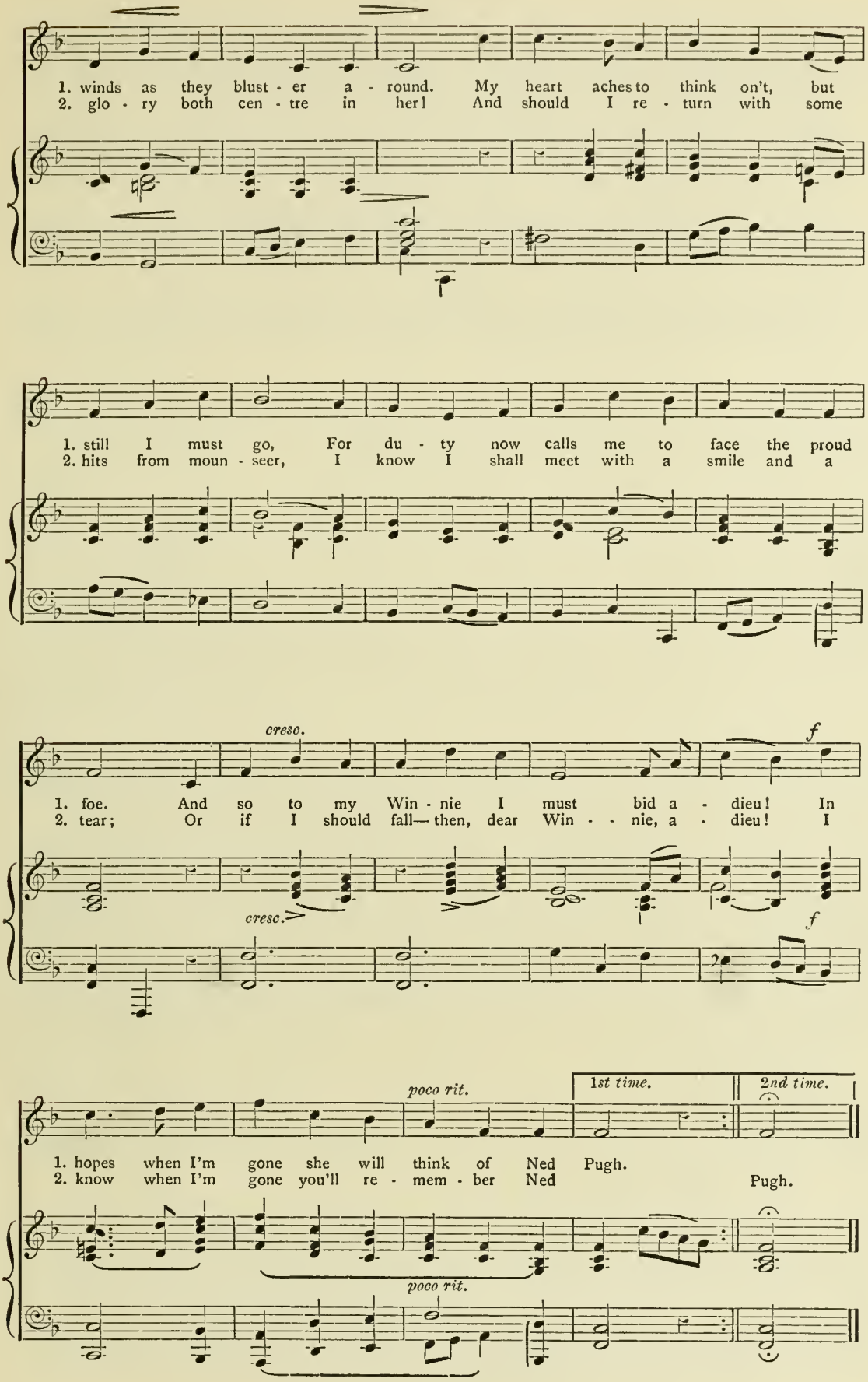


To leave my dear girl.

(THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL.)



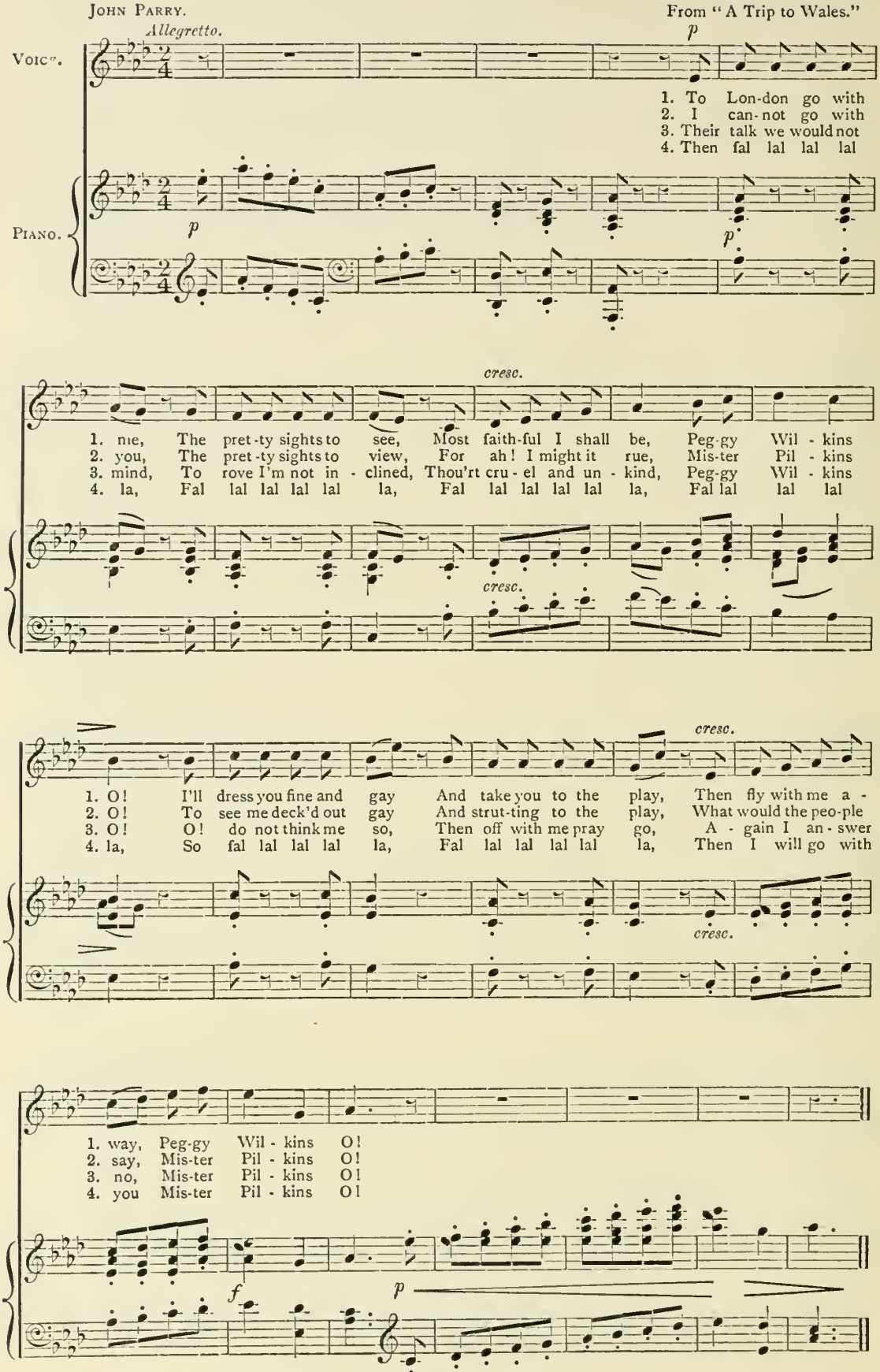
*Different from the air with the same title in Edward Jones collection, 1784.


1. winds as they blust - er a - round. My heart aches to think on't, but
2. glo - ry both cen - tre in her! And should I re - turn with some
1. still I must go, For du - ty now calls me to face the proud
2. hits from moun - seer, I know I shall meet with a smile and a
cresc.
f
1. foe. And so to my Win - nie I must bid a - dieu! In
2. tear; Or if I should fall— then, dear Win - - nie, a - dieu! I
cresc.
f
poco rit.
1st time.
2nd time.
1. hopes when I'm gone she will think of Ned Pugh.
2. know when I'm gone you'll re - mem - ber Ned Pugh.
poco rit.

To London go with me.

(PEGGY WILKINS.)

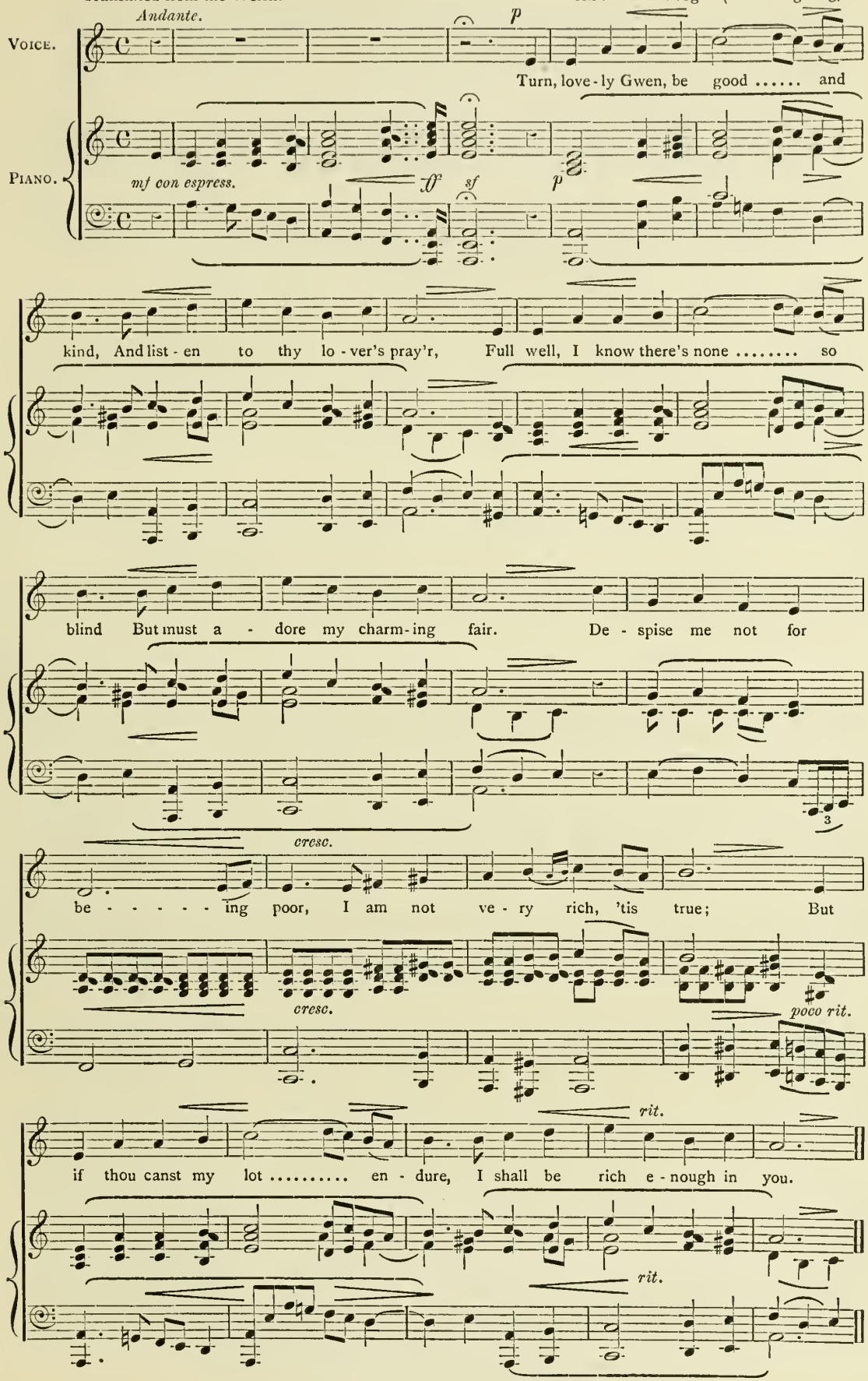
JOHN PARRY. From "A Trip to Wales."



*Turn, lovely Gwen.

Translated from the Welsh.

Air: "Y Dracog" (The Hedgehog).

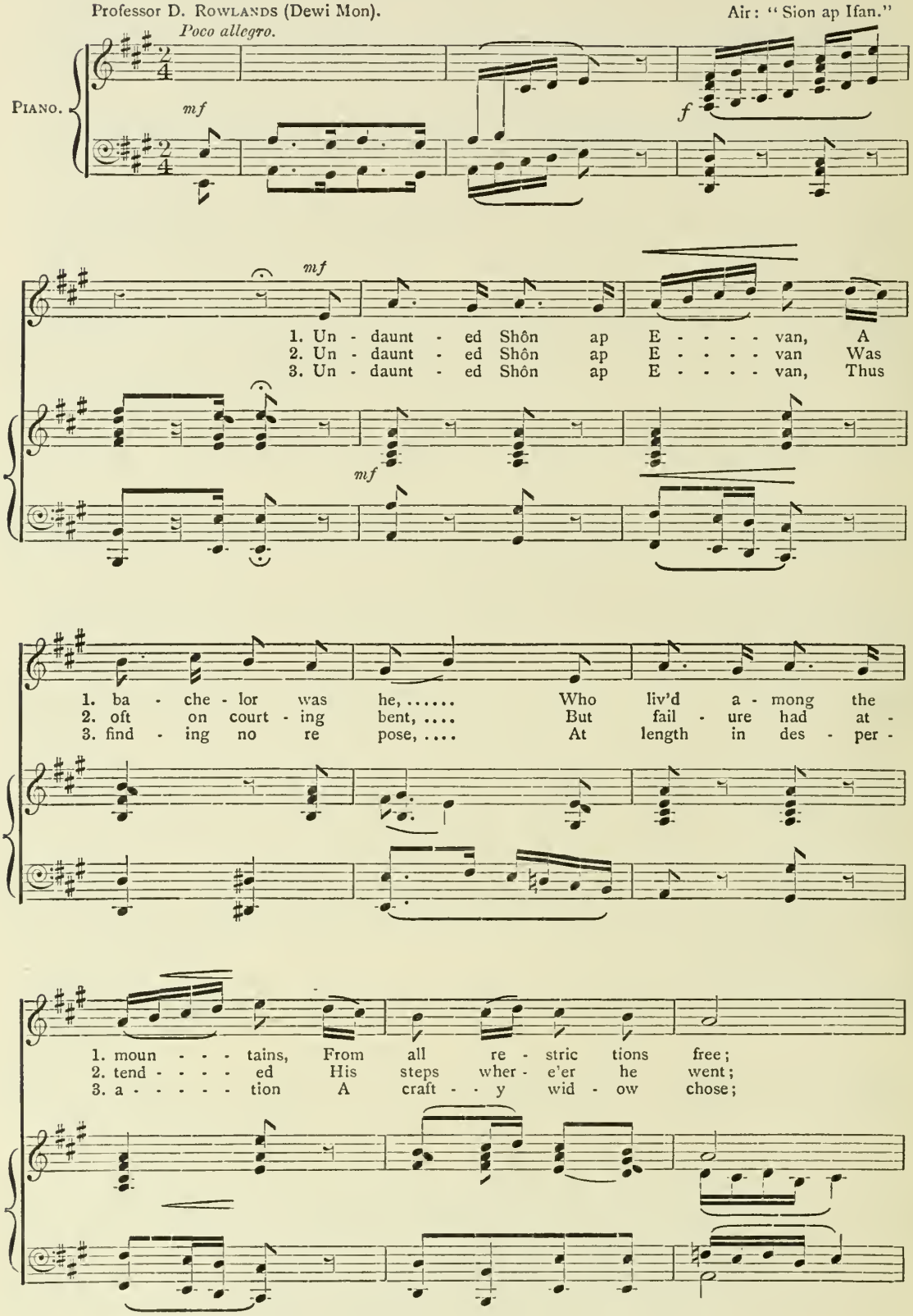


*From Jones' Translations of Old Welsh Poetry.

*Undaunted Shôn ap Evan.

(SHÔN AP EVAN.)

Professor D. Rowlands (Dewi Mon). Air: "Sion ap Ifan."



*From "*Cambrian Minstrelsie*," by kind permission of Messrs. J. C. & E. C. Jack.

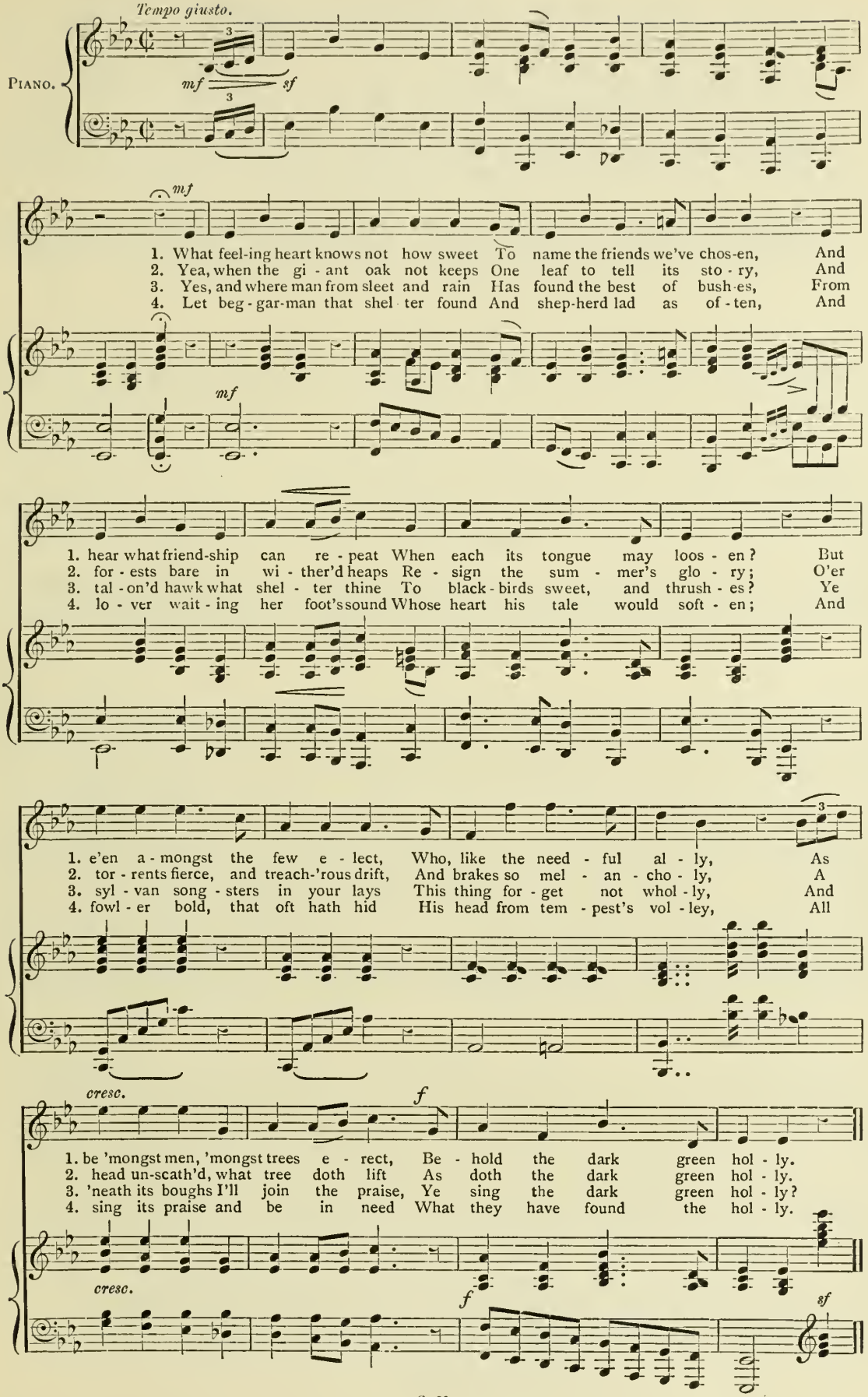
What feeling heart.

(THE HOLLY.)

IEUAN DHU.

Tempo giusto.

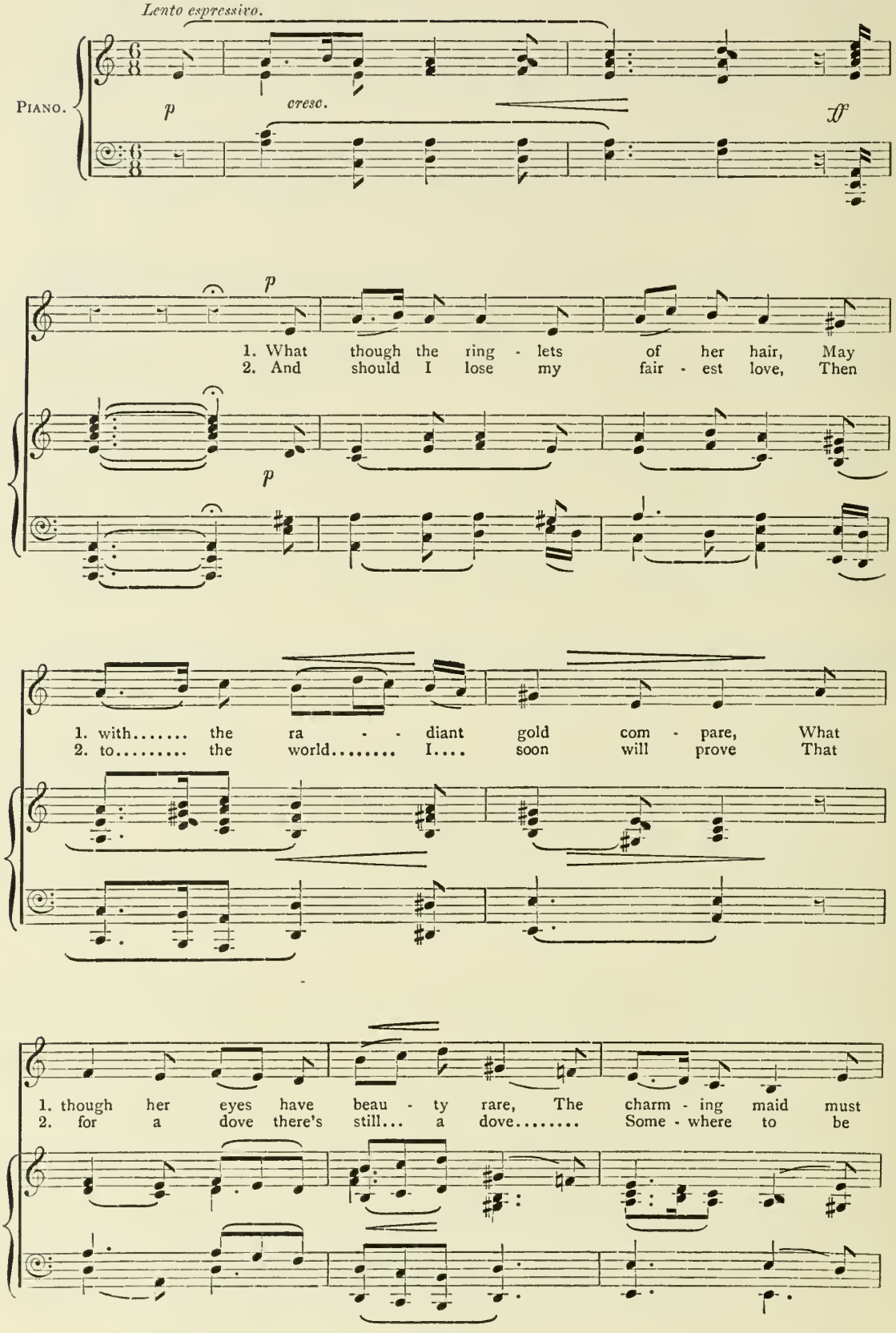
PIANO.

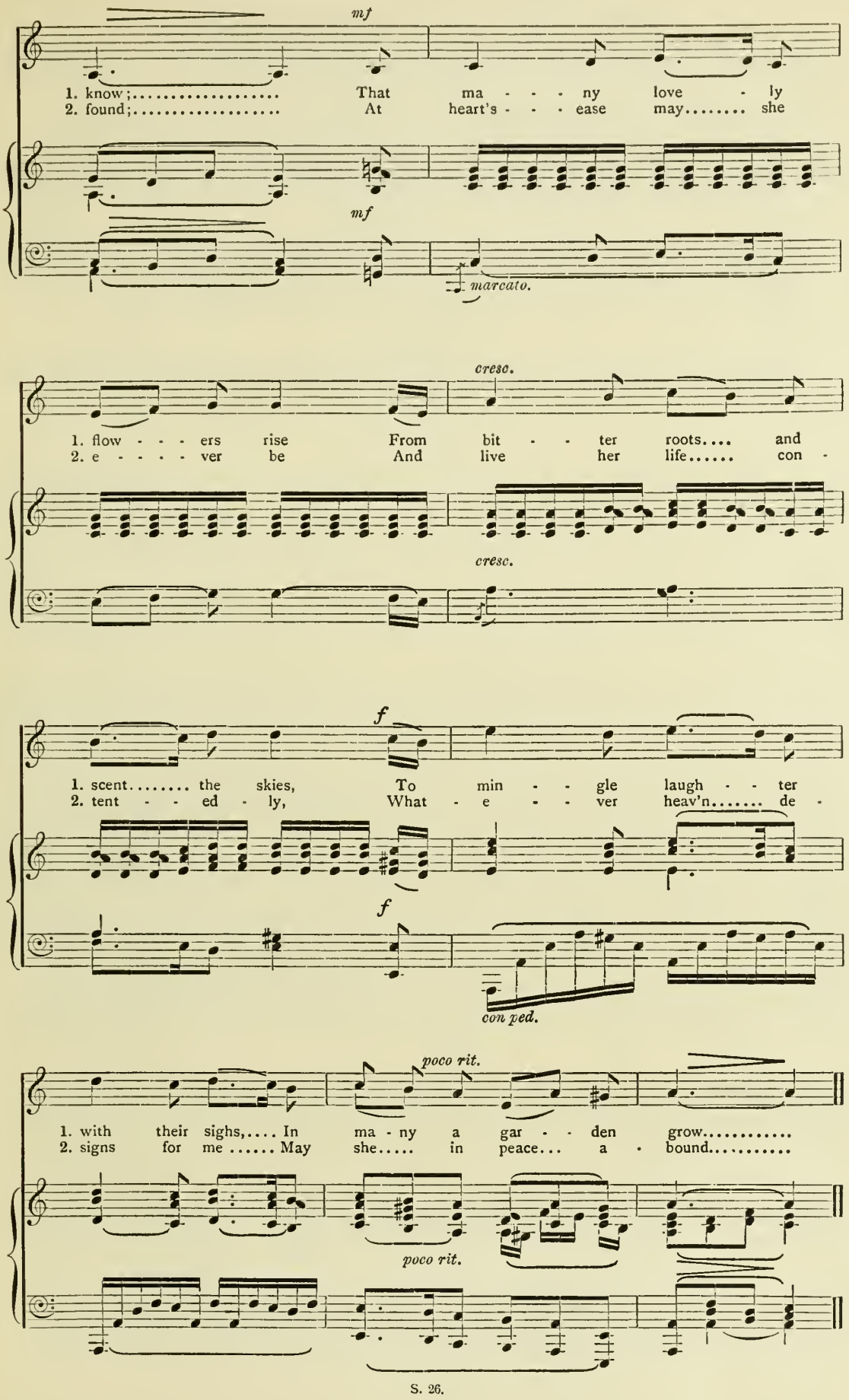


What though the ringlets of her hair.

Translated from the Welsh (*Pennillion*). Air: "Y Brython" (The Britons).

Lento espressivo.

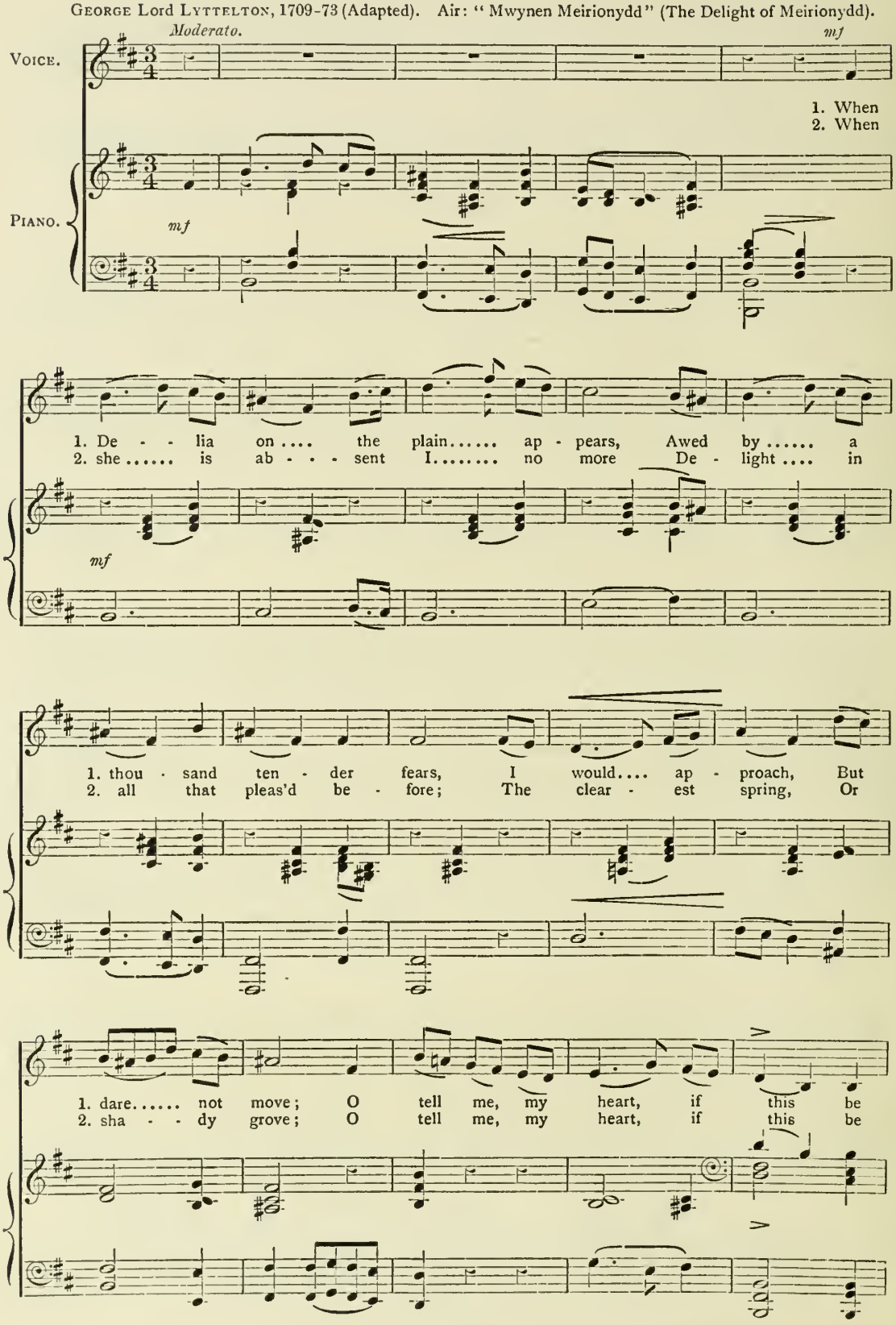


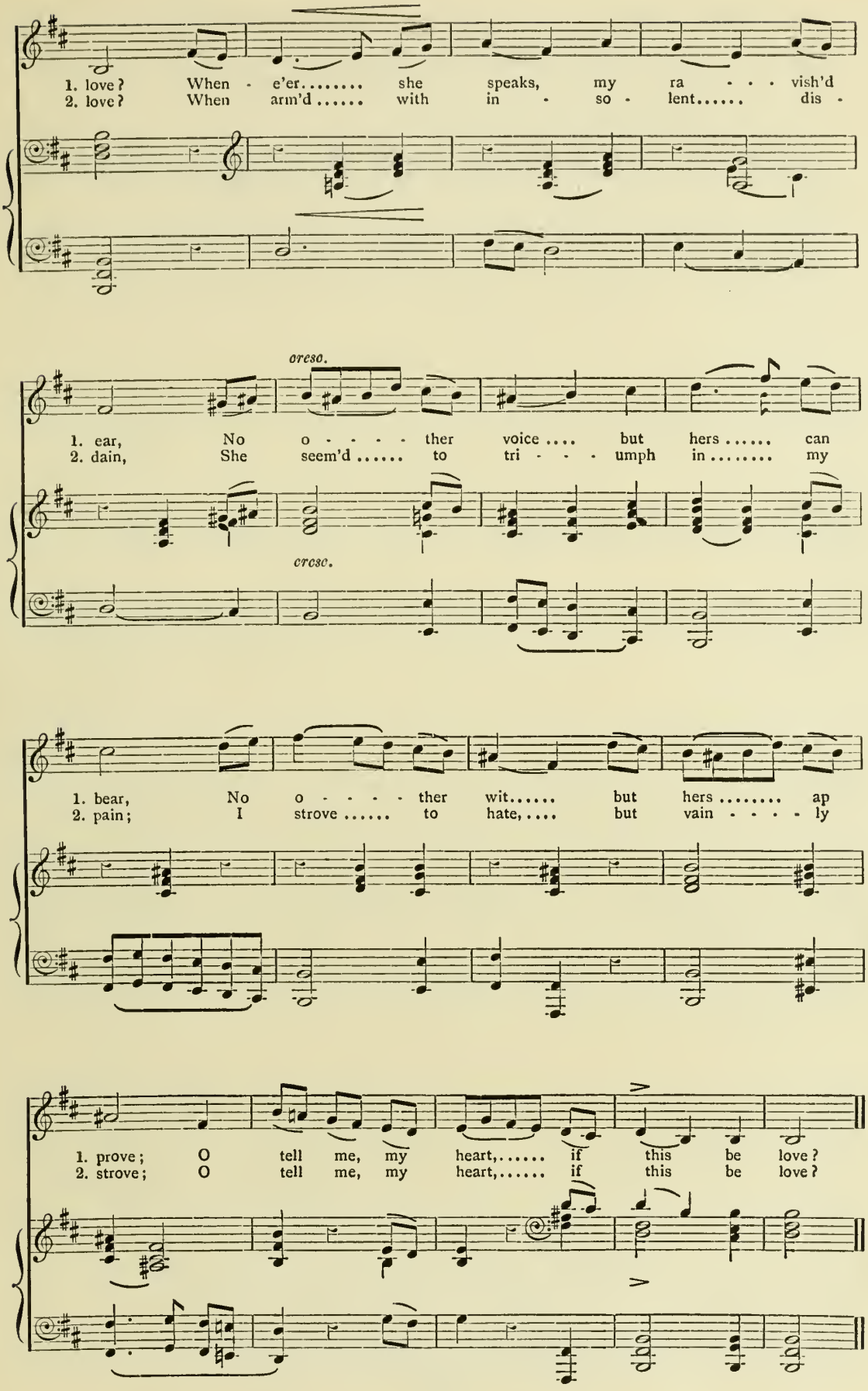

mf
1. know;..... That ma - - - ny love - ly
2. found;..... At heart's - - - ease may..... she
mf
marcato.
cresc.
1. flow - - - ers rise From bit - - ter roots.... and
2. e - - - - ver be And live her life..... con -
cresc.
f
1. scent..... the skies, To min - gle laugh - - ter
2. tent - - ed - ly, What - e - - ver heav'n..... de -
f
con ped.
poco rit.
1. with their sighs,.... In ma - ny a gar - - den grow.....
2. signs for me ..... May she..... in peace... a - bound.....
poco rit.

When Delia on the plain appears.

(O TELL ME, MY HEART, IF THIS BE LOVE?)

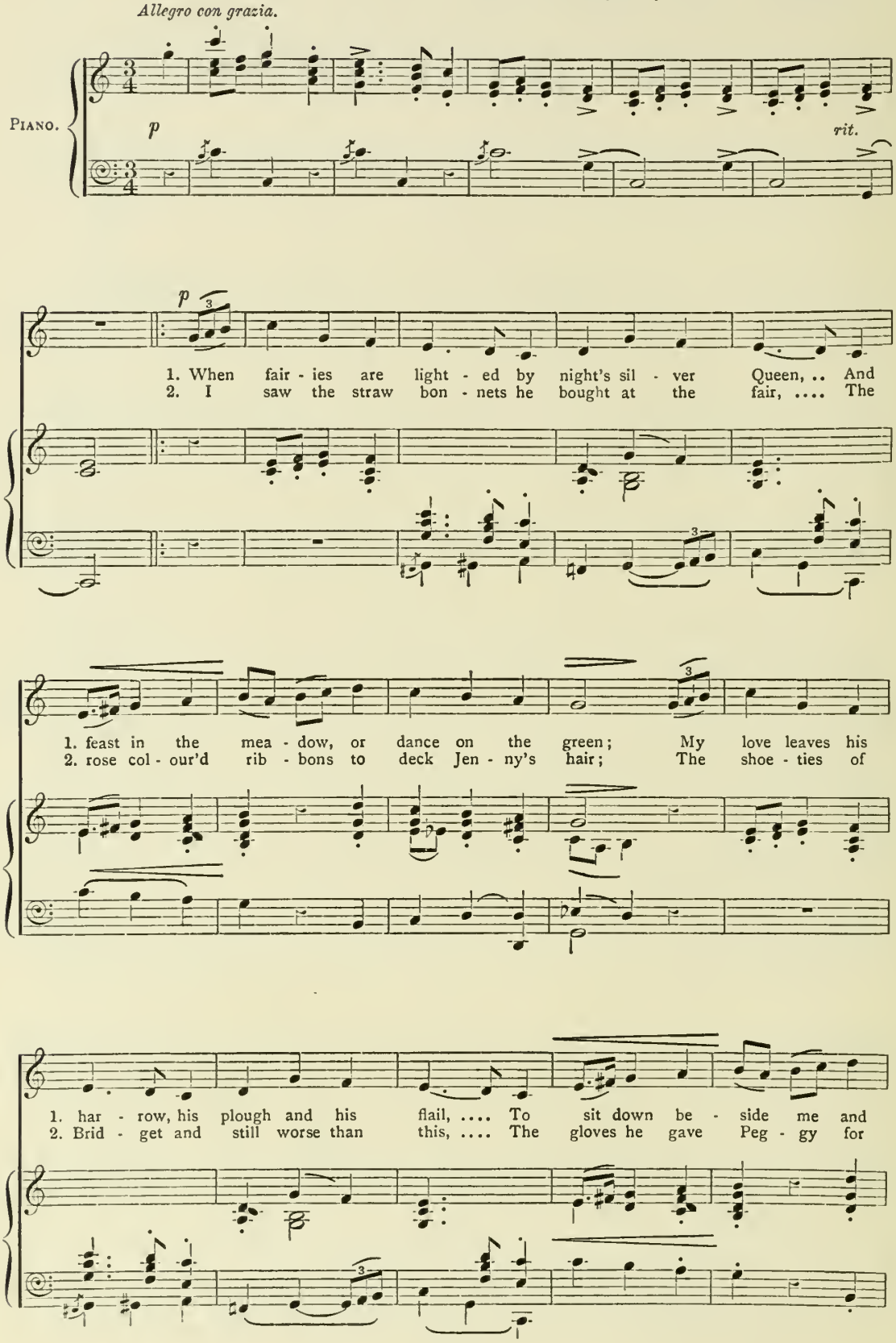
GEORGE Lord LYTTELTON, 1709-73 (Adapted). Air: "Mwynen Meirionydd" (The Delight of Meirionydd).

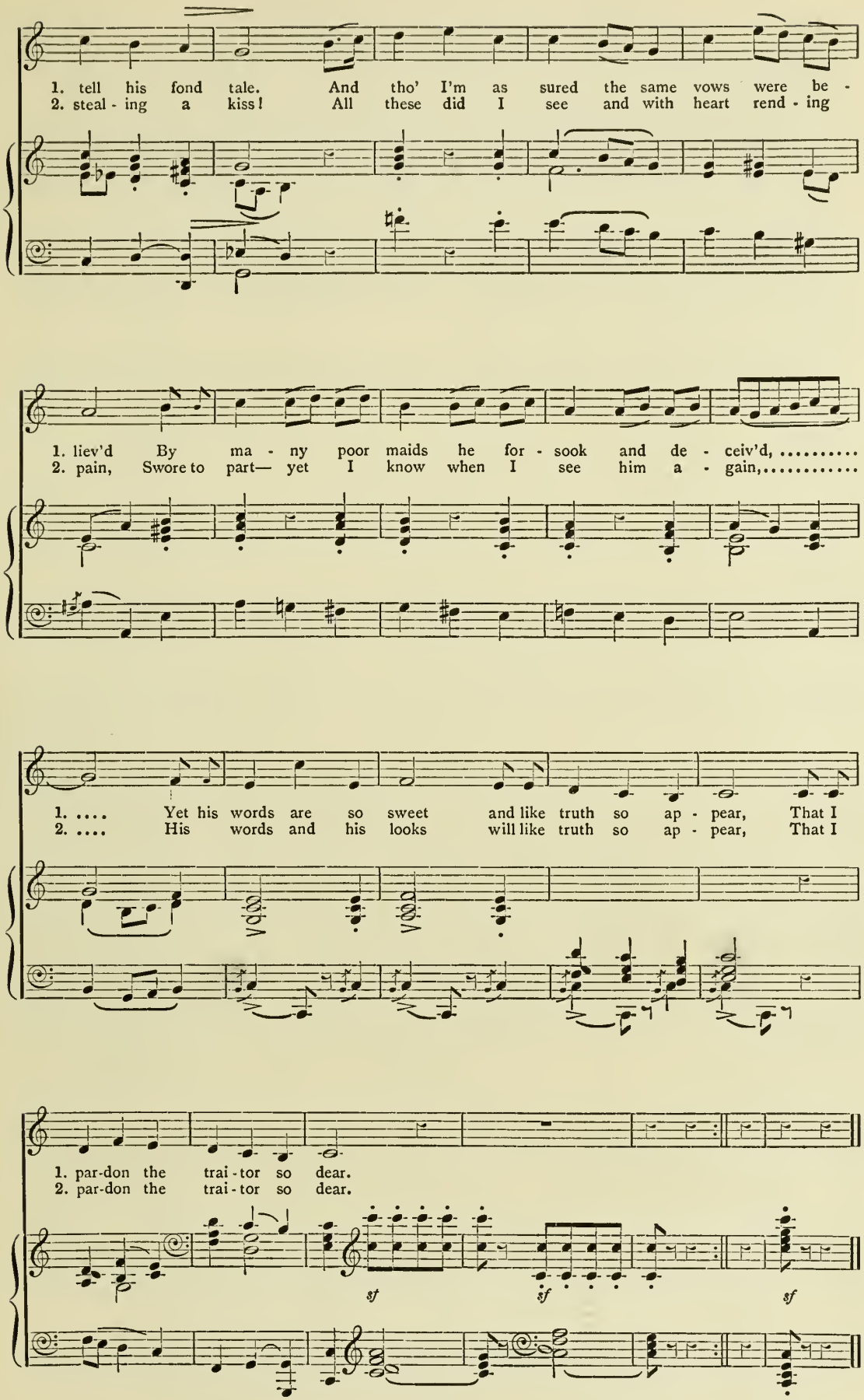



1. love? When - e'er..... she speaks, my ra - - - vish'd
2. love? When arm'd..... with in - so - lent..... dis -
cresc.
1. ear, No o - - - - ther voice .... but hers ..... can
2. dain, She seem'd ..... to tri - - - umph in ..... my
cresc.
1. bear, No o - - - - ther wit..... but hers ..... ap
2. pain; I strove ..... to hate,.... but vain - - - - ly
1. prove; O tell me, my heart,..... if this be love?
2. strove; O tell me, my heart,..... if this be love?

When fairies are lighted by night's silver Queen.

Air: "Ffarwel Ednyfed Fychan," or "Towyn Castle."

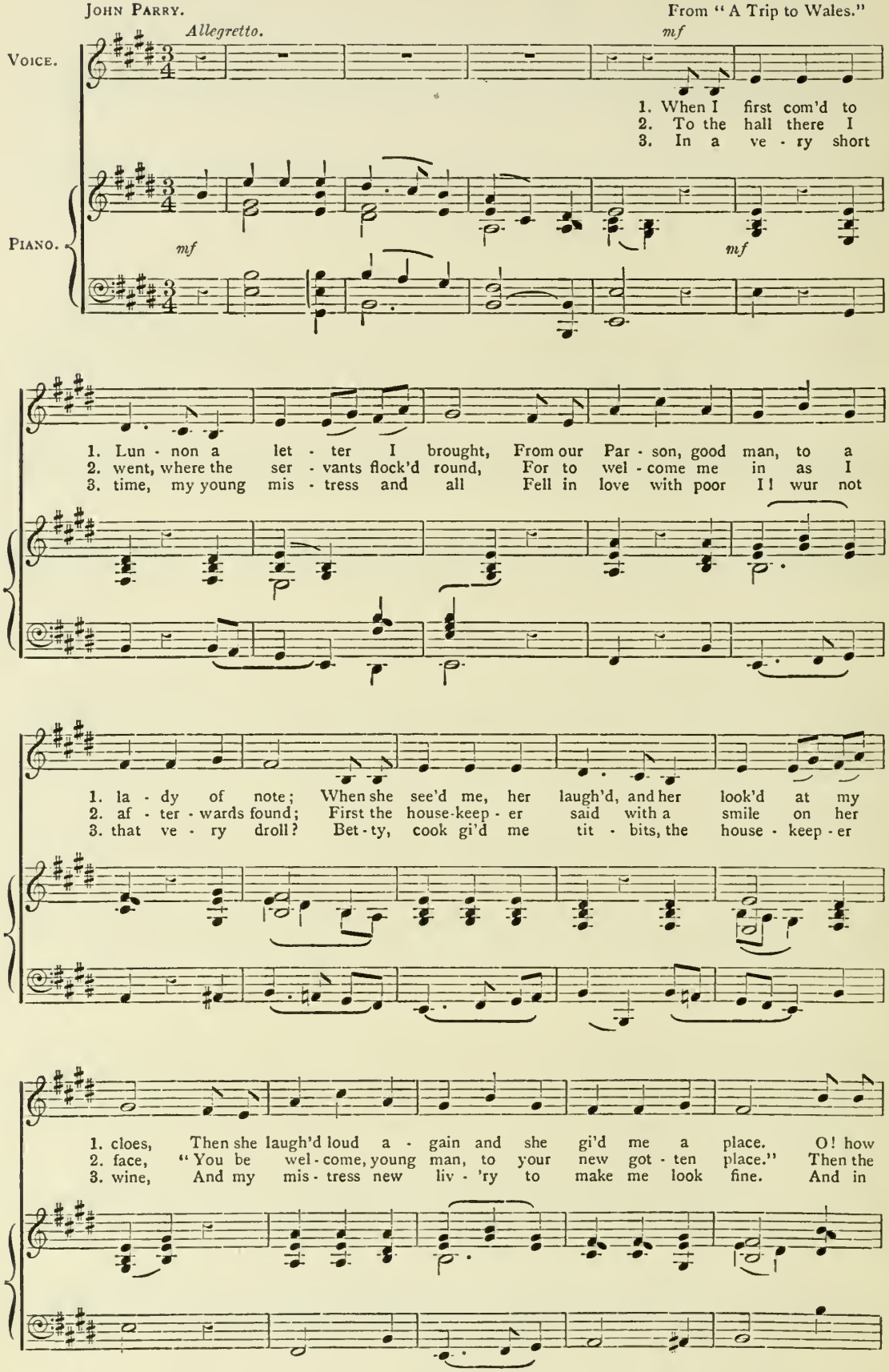


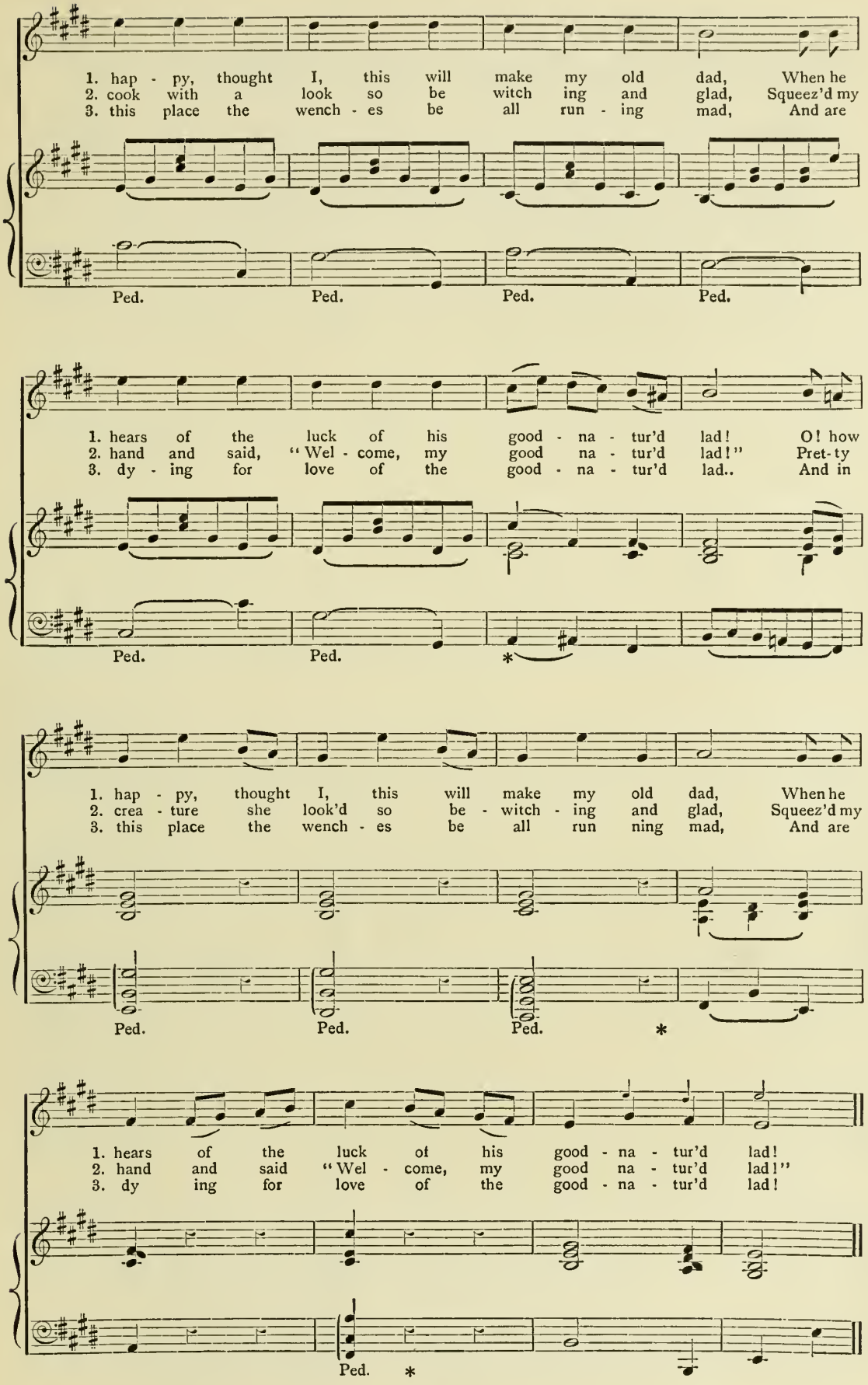

1. tell his fond tale. And tho' I'm as sured the same vows were be -
2. steal - ing a kiss! All these did I see and with heart rend - ing
1. liev'd By ma - ny poor maids he for - sook and de - ceiv'd, ...
2. pain, Swore to part— yet I know when I see him a - gain, ...
1. .... Yet his words are so sweet and like truth so ap - pear, That I
2. .... His words and his looks will like truth so ap - pear, That I
1. par-don the trai - tor so dear.
2. par-don the trai - tor so dear.
sf
sf
sf

When I first com'd to Lunnon.

(THE GOOD-NATURED LAD.)

JOHN PARRY. From "A Trip to Wales."

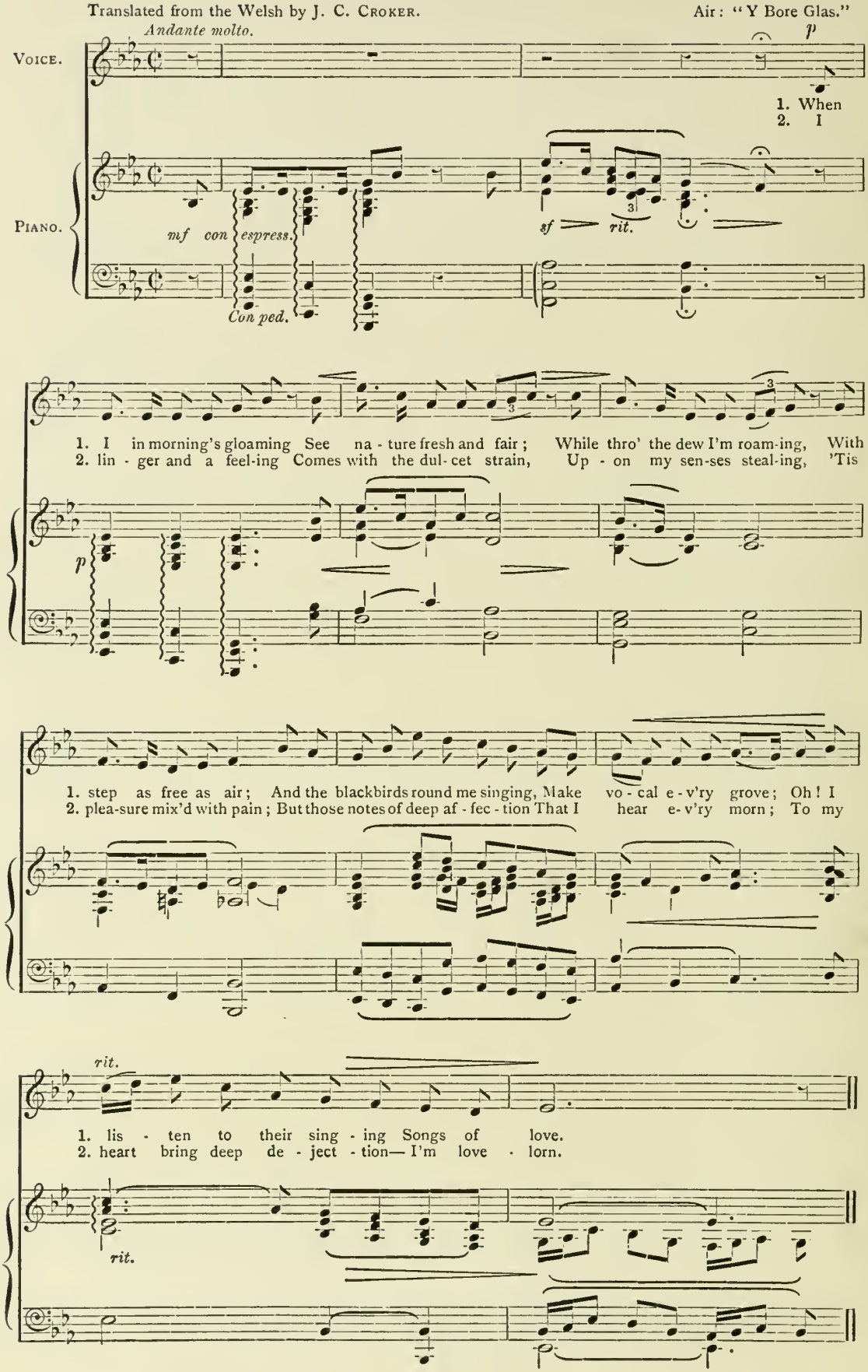



1. hap - py, thought I, this will make my old dad, When he
2. cook with a look so be witch ing and glad, Squeez'd my
3. this place the wench - es be all run - ing mad, And are
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
1. hears of the luck of his good - na - tur'd lad! O! how
2. hand and said, "Wel - come, my good na - tur'd lad!" Pret-ty
3. dy - ing for love of the good - na - tur'd lad.. And in
Ped. Ped. *
1. hap - py, thought I, this will make my old dad, When he
2. crea - ture she look'd so be - witch - ing and glad, Squeez'd my
3. this place the wench - es be all run ning mad, And are
Ped. Ped. Ped. *
1. hears of the luck of his good - na - tur'd lad!
2. hand and said "Wel - come, my good na - tur'd lad!"
3. dy ing for love of the good - na - tur'd lad!
Ped. *

When I in morning's gloaming.

(THE DAWNING OF MORN.)

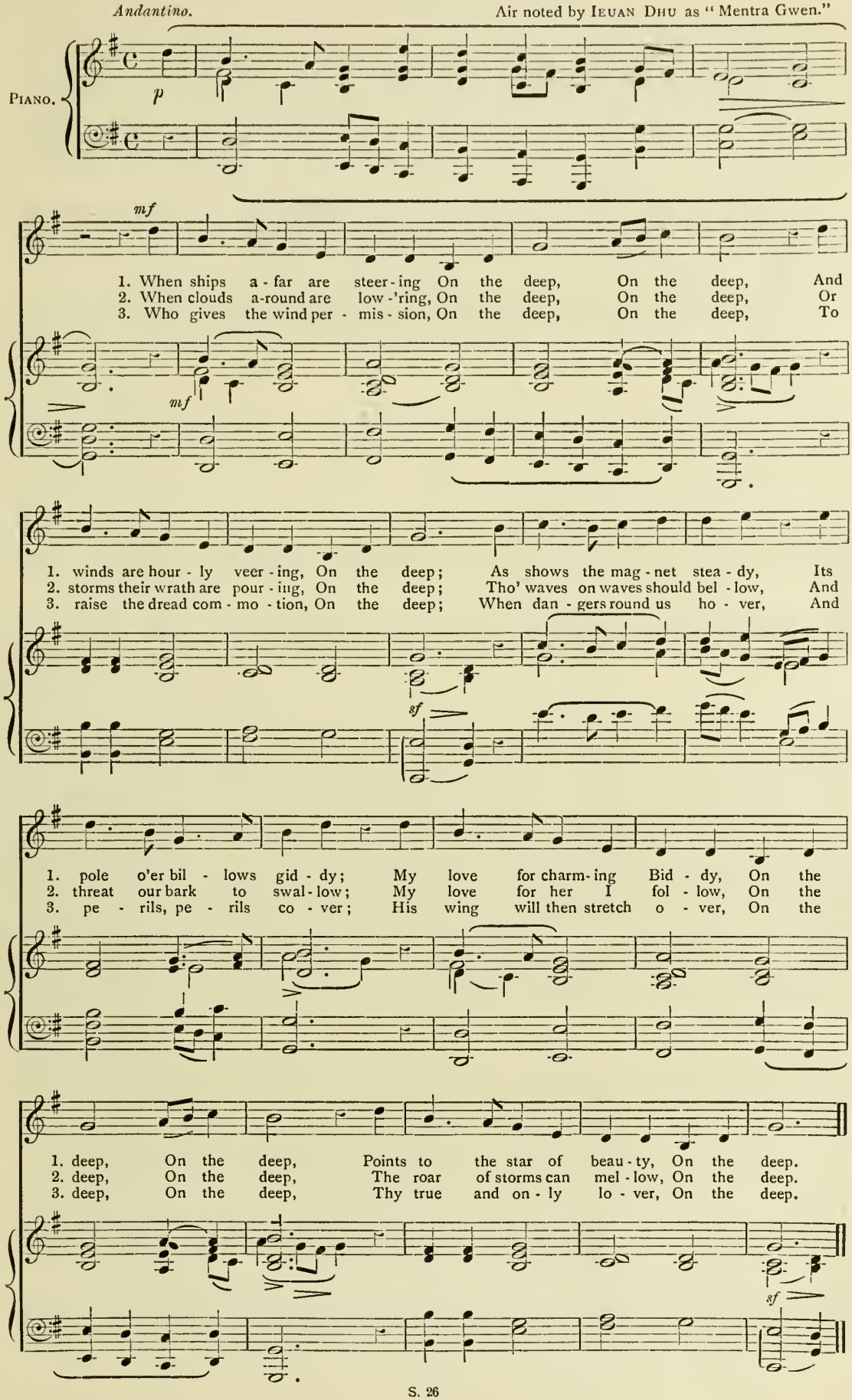
Translated from the Welsh by J. C. Croker. Air: "Y Bore Glas."



When ships afar are steering.

(ON THE DEEP.)

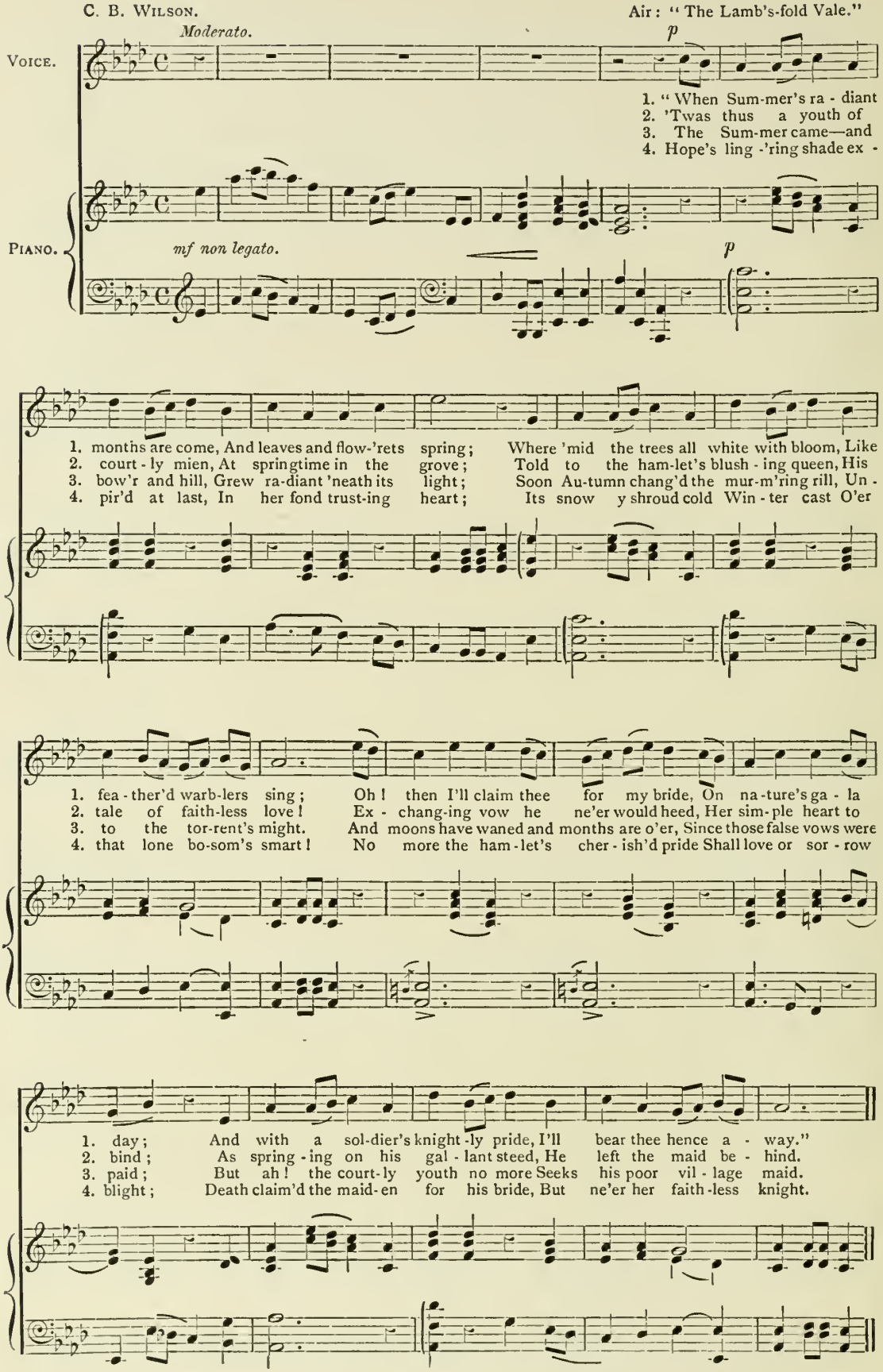
Andantino. Air noted by IEUAN DHU as "Mentra Gwen."



When Summer's radiant months are come.

(THE FALSE KNIGHT.) A Ballad.

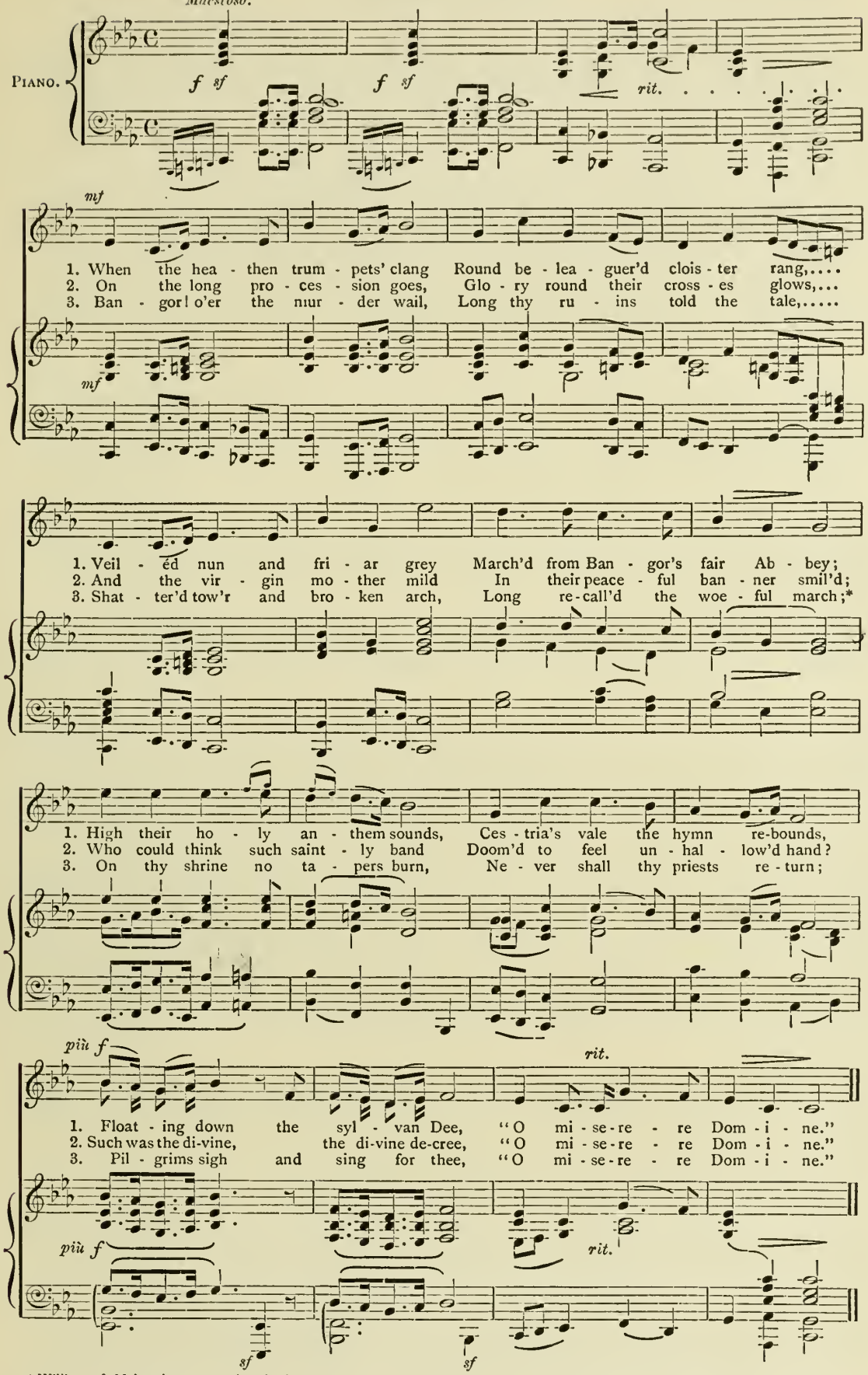
C. B. Wilson. Air: "The Lamb's-fold Vale."



When the heathen trumpets' clang.

Sir Walter Scott. (THE MONKS' MARCH.) Air: "Ymdaith Mwnc."

Maestoso.



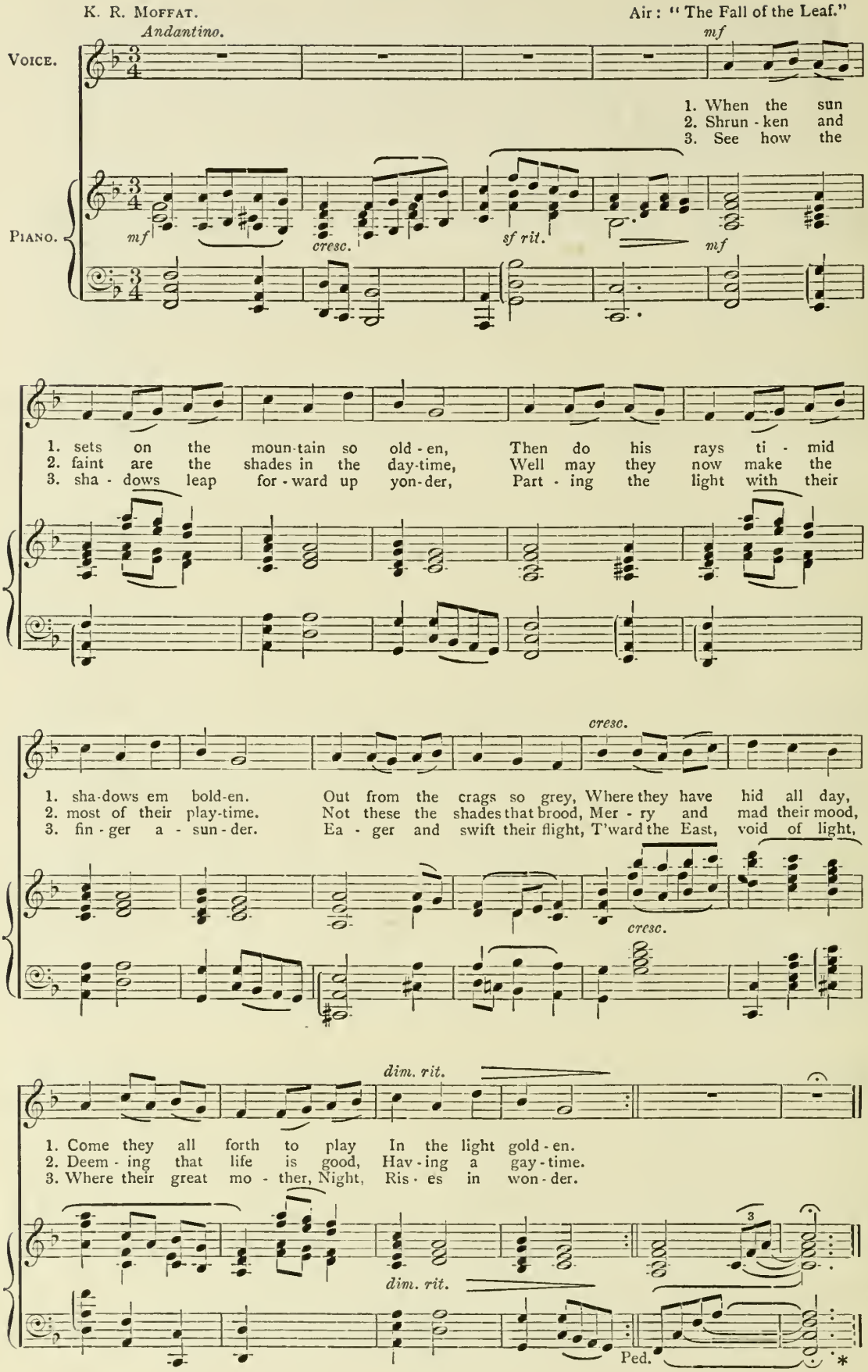
* William of Malmesbury says that in his time the extent of the ruins of the monastery bore ample witness to the desolation occasioned by the massacre.

When the sun sets.

(SHADOWS AT PLAY.)

K. R. MOFFAT. Air: "The Fall of the Leaf."

Andantino.

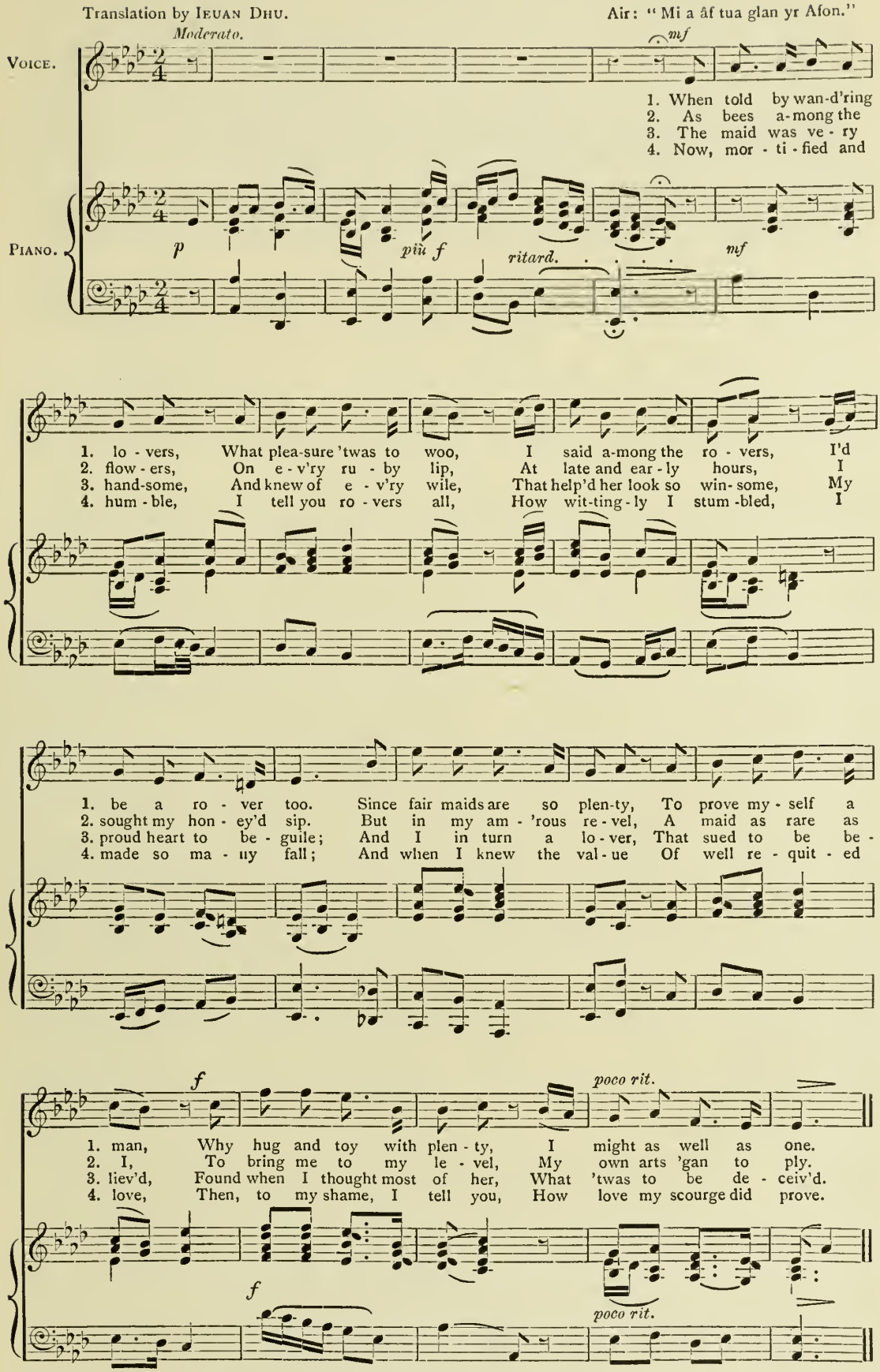


When told by wandering lovers.

(THE ROVER.)

Translation by Ieuan Dhu.

Air: "Mi a âf tua glan yr Afon."



Where is my Owen, where is my true love?

Lento doloroso. *mf* Air: "The Red Piper's Melody."

Voice. Piano.

1. Where is my O - - wen,
2. Fain would I think so,
3. Heav'ns! who comes yon - der?

f *sf rit.* *mf*

1. where is my true love, O saw ye the shep-herd that's dear - est to me?.....
2. sad when we part - ed Ap - pear'd the dear shep-herd with tears in his eyes;....
3. O 'tis my O - wen, And smil - ing he has - tens his true love to greet!....

poco rit.

1. Where art thou wand'ring? come haste to my view, love, O art thou not ea - ger thy
2. Pale was his cheek too, but ma - ny have smart - ed From treach - er - y hid - den in
3. Ten - der im - pa-tience each ea - ger step show-ing, To which my fond heart gives an

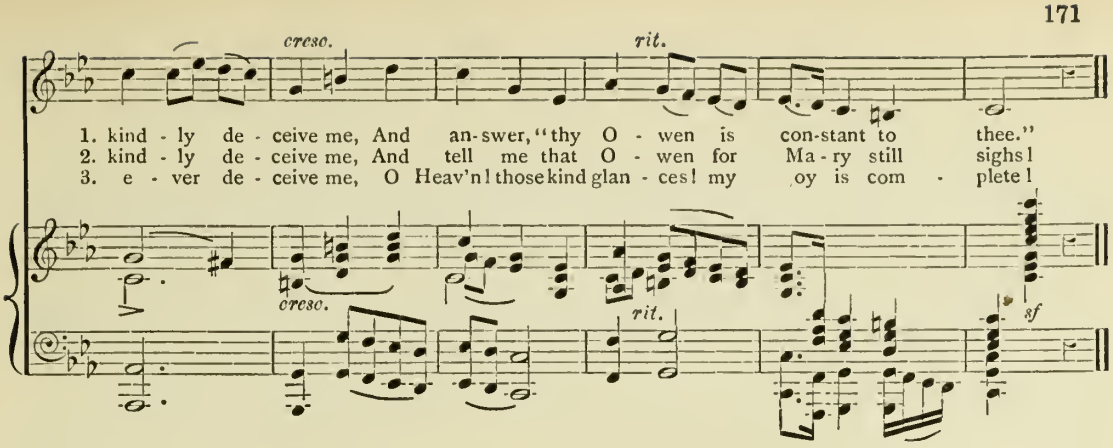
poco rit.

p *mf*

1. true love to see? Long, long does he tar - ry, ah, sure - ly some new love De -
2. true love's dis - guise. For men 'tis most cer - tain were e - ver false-heart - ed, And
3. an-swer-ing beat! Now fool - ish tears where - fore, why thus are ye flow - ing, My

sf *p* *mf*

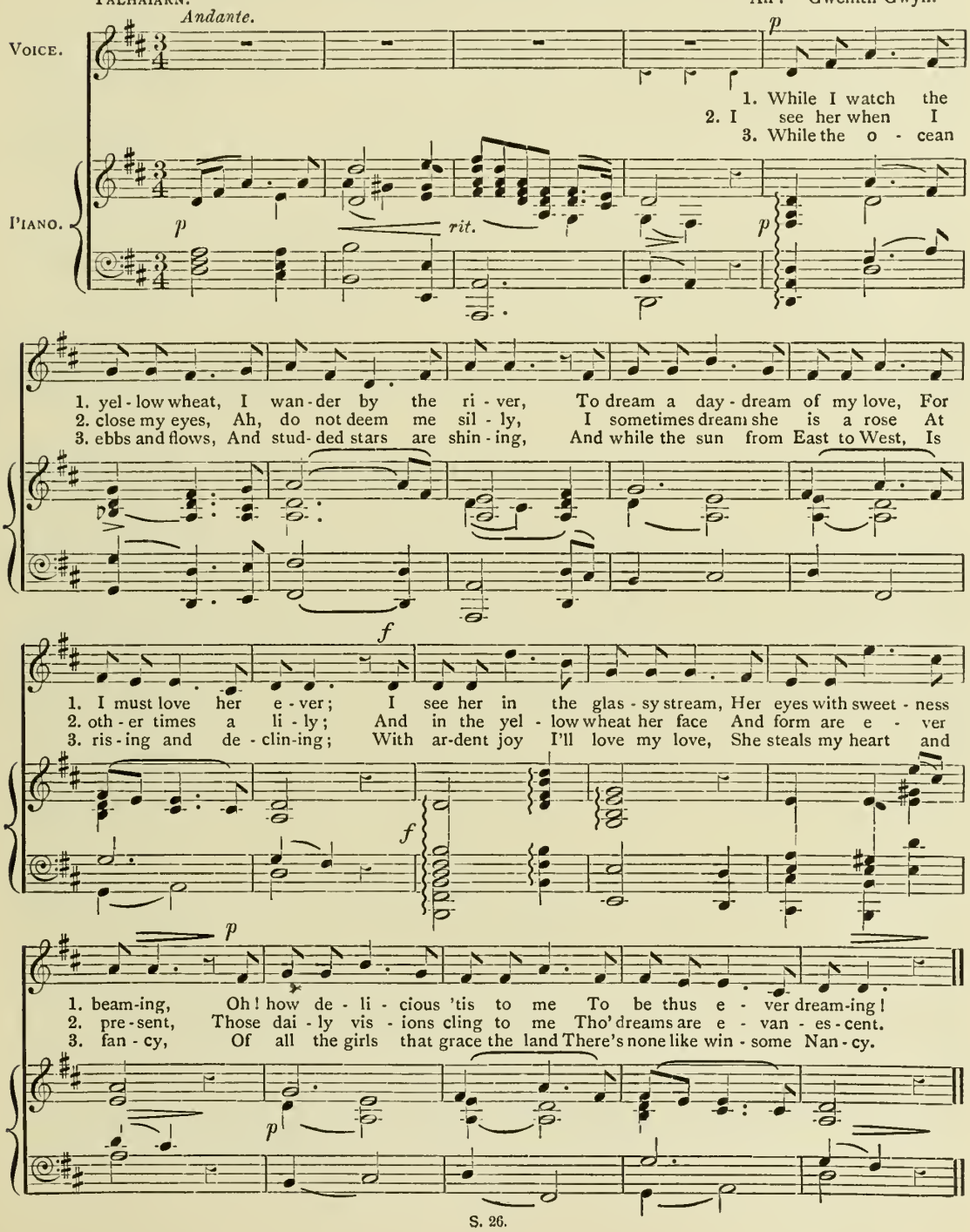
1. tains o'er the moun-tain my O - wen from me; But swains do not grieve me, still
2. those who a - dore them a - las, they de - spise! But O do not grieve me, still
3. O - wen will fan - cy I grieve when we meet— No, he'll ne - ver leave me, nor



While I watch the yellow wheat.

(WATCHING THE WHEAT.)

TALHAIARN. Air: "Gwenith Gwyn."



Wilt thou love me, fairest maiden?

TALHAIARN.

Andante espressione.

Air: "Marwnad Ivor Hael O'Geri"
(Elegy of Ivor the Liberal of Keri).

PIANO.

p *poco rit.*

Con ped.

p

1. Wilt thou love me, fair - est mai - den, Fair - er than a sum - mer's day?
2. What is life with - out the pre - sence Of thy love - ly face, to me? A

p *a tempo.*

sempre con ped.

1. See, my heart with love is la - den, Sweet-heart, do not turn a - way.
2. mis - ty, joy - less, e - van - es - cence, Bar - ren waste with - out a tree.

1. Morn - ing, noon, and night I love thee, With a will that spurns con - trol; The
2. Come and chase a way my sad - ness, Let me call thee sweet-heart, wife;

p

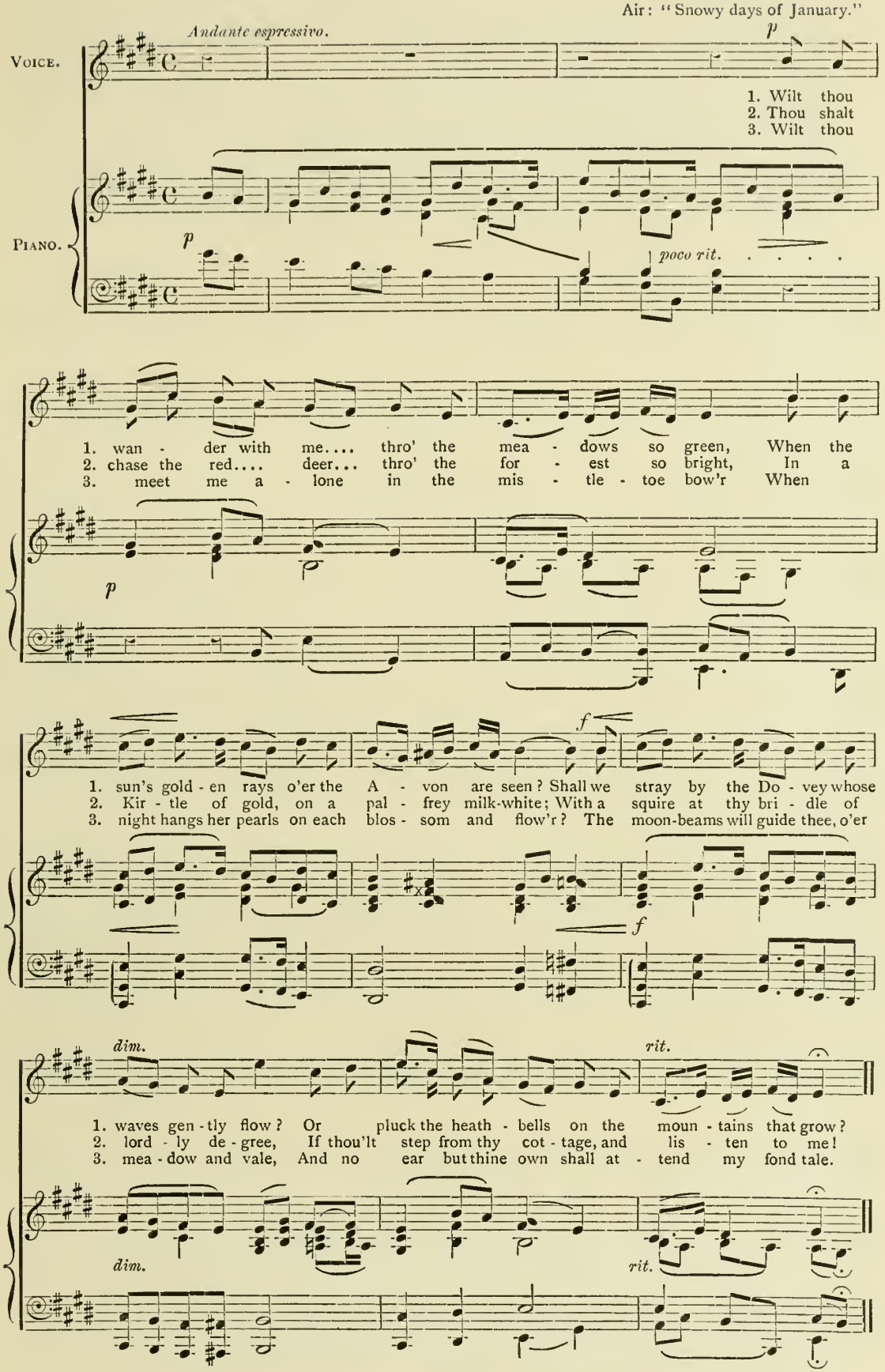
rit.

1. glo - ri - ous sun that shines a - bove thee Is.... not dear - er to my soul.
2. Turn my sor - row in - to glad - ness, Be... a bless - ing to my life.

rit.

Wilt thou wander with me?

Air: "Snowy days of January."

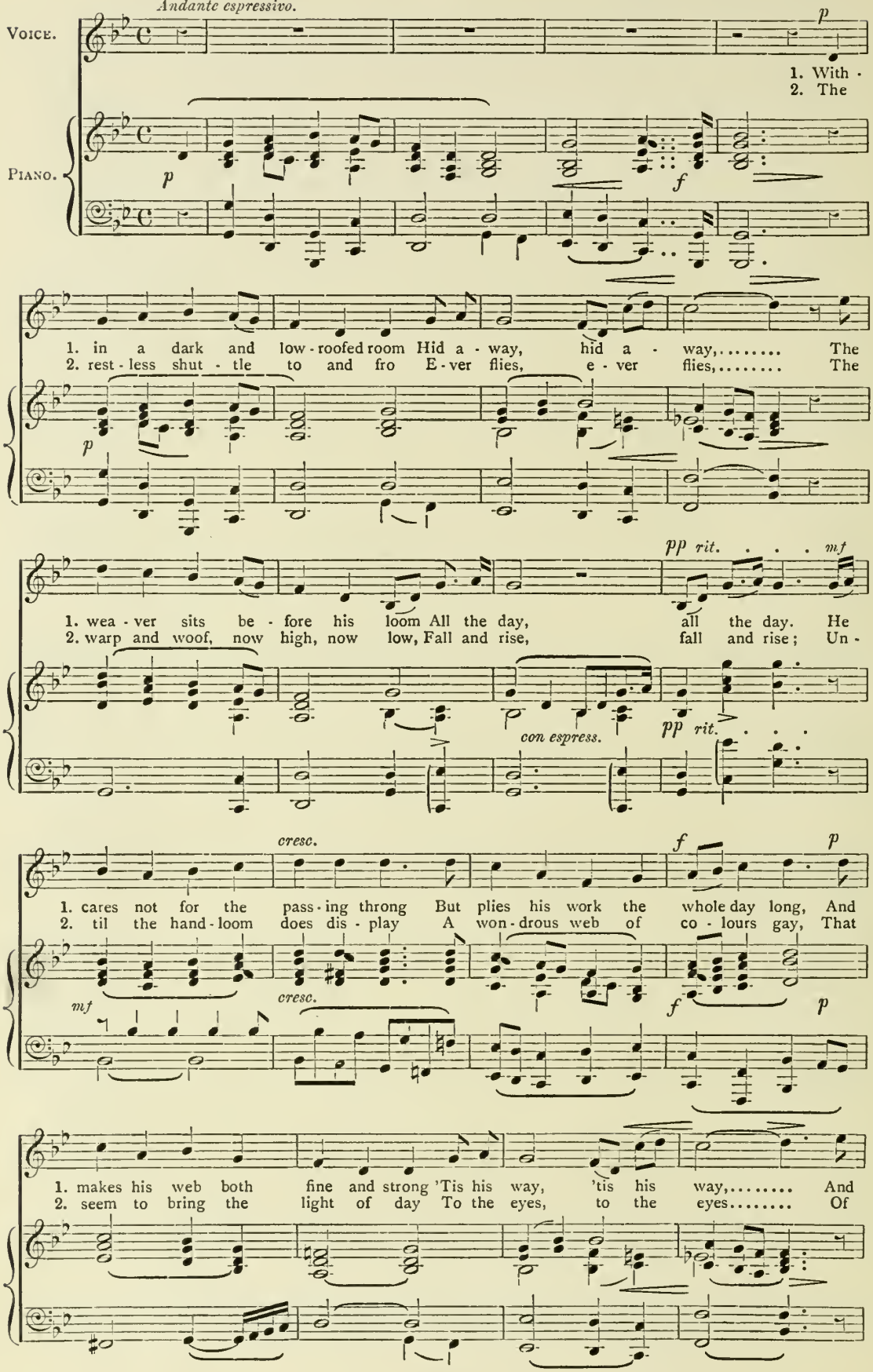


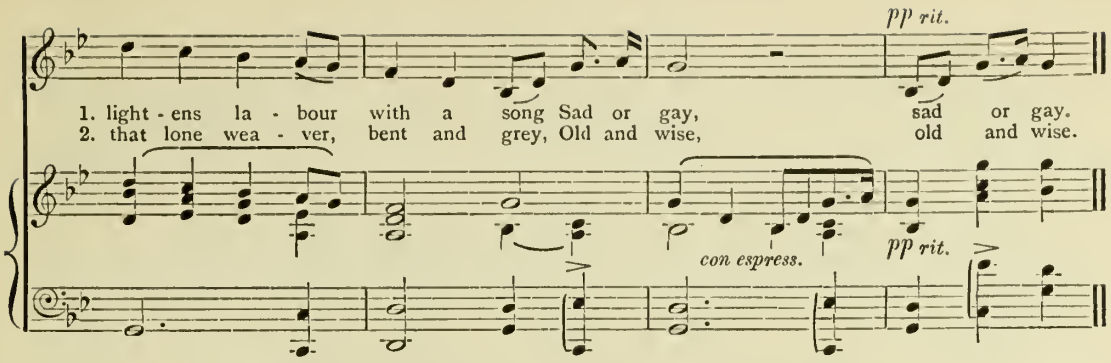
Within a dark and low-roofed room.

(THE OLD WEAVER.)

KATE R. MOFFAT. Air: "Y Gwydd" (The Weaver's Song).

Andante espressivo.

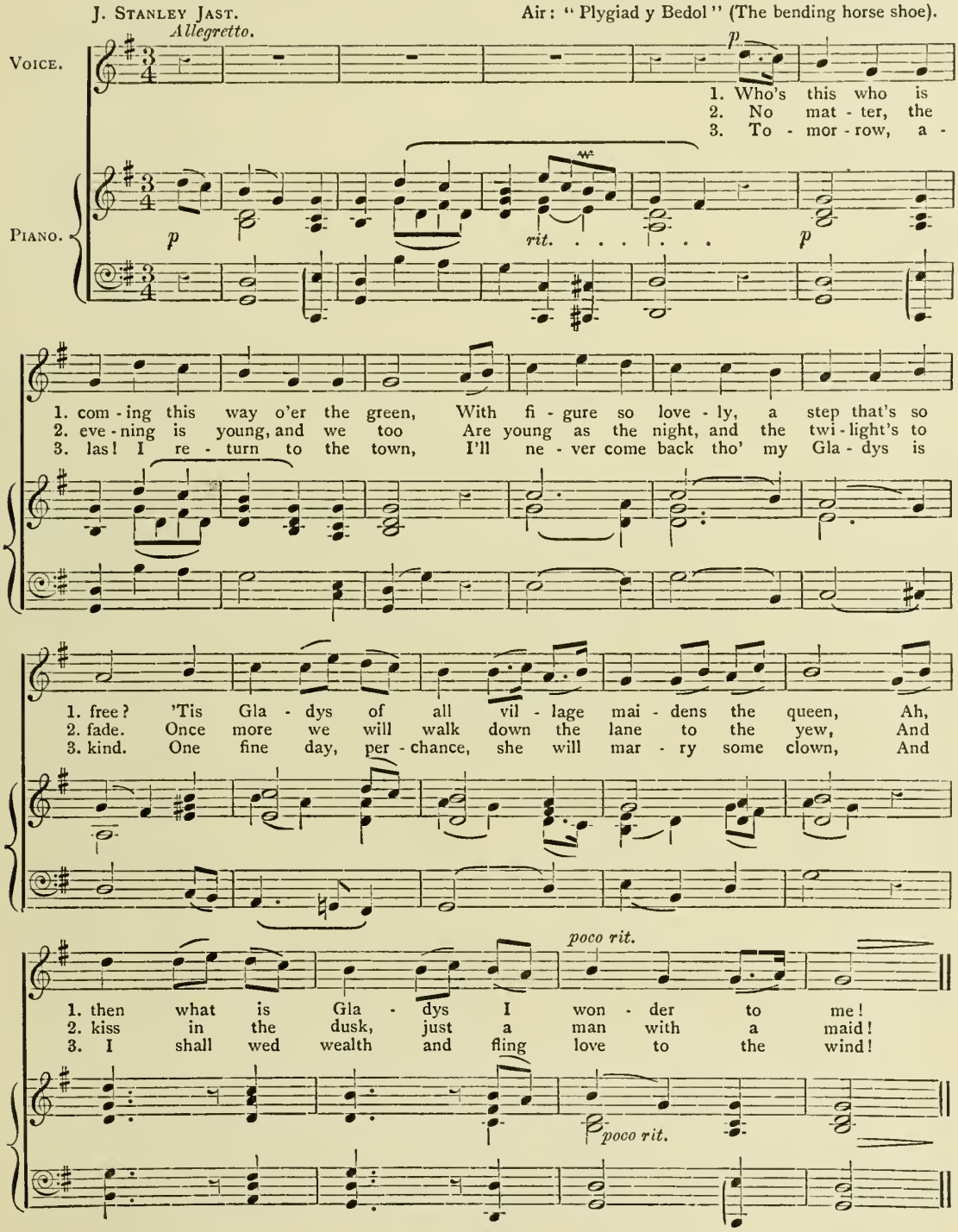




Who's this who is coming this way?

J. Stanley Jast.

Air: "Plygiad y Bedol" (The bending horse shoe).



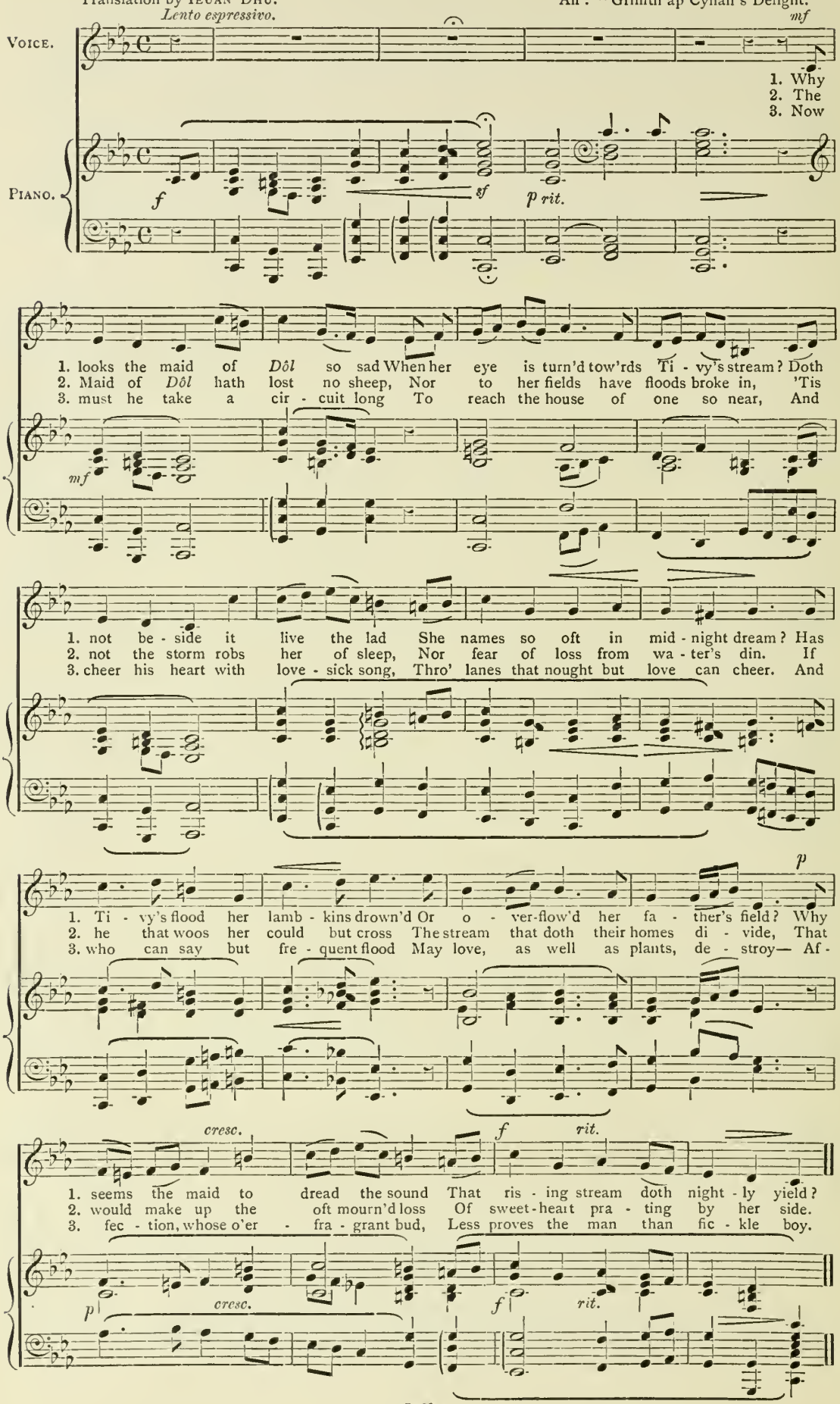
Why looks the Maid of Dôl so sad?

(THE MAID OF *DÔL.*)

Translation by Ieuan Dhu.

Air: "Griffith ap Cynan's Delight."

Lento espressivo.

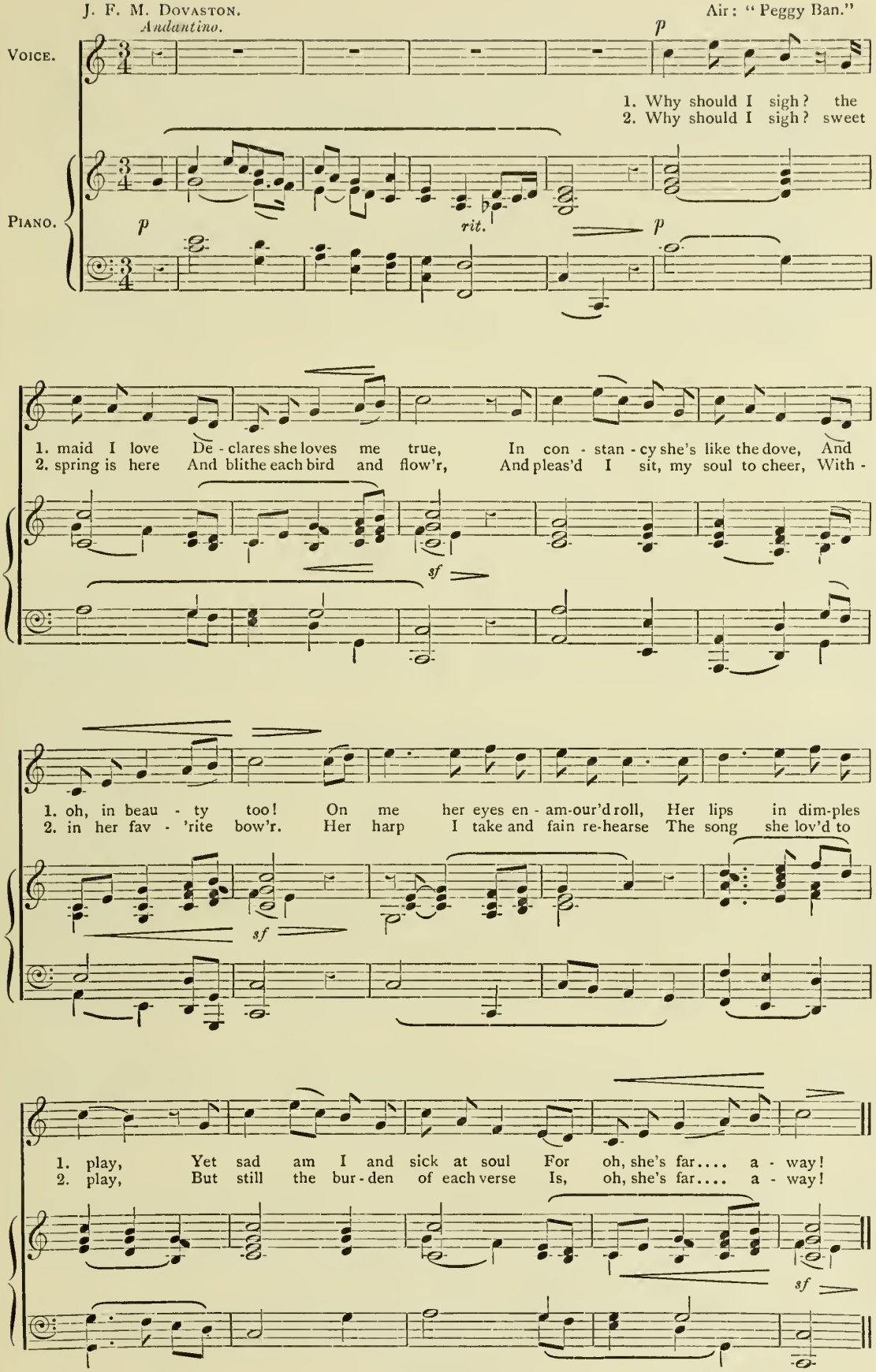


Why should I sigh?

J. F. M. Dovaston.

Andantino.

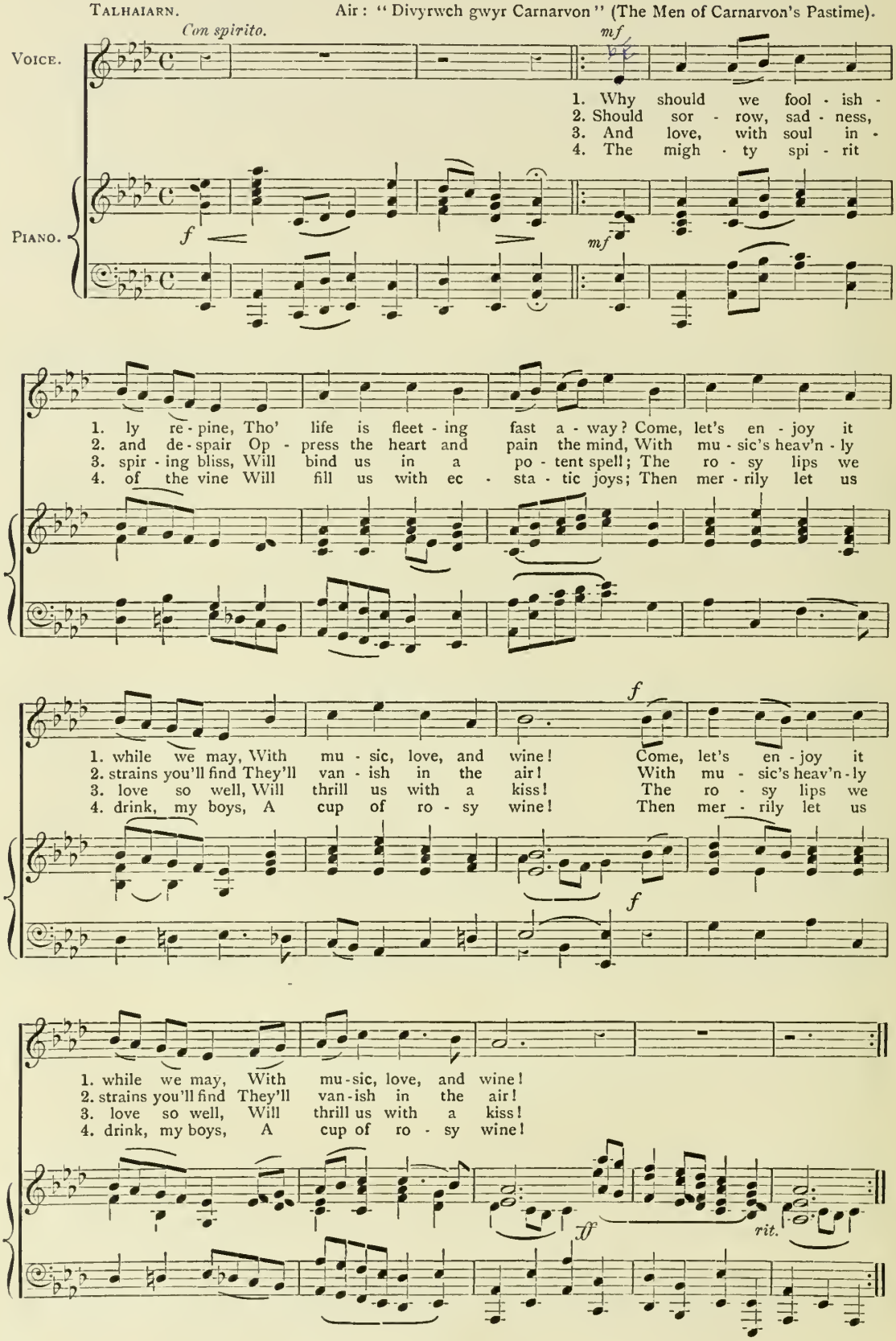
Air: "Peggy Ban."



Why should we foolishly repine?

(MUSIC, LOVE, AND WINE.)

TALHAIARN. Air: "Divyrwch gwyr Carnarvon" (The Men of Carnarvon's Pastime).



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